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June 35¢

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"They say marriage begins when you say *I do*"...

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Jane only consulted her compact...

case #1

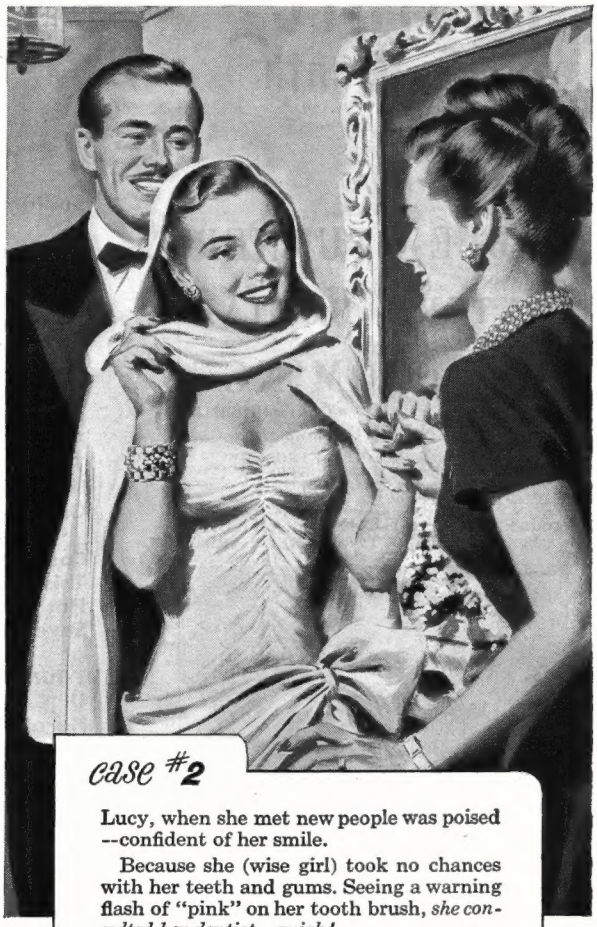
Jane, nervous about meeting new people, wished her mirror revealed brighter teeth, a prettier smile.

Jane should have stopped wishing and started for her dentist's the first time she saw "pink" on her tooth brush—instead of letting it go until it became serious!

He could have told her how important firm, healthy gums are to sound teeth and a sparkling smile. And how to follow the regular home care routine so many dentists advise: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

Silly of Jane—not to ask her dentist.

But Lucy consulted her dentist!



case #2

Lucy, when she met new people was poised --confident of her smile.

Because she (wise girl) took no chances with her teeth and gums. Seeing a warning flash of "pink" on her tooth brush, *she consulted her dentist—quick!*

After treatment, he said hers was simply a case of soft foods robbing gums of exercise —and for home care suggested "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

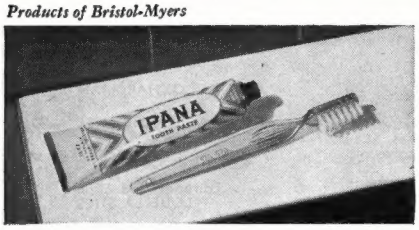
This advice, followed faithfully, soon helped Lucy to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile. *Smart of Lucy—to ask her dentist!*

National survey shows:

Dentists recommend Ipana 2 to 1

(over any other tooth paste)

Products of Bristol-Myers



P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it.

The dentist knows best! See him for regular check-ups on your teeth and gums. He is the man best qualified to advise you.

Remember: Dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. And 9 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage regularly or in special cases. (*These facts were shown by a recent nationwide survey.*)

So start today with Ipana Tooth Paste. Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. *Help him guard your smile of beauty!*

Ipana Tooth Paste *for your Smile of Beauty*

Picture of the Month

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

CLARK GABLE • LANA TURNER

ANNE BAXTER • JOHN HODIAK

in

"HOMECOMING"

Ray COLLINS • Gladys COOPER • Cameron MITCHELL

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

Original Story by SIDNEY KINGSLEY
Adaptation by JAN LUSTIG
Screen Play by PAUL OSBORN

Directed by.....MERVYN LeROY
Produced by.....SIDNEY FRANKLIN
In association with GOTTFRIED REINHARDT

After previewing this month's prize picture we've come to a simple conclusion: Good people make good pictures. You'll find a good name connected with every department of "Homecoming". Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and Sidney Franklin, the producer, collaborated on "Random Harvest". Sidney Kingsley, the author of the story, wrote the play "Dead End". Paul Osborn, who adapted "Homecoming" to the screen, also did the screen play "The Yearling". And Clark Gable and Lana Turner are pretty good names too. So are Anne Baxter and John Hodiak.

As a matter of fact, Clark and Lana prove to be one of the greatest co-starring combinations in the history of screen couplings. That thing which has been called many scientific and breezy names, such as "animal attraction", and "battle of the sexes", is definitely in evidence when Clark and Lana get together!

Clark plays at the outset a self-satisfied ostrich who refuses to take his head out of the ground until he comes face to face with reality. As a matter of fact, he comes face to face with Miss Turner, whose very real allure and very positive point of view about life succeed in awakening his dormant human quality. Events themselves prove to be the greatest "heavy" you could possibly have, and when the tumult and the shouting die, Clark goes home. Is he a changed man or is he just himself again?

Anne Baxter and John Hodiak are superb in this picture. So are they all—Ray Collins, Gladys Cooper, Cameron Mitchell. In fact, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer can put this title in the line of plaques that include "Mrs. Miniver", "Random Harvest", and "The Yearling"!

JUNE 1948

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Editor

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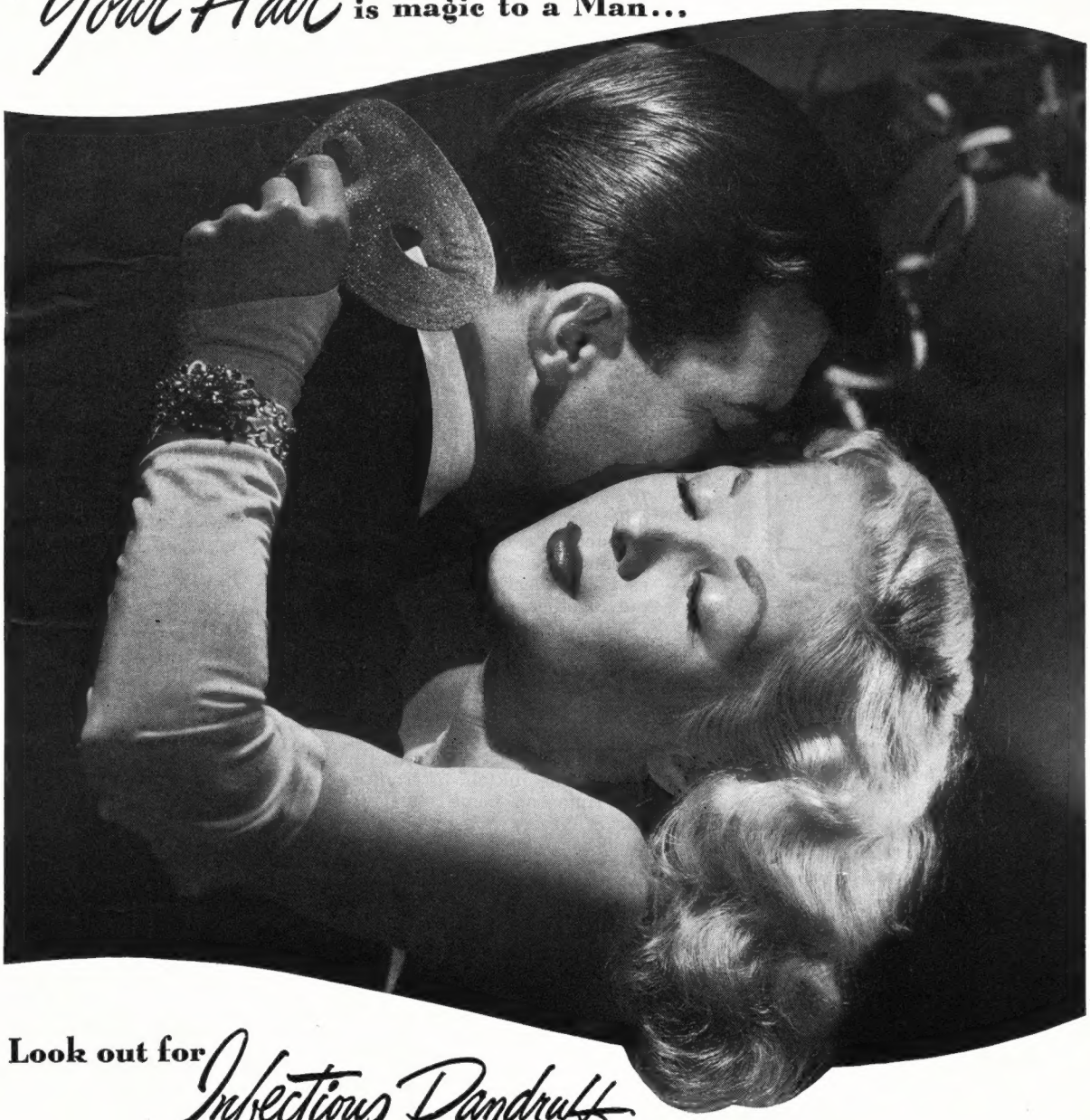

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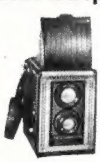

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WHAT GOES ON

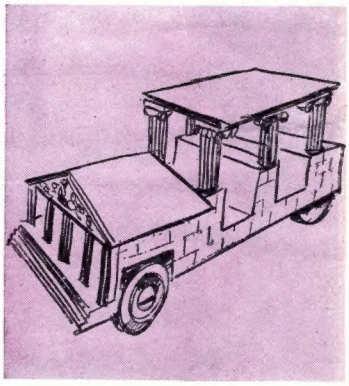
AT COSMOPOLITAN

In these trying days when most of our best fiction writers seem to be exclusively concerned with the serious side of life, it is a rare pleasure to be able to publish such a story as S. W. M. Humason's "Madame Southpaw," which you'll find on Page 48 of this issue of Cosmopolitan. It's a highly enjoyable tale of a quiet housewife who wasn't interested in a big-league career, although she could pitch as fast as Bob Feller and Lefty Grove put together.

You would naturally assume from the knowledge of baseball displayed in the story that it was written by a man, probably an old southpaw from Cornell or perhaps just another Giant fan. But the fact of the matter is that the initials in front of the Humason name stand for Sarah Waters Munroe. Miss Humason, known to her friends as Sally, admits under close questioning, however, that like her heroine she has played baseball. She was the captain and manager of her neighborhood nine in New Britain, Connecticut, back in 1908 when she was ten years old.

"I didn't pitch, though," she says. "I played first base. I believe this wasn't because of any particular talent for that position. It was because I happened to own a first baseman's mitt. My style was hampered because my mother insisted that I must wear skirts at all times. Seems odd in these days, doesn't it? Guess I was born before my time."

Miss Humason's baseball career was interrupted shortly thereafter by the conventions of the times, which frowned on little girls playing ball but absolutely forbade young ladies to appear in a batting order. She didn't get to play again until during the past war when the girls in the aircraft factory where she worked decided to organize an intramural softball league. The league didn't materialize, but while it was being considered, Miss Humason got into a few practice sessions. "I was delighted to find that I could still hit the ball," she says.



If Loewy listened to everyone, his cars might look like this.

The articles on American colleges that Ralph G. Martin has written for Cosmopolitan will be included in a book on higher education entitled "On Campus" which Martin and Paul Green are preparing for publication late this year by Farrar Straus . . . We wish we had room to publish all the sketches of the kind of automobiles people ask Raymond Loewy to design. Our Pages 66 and 67 don't include, for instance, the station wagon that looks like a log cabin. But we were so taken with his classic Greek sedan that we persuaded the art department to reproduce

Up here in large type,
we usually say something to make
you read the rest of our column.
But not this month. You'll have to read
it on your own. We're out at the ball game

it here . . . If Walter Howey is really as well liked by his reporters as J. P. McEvoy makes him out to be in "Here's Howey" (Page 68), he is a city editor unique in the annals of American journalism. Most reporters feel toward city editors as Irvin S. Cobb felt when somebody told him that the city editor of the New York World was sick. Cobb looked up from his typewriter in the World city room and mumbled, "Nothing trivial, I trust?" When we worked on a newspaper, we asked a rewrite man if our city editor was really as mean as he was painted. "Is he mean?" said the rewrite man. "Do you know how he spends Christmas Day? He pays for the privilege of going around with a sheriff's man and watching evictions."

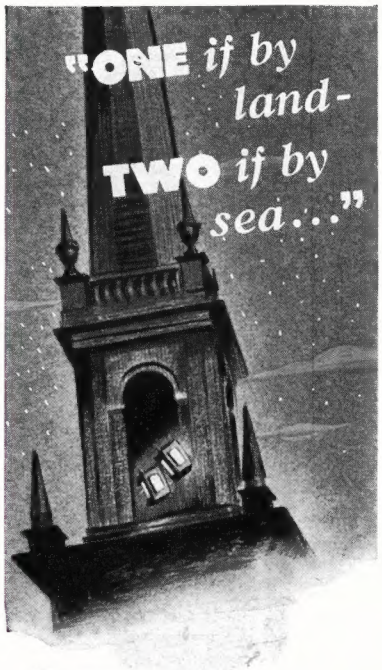
Moonlight and roses and Martinis, but no statue.

Entries in the Dark Goddess Contest have been coming in fast. The winner of that two-thousand-dollar first prize will be selected sometime this month. The contest, which closes June first, offered that money to the writer who produces the best short story to fit an illustration that was published in our March issue, showing an intriguing black Oriental statue and a few roses, which had evidently been dropped at the base of the statue.

We had a dandy story of our own worked out, but we couldn't quite tie the ends of the plot together.

The way we told it, the roses had been yanked out of their vase in a hurry because a man named George needed the vase to mix a batch of Martinis for some friends who dropped in unexpectedly. Then it turned out that the friends weren't friends at all but merely some people who got into the apartment by mistake. After they left, George's wife came home from shopping and raised the devil about the vase. Only trouble is the statue. We couldn't seem to get it into the story at all, no matter how hard we tried.

George R. Nadolny of Norwich, Connecticut, sends us an interesting footnote to Henrietta Nesbitt's "White House Diary." In the May 24, 1884, issue of "The Peoples' Weekly Gazette," a paper that used to be published in Norwich, Mr. Nadolny came across an interview with one of Mrs. Nesbitt's predecessors, a man named Crump who served as White House steward during the Hayes, Garfield and Arthur administrations. It reveals that things were a lot different in the executive mansion those days. There was no wine in the White House when Garfield was President, for instance, and it was served only once during the Hayes term—at a dinner for the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. Those two Presidents



Or come by air.

But, however you choose to make your way, by all means hang your light on a date with the Bay State this vacation time. A royal welcome awaits you

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★ For miles and miles of smooth sandy beaches and snug harbors from Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and Cape Cod to Cape Ann. . . .

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WHAT GOES ON

AT COSMOPOLITAN

were early and simple eaters. Garfield breakfasted at eight thirty and dined at three in the afternoon, generally having the same thing at both meals—beefsteak, and a baked potato with cream poured over it. Hayes, also a steak man, had dinner at six.

Arthur was more of a sport. He and his friends never sat down at the table until eight or nine, and they stayed there, smoking and making cracks about Congress and the Democrats, until midnight or one o'clock in the morning. It drove Crump and his kitchen staff nuts.

According to Crump, the souvenir hunters in the 1870's and 1880's were a more vicious lot than the ones Mrs. Nesbitt contended with during the Roosevelt era. It was nothing for him to find chunks gouged out of the carpets and holes sliced in the lace curtains after a White House reception. One evening a visitor chopped enough wood out of the back of a sofa to make himself a cane.

Our favorite letter of the month comes from a literary agent in Mississippi who wants to sell us a book-length manuscript. Here's how she describes it:

"I have an author who rode a horse from Memphis to California. It took her ten months, and she spent two thousand dollars on her horse's and dog's food bill not to mention her own lodging and food. She called on most of the governors en route; she helped to deliver babies in the rural sections; she broke up poker games in the back of country stores not knowing what she had done until she had run herself out of breath trying to gain her life which she felt she had so recently lost unknowingly for she didn't mean to break them up, she was only trying to find somewhere to sleep that night."

Sounds like quite an odyssey!

Janet Graham, whose first story, "Girl Alone," appears on Page 70, is a little old lady of twenty years who works a few doors down the hall from us in the editorial department of Good Housekeeping. Meeting her in the elevator the other morning, we mentioned that we might write a few lines about her in this column.

"Oh," she said, chagrined, "if you do, please don't mention my mother. People will think that helped me to sell the story."

We said we'd see what we could do, but we couldn't make any promises. After all, news is news. Her mother is none other than—— Oh, well, let's talk instead about Janet herself. She was born in England and lived there until she was twelve, which accounts for her British accent.

Then she came here and went to a Quaker high school in

Janet Graham.

Bucks County, Pennsylvania; she went back to England and studied shorthand and typing, returned to the United States again and got a job as secretary to the managing editor of Good Housekeeping. A short time ago, she stopped being a secretary and started reading manuscripts. "Girl Alone," her first published story, is only the second short story she has ever written. That means she shot the course in about six under par.

Shucks, we won't mention her mother by name, but there's no harm in giving you a small hint about her. Her mother is the author of "Mrs. Miniver."

THE END

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COSMOPOLITAN MONTHLY FEATURE

I Knew Mayor O'Dwyer When

His Honor when he was pounding a Brooklyn beat.

by E. P. MULROONEY

Former New York City Police Commissioner

who remembers when the mayor of the world's largest city was a rookie cop on the Brooklyn water front

On July 13, 1917, the young fellow who is now New York City's mayor weighed 190 pounds. I mention this because if Mayor William O'Dwyer had been a little less hefty in those days I might never have got to know him.

That day O'Dwyer was being graduated as a rookie cop. He and Bill Whalen, now chief of detectives in Brooklyn, were in a neck-and-neck race for the trophy that goes to the rookie who makes the highest scores scholastically and in physical training. The hot competition was the talk of the police department—I was then a lieutenant in the traffic division—and many of us went down to the graduation exercises to see who would win. When it came time for the physical training contests the rookies paired off and took their places beneath the iron ladders that extended down from the gallery. The idea was for one man in each pair to boost his partner up to the first rung. Then the partner would pull himself up, hang by the knees and lift the other fellow up to his perch.

During this exhibition Bill O'Dwyer was nowhere to be seen—and Whalen won the prize. We learned afterwards what had happened. It seems that on the previous day, in the last rehearsal Bill's partner had buckled under the strain. The partner weighed only 140 pounds and had a hard time tossing O'Dwyer's 190 pounds up to the first rung. They both had fallen to the floor.

The physical instructor, who wanted no accidents to mar the exhibitions for the high police brass, took no chances. When it came time for the graduation-day contest, he ordered O'Dwyer and his partner to fall out and clean the latrine. This instructor was a man named Arthur Wallander, present head of the New York City Police Department, by appointment of Mayor O'Dwyer.

I couldn't help being intrigued by the rookie who was cleaning the latrine when he should have been winning the trophy. From that day on, I followed Bill O'Dwyer's career with great interest.

On his first day in uniform, he and three other rookies were ordered to report to the old 143rd Precinct *(Continued on page 114)*

SORRY, GENTLEMEN,
THIS CONTEST
FOR
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ONLY!

In honor of this year's June Brides... Camay offers

$47,500 in prizes!

EVERY WOMAN CAN ENTER...YOU MAY WIN!

This is the season of beauty and romance and brides! To honor the June Brides of 1948, Camay is running a new kind of contest... *for women only!* And this contest is really *five* contests—you may enter every week for 5 weeks. Every week, Camay will award a $1,000 bill. And there are 2,630 prizes in all!

So easy to enter — here's what you do!

First, try Camay. Your *first cake* of Camay can bring a smoother, clearer skin—if you give up careless cleansing—stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, described on the wrapper. And try Bath-Size Camay, too. Daily baths with Bath-Size Camay can make you lovelier from head to toes!

Tips that may help to make you a winner!

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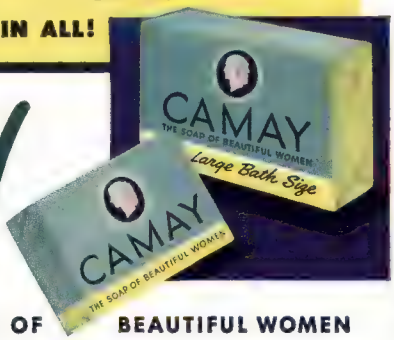

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2. Mail to Camay, Dept. HM, Box 357, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to enclose the wrappers from one regular-size and one bath-size cake of Camay, or three regular-size wrappers, or facsimiles, with each entry.

3. Any female resident of the continental United States and Hawaii may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contests subject to all Federal and State regulations.

4. There will be five weekly contests, each with an identical list of prizes. Opening and closing dates—

CONTEST	OPENS	CLOSES
1st contest	Now	Sat., June 12
2nd contest	Sun., June 13	Sat., June 19
3rd contest	Sun., June 20	Sat., June 26
4th contest	Sun., June 27	Sat., July 3
5th contest	Sun., July 4	Sat., July 10

5. Entries received before midnight, Saturday, June 12, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, July 10 and received by July 24, 1948.

6. Prizes awarded each week will be:

1st Prize—$1,000.00 in cash.
25 Prizes of $100.00 each in cash.
500 additional prizes, each a Mirro-Matic Pressure Cooker (4-quart size)

7. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Only one prize will be awarded to a person. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

8. First prize winners will be announced on Camay's radio program, "Pepper Young's Family," about 3 weeks after the close of each weekly contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available approximately one month after the close of the last contest.

NAYLON IS A MAGIC WORD!

Say it once—and it brings you lustrous long-lasting Naylon nail enamel in the wonderful non-tip bottle with the easy-to-use applicator. Say Naylon again—for the luscious new Naylon lipstick, "double-processed" so it stays closer to your lips longer.

Naylon nail enamel, 60¢. Matching Naylon lipstick, $1.**

naylon

By La Cross

SCHNEFEL BROS. CORPORATION, 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N.Y. (R)-NAYLON PAT. PEND. D-126,746

*PLUS FED. TAX

I'm a pretty girl, and sometimes I positively hate it. That doesn't arouse pity in your heart? All right, then, listen (and while you're listening, please note that I'm not signing my name to this; it isn't a publicity bid; it's a complaint).

Yes, of course, I go out a lot. My engagement book is fat; so is my purse; so are my prospects. The physical accident of my face and figure pay handsome dividends in our society, and I can make more money in a couple of hours modeling than some other girl can in a week teaching English. But I'm having serious trouble trying to be both pretty and a person at the same time, and I think I know why.

The public is myth-led (that's an accidental pun). The myth is the Glamour Myth, and its goddesses—the beauties you see in the movies and on the magazine covers—are both the beneficiaries and the victims of that myth. Dressed by Dior, scented by Chanel, they are complete in everything but a sense of personal identity. The Glamour Myth doesn't require them to be intelligent beings—in fact, resents it if they are. And *I* resent *that.*

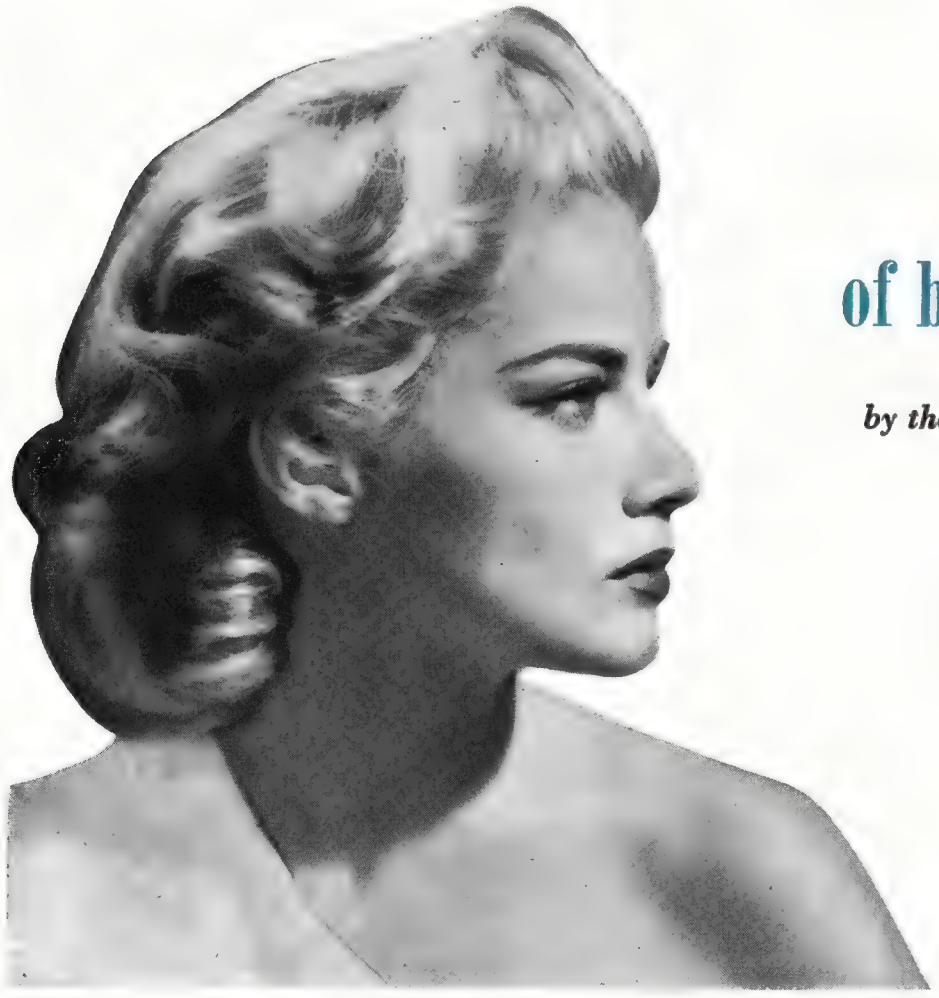
Do I sound captious? I know that anyone who is young and embodies the prevailing standard of beauty is supposed to be able to say, "The world is mine!" Everyone's always told me so. But sometimes I feel that I'm nothing more than a varnished puppet in a continuous show, where the strings are handled by the big bosses of the myth.

Because I look a certain way, I've been put in bondage almost since birth.

It started when they peered over my playpen and said, "What a little heartbreaker she'll be!" And I had to be, or there would have been a lot of disappointed people. Before I started wearing Doctor Dentons, a host of conspirators were planning my future. The admiring relatives, the elderly gentlemen on park benches, all went out of their way to comment on what a pretty child I was.

After a regrettably short number of years, I joined the crowd. There I was, firm in the conviction that I was something pretty special, a fairy princess toward whom all blessings must necessarily flow. I could feel the wand in my hand, the pleasant weight of the crown on my curls. I began to seek and expect exclusive treatment from my playmates, to insist on being the Indian Chief, the Queen or some other dignitary in our games.

I was a thoroughly *(Continued on page 172)*



SPECIAL COSMOPOLITAN FEATURE

I'm tired of being pretty

by the girl in the pictures

"Your Red Wagon," with Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell.

Cosmopolitan's

Movie Citations

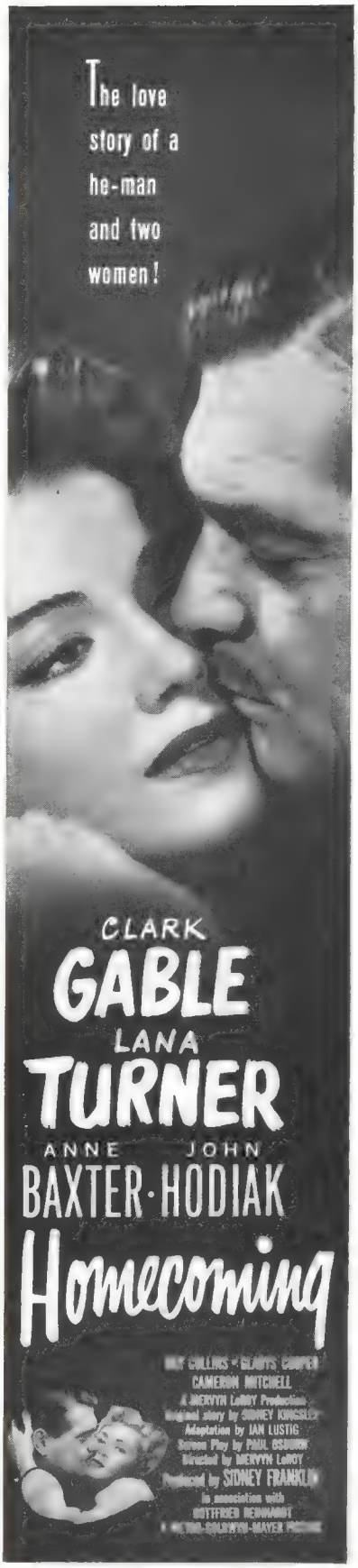
by LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Motion Picture Editor, International News Service

I sat in my own living room, and I didn't believe my eyes. My front parlor turns into a projection room by the simple process of dropping a screen. Unreeling before me, I beheld a film directed by a completely new director, made from an obscure novel, and starring two very little known young people, who look like any healthy, young American girl and boy.

In the Hollywood sense of the phrase, there wasn't any money in the production, only something like six to seven hundred thousand dollars. Yet here was an unforgettable love drama enhanced by poignant performances. When I saw it, it was called "Your Red Wagon," but I hope it will have been retitled with some more appropriate name by the time it comes to your favorite theater.

But even if it is *(Continued on page 122)*



What's New in Medicine

COSMOPOLITAN MONTHLY FEATURE

by LAWRENCE GALTON

Keep Up to Date Each Month on Medical Science's Unceasing War Against Disease

Asthma victims may be spared night suffering, thanks to a new drug called Compound No. 887. In forty-eight of sixty patients with a moderately severe form of the disease, it checked wheezing, shortness of breath and coughing, and enabled them to get a good night's sleep. Complete relief for all patients was not possible because too large doses of the drug produce a "dopey" feeling. Its sedative effect also limits its usefulness during the day.

For undulant fever, combined use of sulfadiazine and streptomycin has been found to be the best available treatment. An important communicable disease, undulant fever—also called brucellosis and Mediterranean fever—is acquired by contact with diseased hogs, goats or cows, or through infected cow's milk. There has been no fully satisfactory specific treatment for the recurring chills and fever. But the latest medical report concerns nine patients in whom combined use of sulfadiazine and streptomycin yielded encouraging results. One woman, for example, confined to bed with fever and chills, recovered promptly, and there has been no relapse in nine months. So far the treatment has been used only in cases where undulant fever has been definitely established with bacteriological tests. It has yet to be determined whether it works as well in so-called chronic brucellosis where the type of illness is vague.

Tuberculosis meningitis has been checked in six out of seven cases with a new treatment at Bellevue Hospital, New York City. The usually fatal disease develops most frequently in children when a germ attacks the sheaths that protect the spinal column and brain. While victims have occasionally been saved, some remain mentally retarded. The new treatment consists of giving promizole, a sulfa drug, by mouth, and injecting streptomycin into muscles and spinal column for a period and then into muscles alone. Although still not to be considered a sure cure, the treatment has succeeded in checking the disease and preventing death.

An epidemic of a strange disease called "devil's grip" hit Boston and Baltimore last summer and fall and may reappear this year in these and some other cities in the Eastern-seaboard area. Known medically as epidemic pleurodynia, which means pain in the chest, the condition is believed to be virus-caused and spread by direct contact. It starts with a sudden, severe chest pain which is made worse by coughing, sneezing and deep breathing. The temperature may rise suddenly to 102 or 103 degrees and become normal within twelve to forty-eight hours. In another two or three days, temperature may rise again, and there may be a severe forehead ache. No specific cure is available, no deaths have been reported, and the patient usually recovers in from two to seven days, with an occasional victim remaining ill for as long as two to three weeks.

Rapid pulse of the type known as paroxysmal auricular tachycardia has been checked in a number of people with a drug called neosynephrine. A pulse beat of up to 220 per minute is not rare in this condition and is often more frightening than immediately harmful. However, if allowed to run unchecked, it may sometimes impair circulation. Neosynephrine, commonly used in nasal drops to constrict mucous membranes, is injected into a vein. It constricts small blood vessels and increases blood pressure which, in turn, corrects the timing mechanism of the heart. The pulse beat becomes normal within one minute.

Itching and burning in forty cases of skin disease have been alleviated with Chlorophyl ointment (Chloresium). The salve also cured lesions completely in thirty-two cases and partially in four. Patients who were helped after being treated unsuccessfully with other methods for a month to several years included those with contact and stasis dermatitis, sycosis vulgaris and pyogenic fungous infection. In psoriasis, the ointment provided no cure but did allay burning and itching.

In cataract surgery, a new technique may prove valuable in certain cases. After cataract removal, the fluid filling the front part of the eye sometimes leaks out or does not refill the space, leaving the iris flat against the cornea. To remedy this, one doctor re-exposes the wound and cauterizes the leaking area with minute electro-diathermy punctures. Tried so far in only a few cases, the procedure seems to hasten recovery, increase comfort and improve the chance of securing good vision. MORE ON PAGE 16

Medicines mentioned in this column should be used only on the advice of a physician

This bronze shield is proudly displayed by more than 4000 fine jewelers, coast to coast

In fine gold filled cases—$39.75 to $59.50 (with bracelets, slightly higher)
In cases of 14K gold—$59.50 to $71.50
Illustrated: A—"Leona", bracelet, $69.50;
B—"deLuxe Roy", $71.50; C—"Chairman", $43.75;
D—"Queen", $69.50.
Prices include Federal tax

Wittnauer

Distinguished companion watch to the honored Longines

A hundred and one superiorities of construction and finish are in-built into Wittnauer watches by Longines-Wittnauer, famous for fine watchmaking since 1866. The Wittnauer watches now at your jeweler's are outstanding for beauty, accuracy, long life and exceptional value.

For style folder on Wittnauer watches, write Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., 580 5th Ave., N. Y. 19

A Longines-Wittnauer Product

"How to discover new hair Beauty"

BY MISS ADMIRACION

Your hair may be different... may need just the *right* shampoo to bring out its hidden loveliness. Try Admiracion Shampoo. See how its amazing new ingredient, *Decanium*, whisks away film... let's your hair's true beauty shine forth. Feel how springy-soft your hair becomes... how agreeably it sets. Admiracion is sold at all toilet counters and hairdressers.

ADMIRACION SHAMPOO

WITH "NEW" DECANIUM

On the Medical Frontiers

by LAWRENCE GALTON

Some Children with sinus infections have shown a high recovery rate after X-ray treatment. Seventy-nine percent of nine hundred youngsters completely recovered, and an additional seven percent showed favorable results after one series, consisting of three X-ray treatments over an eight-day period. Still considered experimental and questionable by some doctors, use of X rays may prove important after further checking, especially since the usual treatment of sinus is often difficult with patients from four to seven years old, many of whom refuse to submit to nasal packs and irrigations.

Virus-caused diseases range from the common cold and influenza to infantile paralysis, and no sure cures or preventives for them have yet been found. But a new method of research, based on the use of radioactive virus in tests on mice, is being watched with high interest in medical circles. The radioactivity permits photographs to be taken. Thus enabled to see what happens when virus is injected into mice bodies, investigators have found that most of the virus injection heads for and concentrates in the liver. This has suggested that the liver may play a major role in the removal, destruction and elimination of viruses and even in producing specific antibodies to fight them. Work has begun, using "tagged" radioactive viruses, in other experimental animals to determine their mode of invasion of the body and how the body responds to protect itself.

Wax crayons may poison children, although most parents consider these common playthings harmless. One doctor has described the case of a two-year-old boy, who appeared intensely blue with nearly black lips and who was thought to be suffering from a heart attack. But X-ray examination showed foreign material in his intestinal tract, and when the boy's stomach and intestines were washed out, large amounts of orange and yellow crayon were recovered. Placed in an oxygen tent and given a transfusion, the boy became well overnight. Significantly, reports the doctor, the boy's nurse had actually seen him eating a crayon, but it "was considered to be so harmless that the fact was not reported and was brought out only on questioning." This doctor warns: "Use of para red or other coloring material, which could possibly be converted into paranitroaniline or any other aniline dye in the body, should certainly be discontinued in the manufacture of crayons intended for use by children. Or, if their use by children is continued, warning of danger should be placed on both the crayons and the box.

A new type of penicillin, recently announced, seems to require only one injection a day to be effective. It is made by combining chemically penicillin with procaine, a widely used anesthetic, and dispersing the result in a vegetable oil such as cottonseed oil. Both the anesthetic and the oil help in slowing down the rate at which penicillin is absorbed, and thus a disease-fighting concentration is maintained in the body for a longer period. The anesthetic also reduces the pain of injection.

A new anti-allergic drug, called "Decapryn," has been developed. In tests on more than one hundred patients, it completely relieved eighty percent of those with urticaria (hives) or angioneurotic edema (large hives). In bronchial asthma, Decapryn's effects are unpredictable. It markedly relieved thirty percent of such cases and moderately relieved forty percent more. The drug may produce slight drowsiness and certain other side reactions, but these were seen in fewer than ten percent of the patients studied.

Medicines mentioned in this column should be used only on the advice of a physician

BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H. M. QUEEN MARY. YARDLEY, LONDON

Young, and fun, and so beguiling...
the bright, sweet air that's part
of your charm when you're wearing
the gay-hearted fragrance...

YARDLEY *English Lavender*

Yardley English Lavender,
$5.50, $2.85, $1.75, plus tax.

Yardley English Lavender Soap, 40c.
Box of three tablets, $1.20.

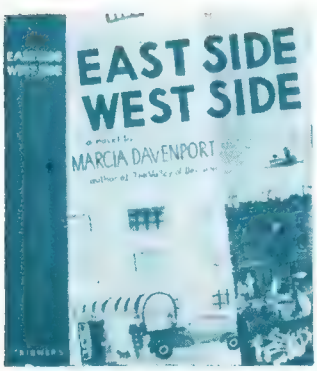
Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

interview

with a best-selling author

Marcia Davenport

by ROBERT VAN GELDER



Despite the remarkable parallel between its content and her own career, Miss Davenport insists her "East Side, West Side" is not autobiography

I was telling Marcia Davenport that her novel, "East Side, West Side," sounds very much like an autobiography.

"I'm no photographer," she said. "You don't seriously think for a minute, do you, that I've taken the scenes and people and incidents of my story direct from life?"

"But won't people take it to be autobiography?" I argued. "Your heroine, Jessie Bourne, looks like you and is approximately your age. She is the daughter of a famous singer, who grew up in Orchard Street on the lower East Side. Your mother, Alma Gluck, was a famous singer who grew up on the lower East Side. Your heroine went to fashionable schools, as you did, and she lives in an apartment like this one, overlooking the East River——"

"She had a duplex," Mrs. Davenport cut in. "This is all on one floor."

"Same location, though. Same view. And Jessie Bourne, in your novel, is pretty eloquent in expressing her dislike for country living. I remember your saying that you can't function except in a city, and that Russell Davenport once gave you a lion cub to bribe you to live in the country, but you moved to town when the cub got too big, and you had to give him to a zoo."

"A lot of people don't like the country," said Mrs. Davenport.

"Jessie Bourne married into an old, conservative family. I understand that the Davenport genealogy goes back to 1082. And as for this coffee," I said, drinking a little of it, "in your book you brag about the coffee that Jessie Bourne's cook could make. This coffee, made by your cook, is the best I've ever tasted."

"Your mixture of compliments and accusations——" Mrs. Davenport began.

"I'm not accusing. But I do think that a lot of people will believe that they recognize you and people close to you in this book, that it is as much a personal story as 'Little Women' or 'David Copperfield.'"

"Then let them," said Mrs. Davenport forcefully. "I tell you that the book is not autobiography, and I can say that same thing, quite truthfully, to everyone else *(Continued on page 116)*

What to ask the man for

WHEN you step up to your favorite bar, you may be undecided as to what *drink* you want. A Manhattan? A Sour? A highball? Or an Old Fashioned?

Whatever your choice, be sure that you say: *"Make it with Four Roses, please."*

Four Roses—as you know if you serve it at home—lifts *any* drink out of the ordinary . . . gives it a perfection that can come only from Four Roses' distinctive flavor and mellow smoothness.

So at your favorite bar, as in the store, *always* specify this truly great whiskey—Four Roses.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

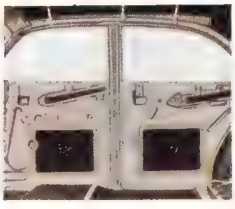
Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

QUESTION: In what car body are beauty and luxury most successfully wedded to comfort and safety?

ANSWER: There is only one car body in which you can enjoy all the advantages produced by 39 years of coachmaking experience—and that is Body by Fisher! For hand in glove with luxury carried out to the last detail goes restful comfort—comfort carefully planned and bountifully executed in terms of usable room. Back of this is the safest construction known—the strength of Unisteel Body, steel welded to steel from floor to roof to form a solid unit. And all of these advantages are assuredly yours when your car bears the Body by Fisher emblem—a proud distinction found only in General Motors cars!



For your comfort Fisher Body uses six different kinds of insulation, builds them into the body. Not only does skilled insulating protect you against road drum, rumbling and outside noise, but it shields you from heat and cold, too. One more reason why your next car should have Body by Fisher.

Body by Fisher BETTER BY FAR

FOUND ONLY ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS - CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC

On the air: Henry J. Taylor, twice weekly

Help America Produce For Peace

Turn In Scrap Iron And Steel

A woman's dying request and a bloodstained sheet helped to unravel this true mystery

SPECIAL COSMOPOLITAN FEATURE

Kiss of guilt

by EDWARD D. RADIN

Shortly after five o'clock on Friday afternoon, July 1, 1938, Charles F. Butte entered his Seattle apartment and found his wife dead in bed, murdered.

Within a few minutes detectives were at the scene. A bloodstained sheet covered the face of the woman. A rigid leg, protruding from the covering, indicated that rigor mortis had already set in. The apartment had been ransacked.

"I didn't touch anything," Butte informed the officials. "The only thing I did was to cover her with a sheet to hide her poor face." He shuddered.

Hardened detectives recoiled when they turned back the sheet. Mrs. Butte was not a pretty sight. Her head had been battered.

Butte could offer little information. He had left the apartment early that morning while his wife was still in bed. They had planned to leave that afternoon on a holiday trip and she was to meet him at four o'clock at the bus terminal. Butte waited there for over an hour. He made several calls to his home but received no answer, and finally he returned to the apartment to see what was causing the delay. He told the officers that he and his wife had just become reconciled after an estrangement. The trip had been planned as a second honeymoon.

Detectives were able to reconstruct the crime from the physical appearance of the apartment. The killer had entered after Butte left, surprised Mrs. Butte in bed and killed her to prevent any outcry. After the murder he ransacked the place.

Butte's story was checked as a matter of routine, and attendants at the terminal told how they had seen him waiting impatiently.

The body was turned over to Dr. Gale W. Wilson, medical examiner for the coroner's office. The physician glanced at the body and at the bloodstained sheet. He asked for Butte and was told the husband was at headquarters.

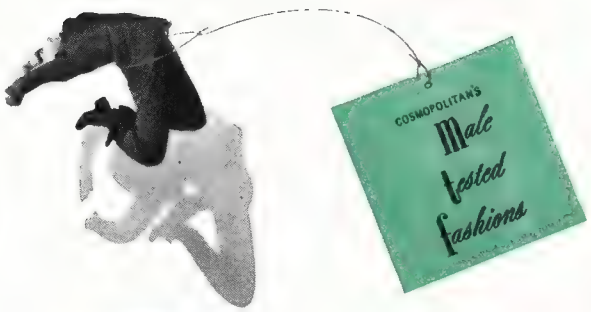
"Good," the M. E. replied. "Then you have the killer."

The startled sleuths smiled grimly at his explanation and left for the stationhouse. There, Butte was indignant. "What makes you think that I killed my wife?" he demanded, white-faced.

"Because you told us," was the unexpected reply. "You said that when you came home from the bus terminal and found your wife dead you covered her face with a sheet. She had been dead for hours by that time, yet we found the sheet bloodstained. You covered her all right, but at the time you killed her—a sheet does not absorb clotted blood."

Stunned by the sudden collapse of his perfect murder plot, Butte admitted killing his wife early that morning. He said that just before his wife died she looked up at him and asked him to kiss her. He leaned down and kissed her and, in that moment of twisted tenderness, pulled the sheet up over her face. For Butte it was a kiss of guilt, and he was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Summer Salt



Photos by Paul D'Ome

Guy Kibbee plays tag (?) with a winner. He claims he's a sleight-of-hand artist and only wants to see how those wonderful stripes are manipulated.

Male-Tested Fashions

by Kay Wister

Time: Cocktail hour.

Place: The Stork Club's Blessed Event Room.

Occasion: Another Male-Tested-Fashions Party! The time when men-in-the-news let down their hair and go to town on women's clothes; when men pass judgment on up-to-the-minute fashions, selecting the styles to be featured in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Judges: Actor Guy Kibbee; band leader Paul Whiteman; sports commentator Bill Stern; public relations director James Roche; retail executive George Slockbower.

Fashions: Summer cottons with that go-anywhere quality so important in the month of July.

Winners: Four slenderizing, free-action dresses, ranging in price from $14.95 to $22.95.

Eyecatchers: Manipulated stripes, close-fitting collars, slender-but-full skirts, wrist-length white gloves, multistrapped play shoes.

Bill Stern and James Roche struggle to get the extra salt shaker that will assist in catching the model in the foreground. Wonder if they know she's carrying a fisherman's creel?

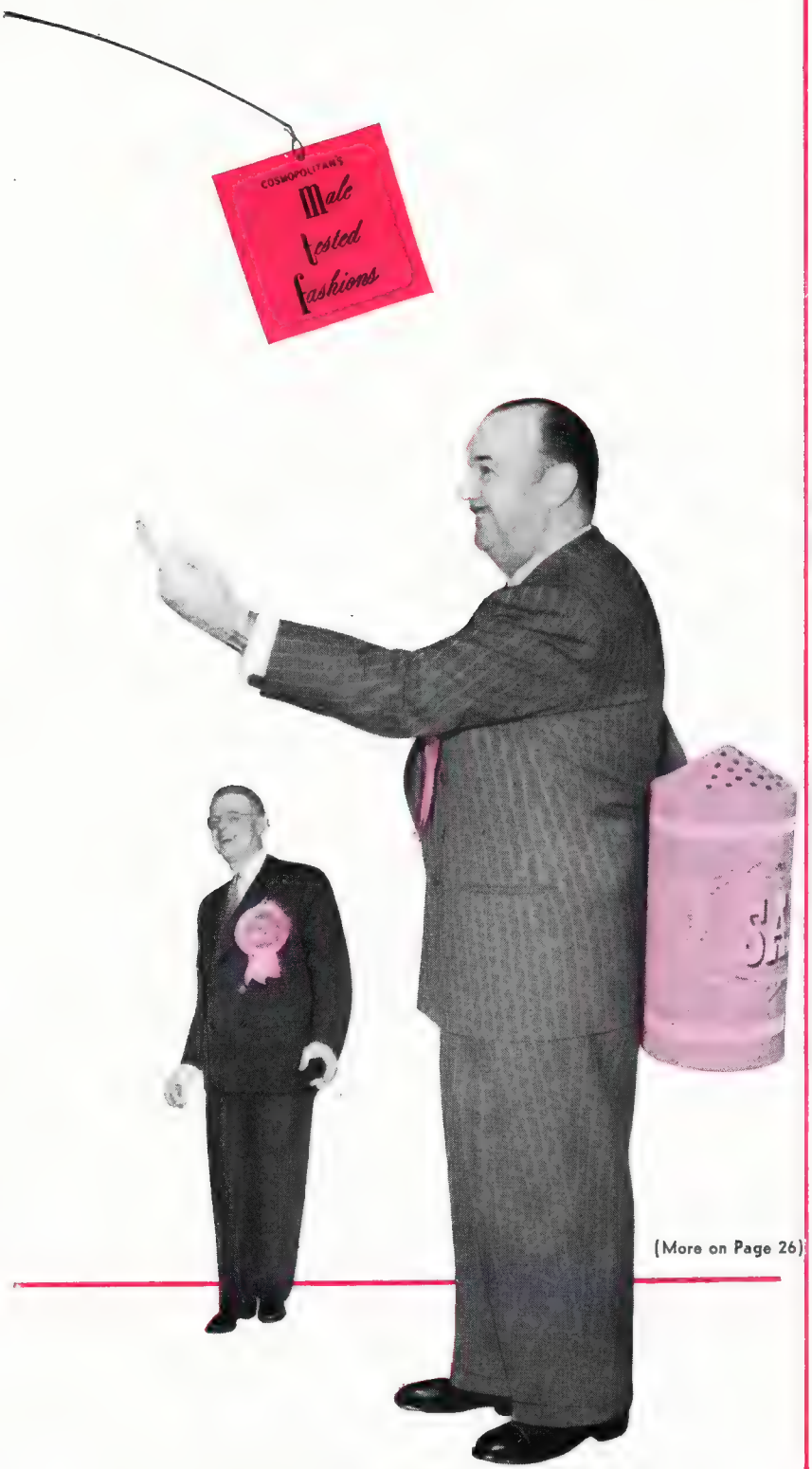
(*More on Page* **24**)

Doris Dodson
JUNIORS

"Bosom Friend" is one suit that makes a summer! Doris Dodson's two-faced, two-piecer mates Peter Pan seersucker with white narrow wale pique. Blue, brown, green, red, heliotrope, and black. 7 to 15. Under $13.00

WRITE FOR THE NAME OF YOUR LOCAL SHOP, DORIS DODSON, DEPT. K 6, ST. LOUIS 1, MO.

As the models hum "I'm Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" and George Slockbower gives him the merry ha-ha, Paul Whiteman does his level best to lure one of the girls over onto his page.



(More on Page 26)

Readers: Two of the four models on pages 22 through 24 are wearing pieces of custom-made hair. Can you guess which ones? They are identified on Page 180.

MEN ADMIRE

"that finished look"

And it's so necessary these coat-free days. Show your summertime clothes to best advantage. Begin with a Twinette*-by-Venus . . . the girdle you want when you want to look your best.

DRESS BY ETA
FOUNDATION BY VENUS

Twinette* girdles in nude and white. All-in-ones in nude.

*TWINETTE by Venus

VENUS FOUNDATION GARMENTS, INC.
Merchandise Mart • Chicago

*T. M. REG © 1948 VENUS FOUNDATION GARMENTS, INC.

ON A PEDESTAL

GOTHAM
GOLD STRIPE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS

GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE NYLONS

MOCHA . . . a radiant brown. Perfect shower gift for the bride . . . the choice of every graduate. Extremely lovely in 30 denier Friv-O-Lace* nylons with a ring of decorative lace below the Gold Stripe. Buy these stockings at your favorite store. If not obtainable, use coupon below.

GOTHAM HOSIERY COMPANY, INC.
200 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Gotham Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd.
Dominion Square Building, Montreal

GOTHAM HOSIERY COMPANY, INC., DEPT. C6
200 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

I would like to buy the stockings illustrated "On A Pedestal." Please send me, through a local store, one pair Gotham Gold Stripe "Friv-O-Lace" in 30 denier nylon MOCHA, Style 4304, at $1.65 a pair. My size is.....
I enclose Check ☐ or Money Order ☐.
(Don't send stamps.)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Coupon orders filled only in the U.S.A.

*TRADE MARK

Standing under photos of Male-Tested Fashions Party, Paul grins at his failure to catch a model and settles for a bag of popcorn.

See Page 180 for "Where to Buy" Male-Tested Fashions

The next time you hear voices —LISTEN!

IT MAY BE your conscience speaking.

It may be saying: "Save some of that money, mister. Your future depends on it!"

Listen closely next time. Those are words of wisdom. Your future *does* depend on the money you put aside in savings.

Start *now* on the road to *automatic* saving by signing up on your company's Payroll Savings Plan for the purchase of U. S. Savings Bonds.

There's no better, no surer way to save. It's automatic. It pays you back four dollars for every three you invest.

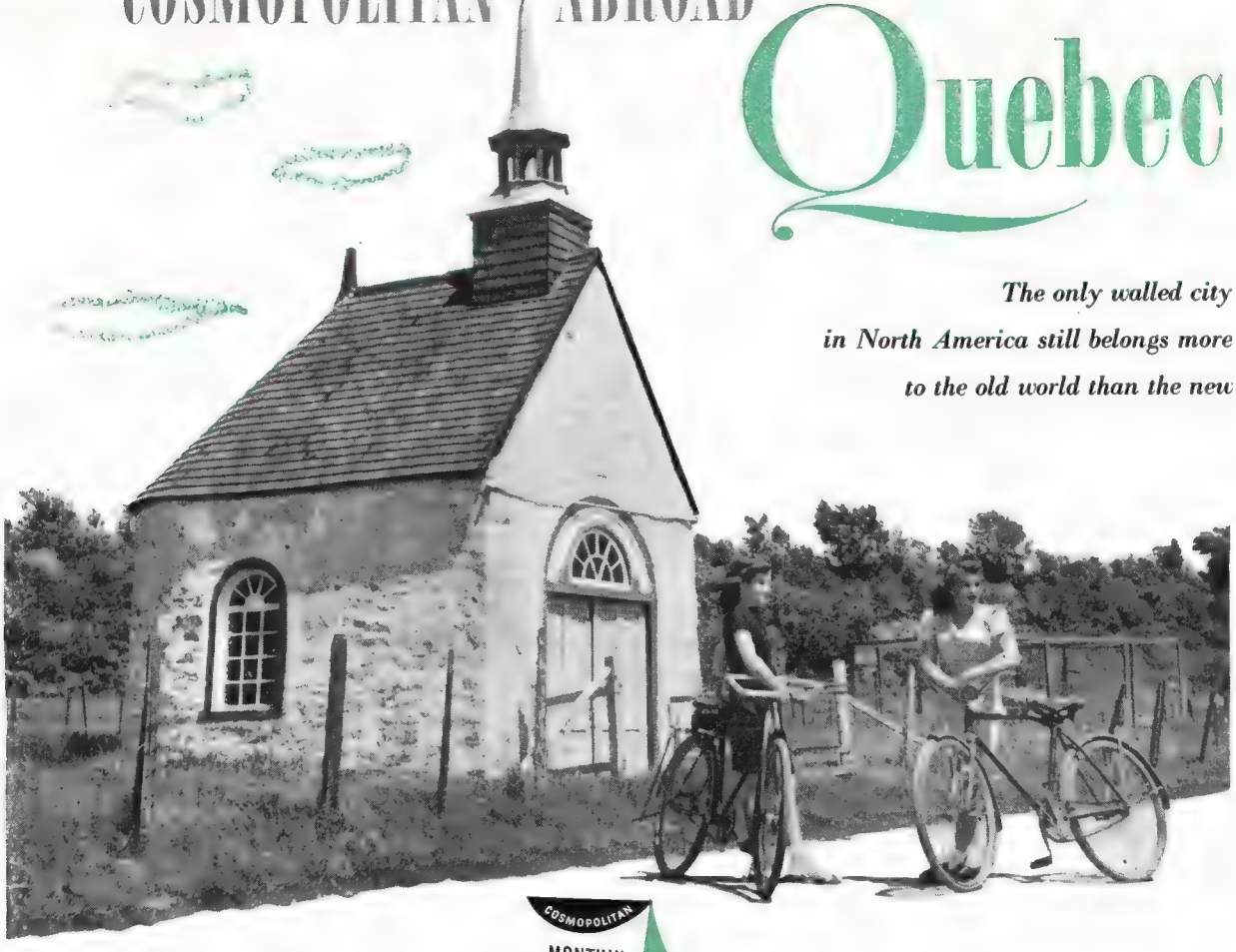
Do it now. If you can't join the Payroll Savings Plan, enroll in the Bond-A-Month Plan through your checking account.

Automatic saving is sure saving U.S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

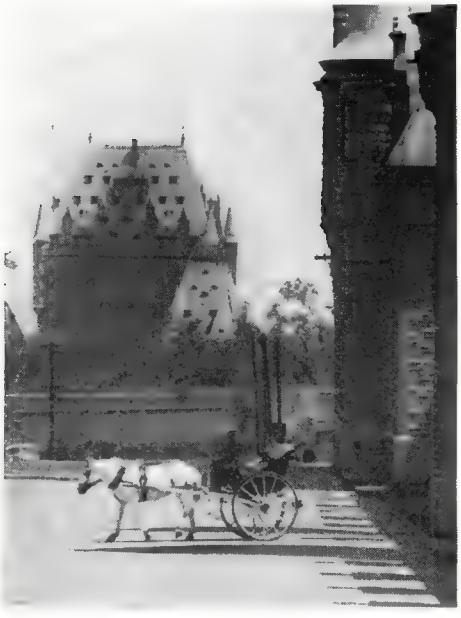
Quebec

The only walled city in North America still belongs more to the old world than the new



COSMOPOLITAN MONTHLY FEATURE

by **STUART KINZIE**



"Where, oh, where," says the harassed American from time to time, "can I go to Get Away From It All?" Meaning, in the case of him, from the beady eye of the boss and the sameness of the job and the monotony of familiar faces. Or in the case of her, from the dishes and the bedmaking and the daily pondering of what to have for dinner. Or in the case of both, from the safe and comfortable but sometimes maddening routine of everyday living.

"I'd like to go abroad—you know, someplace where everything's different. But it involves crossing all that water and fussing with passports and trying to get boat or plane reservations. And anyway, I can't afford it. Not enough time. Not enough money."

And there the matter is likely to rest.

Actually, if "abroad" means a place where language is different, architecture is different, people and customs and atmosphere are different, then such a place exists within easy reach of many Americans, about ten hours' driving time from Boston, to be exact. You don't need any passport, and you don't have to cross any salt water to get there. But you will certainly feel that you're "abroad" when you arrive in Quebec.

Because Quebec is, fundamentally, a European city. It looks European, with its narrow streets, crenelated walls and turreted roofs. Linguistically it's European, with street signs and advertisements in French, and English definitely the secondary spoken language. And its tempo is European: there's no sense of hurry, no frantic *(Continued on page 139)*

In this,

the traditional

month of weddings,

we offer you

Some plain talk for brides and grooms

by PHILIP WYLIE

Just exactly what happens to married Americans?

Two marriages out of six, as everybody knows, end sooner or later in divorce.

If the average marriage in America is a failure, it can be said that the current form of society has failed. Those social scientists who agree with that startling opinion are inclined to look at marriage itself to find the reasons for its distressed state. A few of them believe that we ought to change marriage, or change our viewpoint about it, or regard divorce as a normal way of life. Others think that we ought to have more children, or fewer children, or co-operative systems of raising children. Some social scientists think that married women ought to work. Others think there is no possibility of a career and a happy marriage. But all such opinion refers to marriage after the ceremony is performed. People seem to believe—even many scientifically trained people—that most married couples run into a series of hopeless difficulties which arise out of the state of "marriage" per se.

But I think it is a mistake to find fault just with marriage itself. I suspect that more attention should be paid to the attitudes of brides and grooms as they approach marriage. A contrary fact—that millions of American marriages are, today, highly rewarding and successful—suggests that there is at least as much fault with many who enter marriage as with the institution of marriage, and, quite possibly, more fault.

It does not take a great psychologist to perceive that, above all else, marriage involves an attitude—a state of mind about another person. We call it love. We realize, unless we are fluff-brained, that love is not exclusively identified with "marital bliss." The ceremony makes that plain. "In sickness," it says, and "for worse"—conditions opposite to bliss. You will, of course, find a great many brides and grooms concentrating on the "bliss" aspect of marriage. These are the ones who have accepted marriage as a "happy ending"—with the "happiness" implicit in the mere act. When the quarrels of such persons begin, we say that "the gilt has worn off the gingerbread," and we watch confidently for their divorce proceedings to be announced in the legal columns.

While such nitwits are fairly numerous, it is not the collapse of their marriages which constitute the sinister aspect of marital failure. Their insincerity and superficiality are visible at the start, and their marriages, therefore, are doomed from the start. Brides and grooms who begin life together earnestly and auspiciously, and who even then drift apart, are the ones whose marriages need appraisal. At the moment of the ceremony, they seem "ideally suited to each other," but they prove not to be suited to marriage. Love is born in them, flourishes, *(Continued on page 179)*

"Yes, I always use KRAFT *Mayonnaise. Its flavor is so delicate, and so delightful."*

Women who are hard to please prefer one special mayonnaise

A master blend of choice ingredients . . . Kraft Mayonnaise is made with fine oil and eggs, fragrant vinegar and spices, and *Fresh Lemon Juice*

Decorative, "different" —and *so* delicious! Arrange lettuce on round chop plate. Cut 3 avocados in lengthwise halves, remove the seeds, and peel. Arrange them on the lettuce and fill each with a mound of tomato aspic made with chopped celery in it. Serve with Kraft *Kitchen-Fresh* Mayonnaise . . . and listen to the compliments!

Kraft Mayonnaise

You can say "Yes" to Romance

Because Veto says "No" to Offending

Veto says "no"—

to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! You feel confident . . . sure of exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—

to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely, new cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! *So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!*

TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

COSMOPOLITAN MONTHLY FEATURE

"Jittering the Feelings" by Matta

What do you know about Modern Art?

by EMILY GENAUER

Author of "Best of Art"

If you were an artist anxious to paint a picture that would symbolize this fear-beset period with its threat of atomic war, you could paint an actual atom bomb. But it would probably look as harmless as a child's rubber ball —and be as meaningless.

Or you could paint a scene of an atomic explosion, but it would resemble nothing so much as a beautiful, mushrooming, flower-like formation of rosy clouds, as did the photographs taken at Bikini.

Or you could paint scenes of destruction. But they would be just ruins—ruins that could have been caused by ordinary bombing, or construction dynamiting, or even an earthquake.

No, the symbol of these nerve-racking days is not to be found in the atom bomb itself, or in anything physically pertaining to it, but in some image conveying the effect on human beings of this specter of immediate and wholesale destruction. This is what the Chilean painter, Matta, has attempted to achieve in the picture he calls "Jittering the Feelings."

It is a representation of man in this atomic era. Instead of a heart he has a mass of jangled, knotted nerves. (They're a "trap for the feelings," says the artist.) The head is a gaping, terrified mouth. There is one great piercing eye. (It is the agonized look on all our faces, explains the artist, the unspoken question, "Will it be I?") The hands are murderous claws. The figure has become brutalized to the point where it is more monster than man. It functions in an environment of whirling shapes, suggesting airplane parts and the fragments of buildings hurtling through space.

Not a pretty picture, but to Matta this is not a pretty world.

Henry Rosenfeld

a perfect golf dress $8.98

Henry Rosenfeld's well seasoned classic in fine combed cotton—with gathered fullness at the waist, buttons down the front, deep side pockets and a soft bow-belt. Sizes 10 to 20 and 14½ to 24½ in Red, Green, Blue, Brown and Grey, with white pin stripes—also in solid Pink, Maize, Blue and Aqua.

Russeks, FIFTH AVE. AT 36th ST., N. Y. 18, N. Y.
Please send me Henry Rosenfeld's Classic at $8.98.

Size.....Color.....2nd Color Choice.....

Name.....

Address.....

Apt.....City.....Zone.....State.....

Charge to my account No.....

.....Check or Money Order Enclosed .....C.O.D.
In N. Y. C. add 2% Sales Tax.

Doctors Prove the Palmolive Plan brings 2 out of 3 women *Lovelier Skin in 14 days!*

YES! Regardless of age . . . type of skin . . . or beauty care used before!

20 years old

"Fresher, Brighter Color!"
. . . says Margaret Morrison of New Orleans. Even tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing, respond in most cases to the Palmolive Plan.

31 years old

"Smoother, Younger Looking!"
. . . reports Mary Norrie of Oklahoma City. Almost two-thirds of the women tested won smoother complexions.

47 years old

"Less Oily—Clearer"
. . . reports Mrs. Charles Freeman of San Francisco. The 14-Day Palmolive Plan brought actual definite gains to 89% of the women tested who had oily skin.

YOU, TOO, may look for such skin improvements in only 14 Days!

Remember, 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—tested the Palmolive Plan on 1285 women of all ages from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

Here's the Plan Doctors proved!

1. Wash your face with Palmolive Soap!
2. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!
3. Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect!

P.S. For Tub or Shower, Get Bath Size Palmolive!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

And He Said He'd Write Every Day!

U.S. MAIL
NOT ONE LINE FROM BOB IN TWO WHOLE WEEKS! DO YOU THINK MY MAIL COULD HAVE GONE ASTRAY, SUE?
JULIE, I'M AFRAID IT'S YOUR M-A-L-E WHO'S GONE ASTRAY!
BUT OUR ROMANCE WAS PRACTICALLY SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED! YOU KNOW IT WAS, SUE!
I KNOW, HONEY. BUT HAVEN'T YOU EVER NOTICED HOW FAST BAD BREATH CAN CANCEL ROMANCE? TALK TO YOUR DENTIST, JULIE, WON'T YOU?
JULIE SEES HER DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
"HERE'S WHY: COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS AN ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM THAT GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH. AND COLGATE'S SOFT POLISHING AGENT CLEANS ENAMEL THOROUGHLY, GENTLY, SAFELY!"
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S IS SELDOM KNOWN TO FAIL—NOW JULIE HAS HER FIRST-CLASS MALE!
It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

Cosmopolitan June 1948

A Cosmopolitan Novelette

A love story of three epochs in the Queen of all cities—Paris

the Last of Montparnasse

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

This is a story which begins in the middle and goes to both ends, because that's the way it tells itself best. It involves in the telling three epochs of life in Paris, and it begins in the middle epoch in a fashionable but disreputable night club called La Vache Contente.

Do not ask me why it was called that. It got its name and its origin out of the artistic monkey business which afflicted Paris in the early 'twenties, when Cocteau, Honegger and Braque were all considered new and daring and were still fairly young. The monkey business passed out or changed into surrealism or what-you-will, and gradually La Vache Contente changed its character as well. It ceased to be a small and lively place in which gathered the avant-garde of intellectual and artistic life and became, instead, a spectacular sort of place on two floors, with things going on above and below stairs from the cocktail hour on to dawn.

It was never a tourist spot touted by guides or frequented by the American businessman on a night out. The proprietor was too shrewd to let it fall into that category. It became gradually a rendezvous for the sophisticated and the initiated. Some of its regular clientele took drugs, and some

The couple crossing the room seemed completely out of place in a Parisian night club.

were guilty of other divergencies from the conventional codes of the bourgeoisie. It was always possible to find there very expensive ladies practicing the oldest profession and, whatever your vice might be, you were pretty certain to find a companion to share it with you. On an ordinary evening you found there individuals of almost every race and nationality from big Scandinavian blondes to a pair of enormous, coal-black half-civilized Senegalese.

All of it was very expensive and far beyond the pocketbook of the ordinary tourist. Its clientele was limited to those known to the proprietor or those who were brought by people known to him. In a sense it was a sort of club, with a membership determined by the whim or the judgment of the fat and swarthy Levantine proprietor known as Joe, who appeared each night in white tie and tails to settle any dispute with the doorman over who should or should not be admitted.

During the years I lived in Paris I went there perhaps a couple of times a month with friends, not because I had any special liking for the place—although it had wonderful entertainment and a curious, sometimes terrifying, atmosphere—but because I gradually found myself forced into the position of guide to the hot spots. This was usually a courtesy to friends who were visiting Paris and who did not know their way about or who had no entree to places like the Vache Contente, which were not open to the unknown at any price.

During the height of the season, from May through July, there was hardly a day when some friend or acquaintance did not ring up to say, "How about dining and showing me around? You know, not the tourist places but the good places that are hard to get into." Sometimes I took them; sometimes I made excuses. It depended upon how much I liked them.

Most of my clientele were usually youngish men —Americans and English with a considerable sprinkling of Hollywood. My greatest problem were the young Englishmen who, arriving from the suppressed Anglo-Saxon atmosphere on the other side of the Channel, always seemed, figuratively speaking, to jump off the train, whip off their coats and cry out, "Where is all this wicked Paris life? Let's get at it!" I sometimes had great difficulty in persuading them that the wicked life to which I might provide access was "exclusive and refined and elegant." Usually, after much persuasion, they calmed down and behaved almost as well as they would at a dinner in Mayfair.

On the night in question, I had in tow two English friends who had come to Paris for ten days. They were good friends of mine, and I took them on the tour de luxe with dinner at one of the finest restaurants in the world.

After dinner, along about eleven, well sated with caviar, champagne and pate de fois gras, we wandered off, on foot, to the Vache Contente. The night club occupied a very large private house not far from the Rond Point. Since the dinner hour was well over, I took my friends to the room on the second floor.

It was a big room, so dimly lighted that its decoration was of no importance, indeed barely discernible. This fact, together with the fog of cigarette smoke, made it impossible to see clearly the features of any face at a distance of more than three feet, a fact no doubt welcome to many of those who frequented the spot. Only the white shirt fronts of the men and an occasional white gown worn by one of the women gleamed out of the darkness with a kind of luminosity.

As we entered a pretty, half-naked and voluptuous Negress was singing in a blue spotlight. The headwaiter, who had impressed my companions by greeting me with familiarity, waited until she had finished before he led us to a corner table before a banquette.

I pointed out to my friends some celebrities, one or two of the notorious and quite a few characters. They watched the spectacle, savoring it as something very different from anything they could find in any other city in the world. No other city could provide that same cocktail of nationalities, eccentrics and immorality tinctured not by sordidness but by elegance.

The music changed and a girl, with her hair dyed the platinum white of her body, did a contortionist dance in the same eerie blue spotlight. When the act was finished, a couple sitting next to us left, and after a moment or two I saw, crossing the tiny cleared space among the tables, an extraordinary couple, emerging slowly out of clouds of cigarette smoke.

They were unaccompanied. No waiter had shown them the deference of leading them to the table beside us. The woman walked a little ahead, the man following uncertainly. She gave the impression of leading him by the hand, although she was not actually doing so. Once or twice she turned her head to see whether he was following her. In the smoky light it was impossible to see their faces very clearly, but one thing struck me. That was their general lack of elegance in contrast to the others in the place. The woman's figure was hidden by a shapeless fur coat. She wore no hat, and her hair, as the shifting spotlight struck it, was fuzzy and unkempt. She carried an outsized handbag which seemed to be stuffed to its utmost capacity. The man was wearing a shapeless tweed coat and a pair of baggy slacks.

For a moment I thought they must be persons possessed of vast celebrity and eccentricity, for only such persons ever appeared in the Vache Contente dressed so shabbily. As they took the empty places beside us, their appearance seemed even more incongruous than it had in the smoky half-light. They appeared suburban and American. They were like a country-club couple who had fallen on evil days and gone to seed.

My interest drawn irresistibly, I watched them. The waiter who finally came over to the table treated them with an ill-concealed contempt. The man seemed speechless, and the woman took command, ordering a large cup of black coffee for him and for herself, a beer—the coffee obviously to sober him, and the beer probably because it was the cheapest thing she could order. They still struck me as being unmistakably American, and despite the background of La Vache Contente and their shoddy appearance, even despite the man's untidy appearance, Americans of a definite category— the wrecks of small-town prosperous respectability.

Another entertainer, this time a gigantic Russian tenor, came to lean against the piano and sing. As he did so, the woman beside us placed her heavily stuffed handbag on the table. The bag

popped open, and I saw that it contained books.

When the coffee and beer arrived, the man swayed uncertainly toward his cup, and I heard the woman say, as if she were speaking to a child, "Drink it quickly. It will make you feel better." But there was an intonation of desperation in her voice, almost of fear.

He drank the coffee and shuddered, and the woman took a cigarette from a cheap metal case, and lifted it to her lips. Then, without removing it, she turned to the friend on my right and asked, "Could I bother you for a light?" From her voice, intonation and choice of words she was not only unmistakably American but Midwestern.

As my friend held the light for her, the flame illumined her face, and suddenly she was familiar —someone I knew or had known somewhere, perhaps only casually in a distant past. Of this I was certain.

Both the woman and her companion were middle-aged and a rather battered middle age at that. The woman was soft and thick and shapeless, so that you knew she bore little resemblance to what she had been ten or fifteen years earlier. She had thrown back her shabby coat, which very likely she had been ashamed to leave at the checkroom among the mink and sable and fox. Beneath it she wore a rather faded semi-evening dress covered with beading which had not been fashionable for at least ten years. The coffee had not sobered her companion. The unshaven face had sagged in the frightful way of the faces of the dissipated in sleep or death.

The woman began talking to my companion on the right. Because of the brass-voiced tenor I could not at first hear what she was saying, but presently she opened her bag wide and took out three or four books. The top one was "Ulysses." As she moved it aside, she revealed beneath it "Lady Chatterley's Lover," "The Well of Loneliness" and "The Tropic of Cancer," and I knew what her racket was.

Such books seem tame in these times when unprintable words and crass descriptions of everything concerning sex are commonplace, but in those years the books she lined up on the table in the Vache Contente were generally considered dangerous, salacious and evil by all but the literary world. They had been barred from circulation in England and America. They were books published respectably enough by "modern art" publishers in Paris, but these were also undoubtedly pirated editions made to be sold like obscene postcards to the tourist public. That was the woman's racket—selling banned books.

My friend had taken up one of the books and was thumbing through it, but in the dim light it was impossible to read anything. I saw that he was tempted. In London there had been much gossip and even suits in court over the books the woman displayed.

He turned to me and, holding up "Ulysses" with all the suspiciousness of a tourist, he said, "She wants five hundred francs for this. Is it too much?"

It was too much. You could buy the book in almost any bookshop in *(Continued on page 104)*

She was a big woman and violent. The only way Pev could subdue her was to throw her on the floor and hold her down.

This Is Blackmail

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

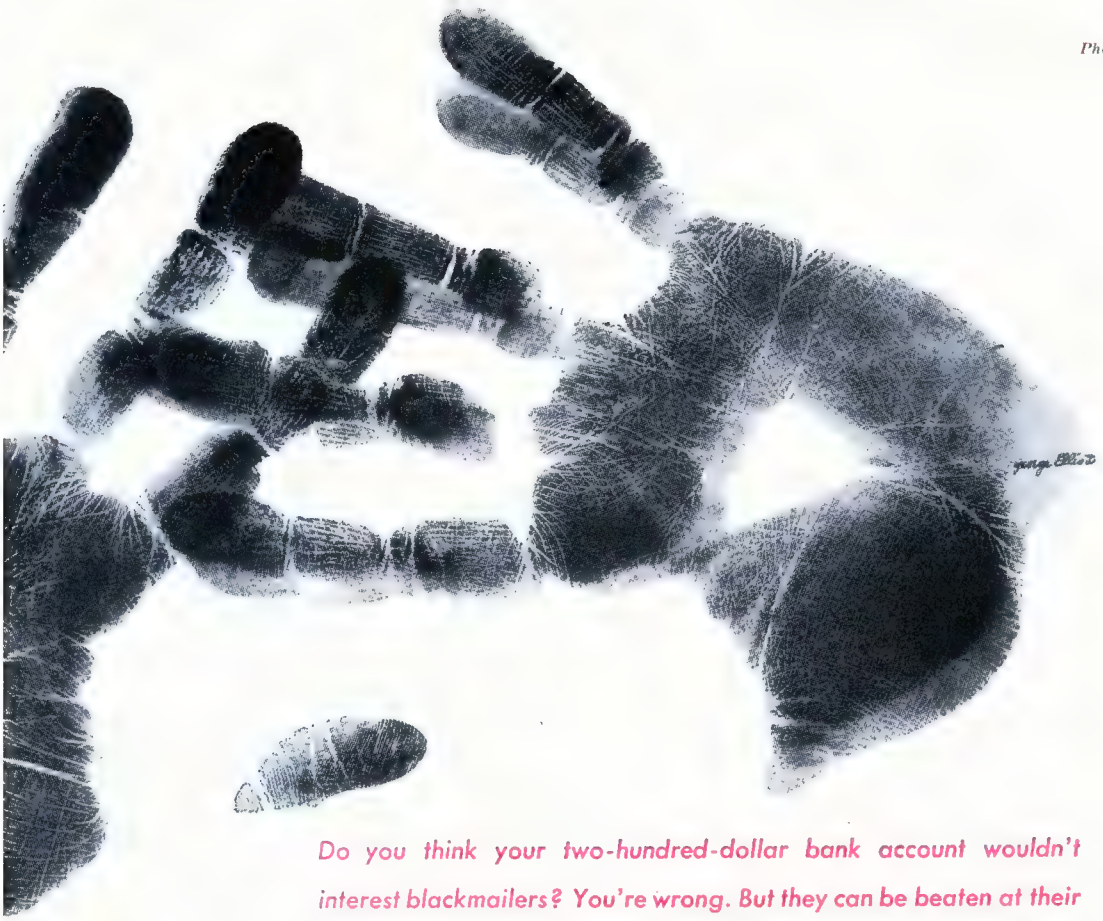


Photo by James Snyder

Do you think your two-hundred-dollar bank account wouldn't interest blackmailers? You're wrong. But they can be beaten at their own game if you have a little courage and a lot of common sense

Blackmail, a terribly melodramatic and old-fashioned sort of crime, has acquired a troublesome New Look. You won't find much in the newspapers about it, but the new style in blackmail calls for victims ranging all the way from ex-GI's who had to lie about their dishonorable discharges in order to get jobs, to wealthy businessmen who were enticed into "foolproof" schemes for cheating Uncle Sam on income taxes. The modern cast of characters in the never-ending blackmail drama also includes impatient refugees who paid heavily to be sneaked into the United States, only to find themselves blackmailed by their smugglers. And there are many others. After all, who among us is not a sinner? Who has a completely untroubled conscience?

Late in the spring of 1936 an enterprising New Yorker read and took to heart the notion that everyone has a secret in his or her past that would not stand the light of day. He selected at random one hundred names and addresses from the Manhattan phone book. To each he sent a crudely written letter threatening to expose the person's secret and to cause him much physical pain, too. On the letters were a few drops of blood—spattered just below the line that demanded an immediate $100 payment.

It didn't take long for the authorities to catch up with this crude, wholesale blackmailer—but before they did he had actually gotten three worthy citizens to give him one hundred dollars each in order to have their "secret" kept.

Many years later a Brooklynite named Louis Romano became fascinated with the possibilities of blackmail and looked around for a likely victim. He congratulated himself on finding one living right in his neighborhood—Johnny Torrio, the well-known ex-Capone henchman, retired to innocuous domesticity in the serene fastnesses of Brooklyn. The would-be blackmailer said he had dug up something from Torrio's lurid past that could cause him great embarrassment and threatened to reveal it to the world unless he were paid ten thousand dollars with dispatch. Mr. Torrio promised to think it over and promptly went to his former enemy, the police. After they had recovered from their amazement, they planned a neat trap for the blackmailer and sprang it deftly. Romano was arrested, tried and convicted of attempting to blackmail one of America's most notorious ex-gangsters.

The striking difference between the reaction *(Continued on page 96)*

by MOSSER MAUGER

He was a gentleman. For Sarah Hathaway, that was an oddity and an amazement. He was almost as young as she. He had dark hair and long dark eyelashes. His nails were rounded and clean, not only that first night, but every night. He never yelled. He was unfailingly polite to the most annoying, pushing customers. And he looked after Sarah in a nice, subtle way. To discover that the new boy on her aisle was a gentleman was as surprising to Sarah as it would have been to find a ten-dollar bill on the lobby's plushy red carpet some midnight.

Mr. Sonnett had brought him to her one evening, just after seven, before the real rush had started. "New kid for you, Sarah. Show him the ropes will ya?"

"Gosh," Sarah said, twinkling, "I wish we did have a rope here some nights when they get to pushing."

Mr. Sonnett frowned seriously. He did not relish such comments. He liked to run his own business. "Somebody might get hurt. Besides, the fire department won't permit it," Mr. Sonnett said. He turned on his plump heel and walked away. Sarah Hathaway's twinkle managed somehow to ruffle his dignity.

She swung round from the lobby mirror where she had been patting her hair into place, and looked at the new boy. He was tall and strikingly thin. There was nothing excess about him. But then, they were all thin. Well-fed young men did not take jobs from seven in the evening until two o'clock in the morning at second-rate movie houses.

"Hello," Sarah said shyly. "Pleased to know you."

He simply stood there, very stiff and straight in the ill-fitting usher's uniform. He fussed a little with the bow tie—and waited. He was not vain. She liked that. He merely wanted to be neat.

"They never fit," Sarah said, in a low voice. "I've never seen anybody yet that fitted their uniforms. Look at my skirt. I have to pin it."

With friendly energy, Sarah pushed back her jacket and showed him the big safety pin she had to use to make the skirt band small enough for her slight, willowy waist. The lap was over two inches.

He blushed. Even the tips of his ears got quite pink.

She dropped her eyes, then, and hastily buttoned her jacket, and from that moment he was something strange and faintly wonderful to her.

"It's all right," the boy said. "I just have *(Continued on page 154)*

Want a recipe to make dreams come true? Sarah learned one, and it worked

One night in Cincinnati

All the romance isn't on the screen. But what chance have we, thought Sarah, for a happy ending?

ILLUSTRATED BY

Hot Rodders

by DANIEL P. MANNIX

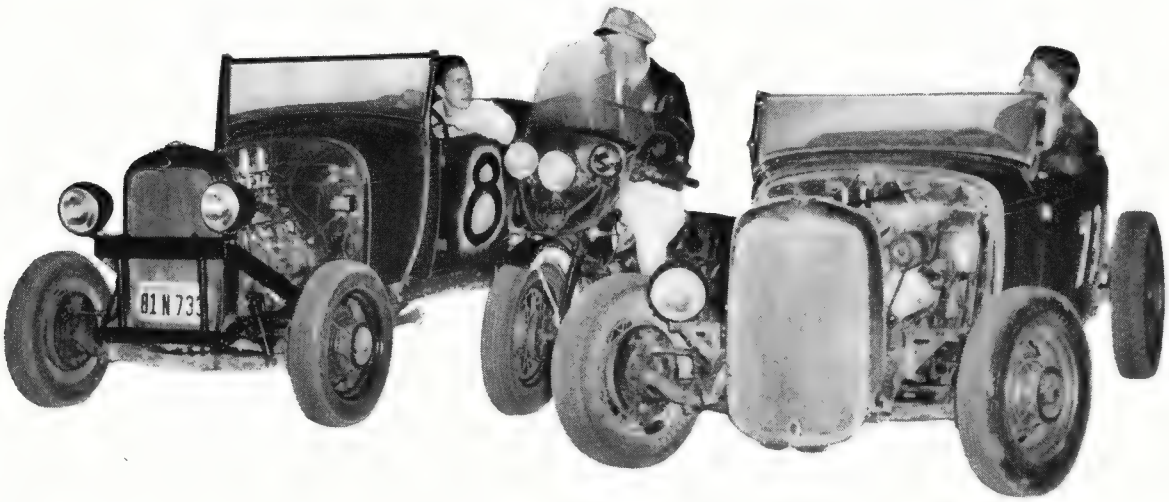
The story of the speed-hungry youngsters whose souped-up jalopies almost drove California crazy

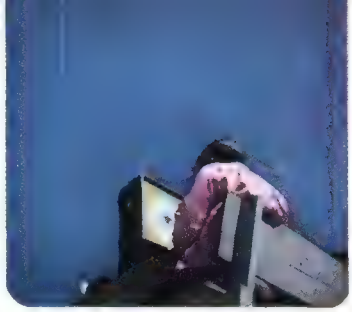
A police prowl car, cruising late one night through the suburbs of Los Angeles, saw a teen-age kid in a dilapidated jalopy run through a stop light. The officers turned on their siren and gave chase. To their astonishment, the jalopy kept ahead of them until they were hitting sixty. Suddenly the jalopy slowed down, the pitch of the motor rose, and then the car leaped away. The bewildered policemen realized that the boy driver had only now thrown his car into second gear; before he had been driving in low! The police gave up the chase, but far down the road they heard the jalopy hit high at a speed that must have been over one hundred miles an hour.

The police had run into an amazing postwar phenomenon called the "hot rod." Teen-age boys are buying up old cars and, by installing such complicated improvements as dual carburation, high-compression cylinder heads and racing camshafts, they produce a deceptively powerful roadster known as a "hot rod." These hot rods develop such speed and maneuverability that they are nearly frightening adult drivers off the highways. There are at least five thousand of these "hopped-up heaps" in the vicinity of Los Angeles alone; over eight hundred machine shops have appeared that cater solely to these curious vehicles, and the fad is spreading so rapidly that "speed clubs" have sprung up from New York to Miami.

The "rodders" are the first product of the Atomic Age. They were suckled on gasoline and weaned on a spark plug. Instead of the traditional fairy stories, they were raised on comic strips dealing with rocket ships and interplanetary travel. Big cities and great highways have made the old-fashioned barefoot schoolboy with his fishin' pole and torn straw hat a figment of the romantic past. To modern boys, romance means the peculiar, high-pitched roar of a "hopped-up" motor and the terrible vacuum suck as the car reaches out for the high speeds.

The ingenuity they show in "hopping up" an innocent motor is enough to restore your faith in the resourcefulness of American youth and make you resolve to travel only by subway. The boys spend weeks grinding out and polishing valve parts to get more gas into the cylinder heads, shopping for bargains on parts as carefully as a girl buying a new hat, and having the cylinders bored out to receive oversized pistons; *(Continued on page 163)*





At El Mirage race track, reformed hot rodders zip past electric-eye timing devices at

120 mph. Rodders test their cars carefully, are expert mechanics. They bring their girls

to watch them perform in these autos which range from fifteen-thousand-dollar de luxe

jobs to fifty-dollar jalopies. At starting line, cars often stretch one-half mile into the desert

What Grandma heard seemed to satisfy her. As getting her own way always did!
the Suitcase

A Cosmopolitan Novelette

from Heaven

Grandma had a whim of iron, the family was united against her, and Lida was caught in the middle. Only Czenzi Ormonde could devise such a delightfully happy ending for everybody

by CZENZI ORMONDE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

There was a time—when the frozen winter tears had stopped dripping from the eaves, when the first birds flew back to the window sills—there was a time of year when the whole family, especially Lida, felt the earth stir and yawn like a big cat and open one green eye to the coming spring.

When Lida saw her mother's hands forget to sew, when one of the aunts parted the starched curtains and dreamed in the sunlight, then it was time for somebody in the family to look out of the window and sigh, "Such delightful weather suddenly. I think I'll get my teeth fixed and take a trip."

Right away the house would be filled with travel smells. A suitcase would be aired on the back porch. That was the first thing Aunt Tilda said should be done, because once she hadn't done it and smelled of moth balls all the way to St. Louis and back. "Like I was hung in a closet all winter," she said. "So embarrassing."

Everybody was so busy when someone prepared for a trip. If, like last year, it was one of the aunts who was traveling, she always used lots of hot water for a bath the day she was leaving and came out rosy-faced, smelling of talcum, asking every few minutes where on earth she'd put her train ticket, and should she wear this pink veil on her hat—look now, with or without?

On these wonderful days, when even the sisters and cousins were too busy to notice and make fun, Lida made her favorite Secret Sandwich.

She cut up a big red apple, on this busy day, and crowded all the lumpy chunks in between two thick slices of fresh bread and pressed hard. Then she climbed a tree in the back yard to worry. She could worry fine when she was eating.

The sandwich didn't taste so good this time. The tears made it salty. When, oh, when, was she going on a real journey? Nine years old and only streetcars. Twenty-five minutes and already downtown. Such a shame to be nine and never to have traveled. No suitcase to carry, no talcum smells while she said, like the aunts, "Oh, dear, my ticket, now where is my ticket?"

Sometimes the grownup who was going away took one of the children along. One year it was Cousin Florian. Trainsick all the way! And even Frantisek last summer had been fifty miles on a train. Half fare. Short pants.

Surely this time it would be her turn. But the days had passed and nobody said, "Well, well, Lida, so you are a big lady now to travel all the way to Chicago." What an honor it would be to go all the way to Chicago. Not with one of the aunts. Not with Mama. Not with Uncle Emile who never took a suitcase, only a toothbrush in his pocket because he usually left in a great hurry. Always when the house cleaning started, his wife said. This time, the trip would be special. This time it was Grandma! And everybody knew that when Grandma went to Chicago to visit all the relatives it was no common affair.

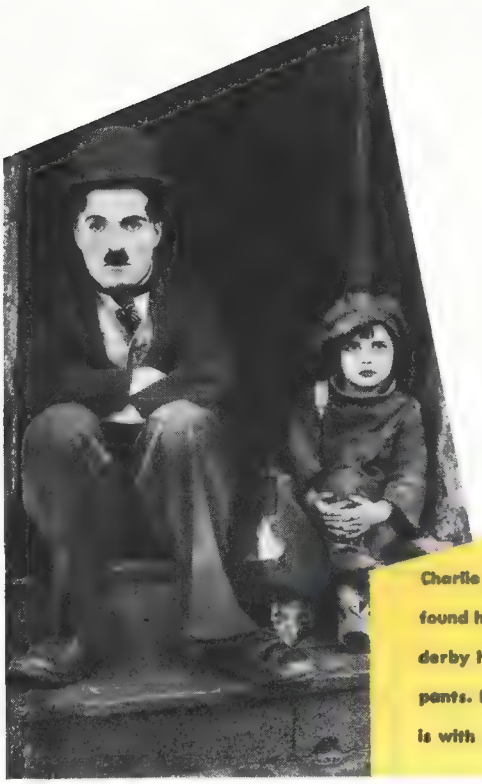
"Treated like a queen," Uncle Zdenek said last night at the supper table.

"And why not?" said Uncle Jaroslav. Always so proud because he was assistant county surveyor. "Didn't her father once own the finest apothecary in Prague? And didn't one of his father's ancestors before him once prescribe for the King of Bohemia? Let me tell you . . ."

Mama always stopped Jaroslav when he talked like that.

"My dear brother," she said, wearing her patriotic mouth, "please, let us forget these remote distinctions. We are now living in this wonderful America where nobody cares if your grandfathers held a royal pulse."

"That is right," said Emile, biting *(Continued on page 140)*



Charlie Chaplin found happiness in a derby hat and baggy pants. Here he is with Jackie Coogan.

DALE CARNEGIE offers Seven Ways to Find Peace and Happiness

The key to your own happiness, Mr. Carnegie says,

Put a big, broad, honest-to-goodness smile on your face; throw back your shoulders; take a good, deep breath; and sing a snatch of song. If you can't sing, whistle. If you can't whistle, hum. You will quickly discover that it is physically impossible to remain blue or depressed, while you are acting out the symptoms of being radiantly happy.

I am deeply convinced that our peace of mind and the joy we get out of living depend not on where we are, or what we have, or who we are, but solely upon our mental attitude. Napoleon and Helen Keller are perfect illustrations of the all-importance of the individual mental attitude. Napoleon had everything men usually crave—glory, power, riches—yet he said at St. Helena, "I have never known six happy days in my life"; while Helen Keller—blind, deaf, dumb—declared, "I have found life so beautiful."

I'm sure you remember the story of Old John Brown, who was hanged for seizing the United States Arsenal at Harpers Ferry and trying to incite the slaves to rebellion. He rode away to the gallows sitting on his coffin. The jailer who rode beside him was nervous and worried. But Old John Brown was calm and cool. Looking up at the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, he exclaimed, "What a beautiful country! I never had an opportunity to really see it before."

If half a century of living has taught me anything at all, it has taught me that "nothing can bring you peace but yourself." This is one of the little basic truths of Nature which can easily work miracles in all of our lives. I know a woman in California—I won't mention her name—who could wipe out all her miseries in twenty-four hours if she only knew this secret. She is old, and she's a widow—that's sad, I admit—but does she try to act happy? No. If you ask her how she is feeling, she says, "Oh, I'm all right," but the expression on her face and the whine in her voice say, "Oh, if you only knew the troubles I've seen!" She seems to reproach you for your happiness.

Hundreds of women are worse off than she is. Her husband left her enough insurance to last the rest of her life, and she has married children to give her a home. But I've rarely seen her smile. She complains that all three of her sons-in-law are stingy and selfish (although she is a guest in their homes for months at a time). And she complains that her daughters never give her presents (although she hoards her own money carefully, "for my old age"). She is a blight on herself and her unfortunate family! But does it have to be so?

Will Rogers flopped as a straight cowboy, but life began, as he shows Shirley Temple, with natural patter.

Eddie Rickenbacker found key to peace and happiness after twenty-one days on a raft.

is to remember that there is no one else on earth like you

That is the pity of it. She could change herself from a miserable, bitter and unhappy old woman into an honored and beloved member of the family —if she wanted to change. And all she would have to do to work this transformation, would be to start acting as though she had a little love to give away, instead of squandering it all on her own unhappy and embittered self!

If we want to develop a mental attitude that will bring us peace and happiness, here is Rule One:

Think and act cheerfully—and you will feel cheerful.

Who do you suppose said this? "If selfish people try to take advantage of you, cross them off your list, but don't try to get even. When you try to get even, you hurt yourself more than you hurt the other fellow." Those words sound as if they might have been uttered by some starry-eyed idealist. But they weren't. They appeared in a bulletin issued by the Police Department of Milwaukee.

If we hate our enemies with a smoldering rage, that hate may not harm our enemies in the slightest; but it may rack our bodies with the terrible pains of arthritis and put us in wheel chairs for the rest of our lives. Do you doubt it? If so, listen to what a world-wide authority on this subject —Dr. Russell L. Cecil of the Cornell University Medical School—has to say. He has listed four of the commonest conditions which bring on arthritis:

1. Marital shipwreck.
2. Financial disaster and grief.
3. Loneliness and worry.
4. Long-cherished resentments.

So you see when Jesus said "love your enemies," He was preaching not only sound ethics but also twentieth-century medicine. When He said "forgive seventy times seven," He was telling you and me how to keep from having high blood pressure, heart troubles, stomach ulcers and many other diseases.

A friend of mine recently had a serious heart attack. Her physician put her to bed and ordered her to refuse to get angry about anything, no matter what happened. Physicians know that if you have a weak heart, a fit of anger can kill you. Did I say "can" kill you? *(Continued on page 165)*

This is the second of a series of three articles taken from Mr. Carnegie's new book, "How to Stop Worrying," published by Simon & Schuster.

Madame Southpaw

When they took Mildred out to the ball game, the catcher had to wear a suit of armor. Why? Because Mildred was such a fast girl

by S. W. M. HUMASON

Fred Collins stood in the door of his hardware shop and looked at the pale spring afternoon without giving it much attention. The sun glinted prettily through new leaves, and a noon shower had left a sudden lake in a depression in the gutter. A small boy sailed twig boats up and down it and from time to time created glittering spray for the pleasure of watching it rise and fall.

"Get your feet wet, Benny," said Fred mildly. Nothing happened. Benny wasn't Fred's boy or responsibility. Fred was thinking about the coming baseball season. He was manager of the local village team, and he gave that job all the time he could spare away from his business—according to his wife, more than he could spare. His after-school assistant, Eddie Parrish, came and stood beside him leaning on his broom. Eddie was thinking about baseball too. He seldom thought much about anything else. He was a newcomer to town, but he was already bat boy as well as Fred's assistant, so he could talk about baseball through most of his waking hours.

"There," said Fred, "you see the fella who stopped the greatest sensation in baseball history—woulda been the greatest, anyways. Mighta changed the whole course o' baseball."

"Where?" asked Eddie, staring at the empty street.

"Right there."

"Benny?" said Eddie. "He ain't moren' four years old."

"He was even younger then," said Fred. "Ain't you never heard about his mother?"

"I only lived here three weeks."

"Was a time," said Fred, "when nobody talked about much else. But folks forget."

He rubbed his hand across his jaw with a slight scratching sound, and Eddie put away his broom. He knew the signs. With one accord they went to the back of the store and sat down on two unopened kegs of nails.

"'Bout this time of year it was," began Fred, "five years ago. I was here in the store just kind of thinkin' about the baseball season. It looked terrible. Four boys was in the Army, and two in the Navy, and Floyd Jones worked in a war plant over around Binghamton. He used to

ILLUSTRATED BY AL DORNE

come home sometimes to play, but it cost us five dollars for his bus fare, and it run the treasury down. I couldn't play on account of my finger what I busted in nineteen twenty-seven, and it don't bend good. 'Bout this time of year, like I said, 'bout this time in the afternoon, Rufe Peters come in. I got up from where I was thinkin' to see what he wanted. He didn't want to buy nothin'.

" 'Fred,' he says, 'I wish you'd come over and see my wife Mildred.'

"I laughed. 'I seen your wife Mildred all my life,' I said. 'I went to school with her.' "

His wife Mildred used to be Mildred Shields, and she always lived here. Rufe, he come here 'bout ten years ago. Him and Mildred got married 'bout three years after he come. They hadn't had no children this time I'm talkin' about. They felt bad about it. Rufe, he's a great baseball fan. Well, he says he wants me to come over and see his wife Mildred, and I said what I said I said.

" 'Something funny's happened to her left arm,' he says.

" 'Well, hell, Rufe,' I says, 'I ain't no doctor.'

" 'She can throw things,' he says.

"I laughed again. 'You c'n dodge, can't you?' I says.

" 'I don't mean that,' he says, 'I mean she can throw good. Fred,' he says, 'I b'lieve she can pitch.'

"Well, then, o'course I thought he must of been drinkin', but I never in my life seen him take a drink.

" 'Rufe,' I said, 'except for that soft-ball team them tough girls from the canning factory in Oneonta had, which wasn't too bad, you know you never seen a woman can throw without lookin' like she was reachin' for a clothespin on the high end of the line.'

" 'Mildred can,' he said. Then he told me. Seems the night before this day I'm talkin' about he'd been mendin' a hinge on the kitchen door. He asked Mildred to toss him the screw driver what he'd left on the other side of the room. Next thing he knew something sang past his ear, and the screw driver is stuck deep in the doorjamb. He turned around. 'How'd you do that?' he asked when he could get his breath.

"Mildred looked scared. She didn't know. She hadn't meant to. She's fond of Rufe. She'd felt something slip in her shoulder, she said. He asked her if it hurt, and she said it didn't, so he asked her to try it again, getting well out of the way himself. She let go, and he swore he couldn't see the screw driver goin' through the air at all, but it stuck in the doorjamb again. He made her do it four times more, and she did it every time, and then she said she had ironin' to do and she didn't want to throw no more screw drivers that night. But the next day Rufe quit work at noon and went home and took Mildred out in the yard and got her throwin' stones and then a baseball, and then he comes over to get me. Well, sir——"

Fred had neglected to lock the door, and a customer came in. Fred and Eddie both looked at him with disapproval.

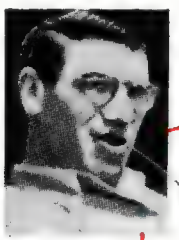
"I'm closed up," said Fred.

"It ain't five thirty yet," said the man, "an' you're supposed to be open until six, and I need a couple of bolts the worst way."

Fred got him the bolts in disapproving silence and rang up the money. This time he locked the door. It was getting dark, and Eddie started to turn on the overhead light.

"Leave it out," said Fred. "Folks will think there's nobody in here.

"So," he said, "I put a note in the door to say I'd be back in an hour, and *(Continued on page 118)*



Next Month

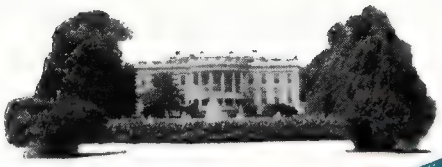
PAUL GALLICO'S

first fiction in three years!

"WHO IS YOUR JUDGE?"

Complete

in the July Cosmopolitan



White House Diary

By Henrietta Nesbitt

The last days of Franklin D. Roosevelt as they were seen by the lady who managed his official household

It made me cross, seeing the President leave for New York in that cold and rainy weather to drive all over the streets with Mayor La Guardia in the 1944 campaign.

"It's cruel," I told Mrs. Roosevelt. "Why do you let him do it?"

"He loves it," she said.

They were at Hyde Park on election night, and there was a torchlight parade.

When he came back to the White House, we gave him a rousing reception in the Diplomatic Reception Room. He had a big excited grin and a warm handshake for everybody. He seemed joyous.

That was one of the fast years, 1944. So much was happening. There were the usual White House upsets. Tea and lemonade orders for spring events and never enough sugar. A heavy rain flooding the East Room floor just as we were preparing dinner for Lord Beaverbrook, and eight men swabbing away at the last minute with dustpans and sponges. And the Entomology Department coming in to check up on our cockroaches and ants.

Government entomologists had field days in the White House. We were used as a testing place for every new disinfectant. We even had the dubious distinction of being the first American home to try D.D.T.

One of the first days I was in the White House I walked into the elevator, and one of the biggest bugs in the world scuttled into a corner to make room for me.

"That's just a cockroach," the operator said indifferently.

I'd never seen such a monster.

We warred on black ants all the year round. After we had a new cement floor put in my office, I was sure we had them licked in there at least. But one morning I found them swarming all over my desk. The ants loved the second floor where Mrs. Roosevelt had plates of fruit set out for guests. She had mice there, too.

The Zoological Department also worked at the White House. They came into our lives during the second administration as a result of the squirrels who lived in the trees around the house. One morning very early I happened to meet Mrs. Roosevelt. She was in her bathing suit on her way to the pool.

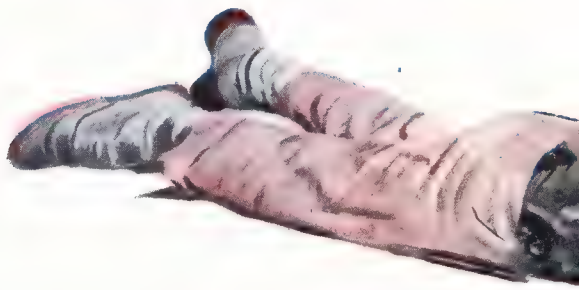
"Mrs. Nesbitt, I've had a letter about our squirrels," she said. "Someone has written to me that they look mangy."

I phoned the Zoo and they sent some men out to catch a couple of the squirrels and give them physical examinations. They weren't mangy, of course. Back came an official report.

"White House: Stop feeding your squirrels so many peanuts."

Mrs. Roosevelt was more harrassed than ever in 1944. Every minute *(Continued on page 135)*

Last Installment of a Four-Part Cosmopolitan Nonfiction Feature



The Vacation

by L. L. BIDDLE, Jr.

Concerning two people who failed to understand the one thing which might have redeemed their marriage: the heart of their own child

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

Far up on the launch's bow Davey Reid lay, feeling the warmth of the Florida sun bathing the bareness of his back and arms. His right hand, grasping the rounded mahogany coping which curved away sternward, pillowed his chin. And his eyes stared in fascination at the water beneath him—water like blue glass, sliding toward him.

The throbbing of the launch's engine was in Davey's ears. And he was thinking: I am on vacation—Christmas vacation from school.

The engine repeated the words. So did the sea bubbling below and the clear sky overhead—and the sun. The sun was clean and bright on the sea and over there on a beach whiter than any of the snows Davey could remember in all the ten years of his life.

Behind him in the cockpit of the launch, his father bent over an enormous box of fishing tackle; his mother was reading a book. They were sitting away back there in those two chairs which moved around like his father's office chair when you pushed your feet against the floor.

Davey smiled shyly at Lewis Bradon, the stockily muscular Floridian whom the Reids had hired as fish guide for the day's expedition. Lewis, standing, steering the boat, halfway between the blond boy and his parents, grinned broadly.

"Fine day," the guide called. "Fine day for fishin'."

"Yes," Davey shouted.

For a second he was looking at the guide's little laughing gray eyes and the leathery sunburn of his face. Then Lewis was pointing off to the left. "Porpoises—off the port bow—over there!"

Davey whirled in the direction the guide indicated. He saw the blue-gray fins of the porpoises circle downward, then reappear closer to him, closer to the boat. He threw himself once more full-length on the planked-over bow.

Far down, darker blue than the water, like the shadow of the boat, only smaller and more swift, he saw the porpoise. The shadow drove itself upward and right below his face the porpoise broke water. Davey gasped, as he heard the snorting exhalation of air from the porpoise—as loud as the first blast of steam from the smokestack of a train engine. But it had nothing to do with train engines. It was a part of water and swimming. It was a shout of joy—a great sneeze of joy—the porpoise made.

Davey scrambled back across the bow. "Porpusses!" he said, his voice shrill with excitement. "Porpusses! Right there in the water! Right under me!"

"Reckon that ole por-puss almost took a bite out of you," Lewis said.

Davey grinned. "They wouldn't hurt me," he said proudly. "Did you see them, Dad? Did you see how they swam?"

"Sure," David Reid said. "We all saw them, Son. They often do that. Follow boats, I mean."

"One of them sneezed at me," Davey interrupted.

Florence Reid laid aside her book. "Honestly, Davey," she said. *(Continued on page 158)*

How could she read at a time like this? he thought. How could she be so detached from life?

Bedlam

What will happen, someday a few years hence, when the Chief of Atomic Defense gets a certain phone call? This is the story of what may happen

by **DICK PEARCE**

THE BLUE RIBBON STORY

David Nichol's office was large, rectangular, air-conditioned and wholly functional. Its soundproofing killed entirely the staccato of his finger tips beating down on his desk, drumming that was hard and purposeless, yet served a purpose, for thus it was that the week's tangle of tensions set up an outward flow from his body. A tempered, driving man, this David Nichols. A man held rigidly to his task by the awesome knowledge that time no longer smiled on the human race.

Across from him Sally Borne tugged at a stubborn drawer. He frowned, for small imperfections annoyed him unreasonably. A droop in the line of her thin shoulders told him that the heat had drained her too.

She turned from the drawer to lift the telephone, then moved noiselessly across to him. "Pringle calling from San Francisco, sir."

He lifted the phone at his desk. He started to say, in his clipped way, "Nichols speaking." But the shadow of weariness across her mouth stopped him. She was exhausted. Young Pringle, across the continent, must be half dead too.

He said genially, "Hello, Steve. And how's the city that God air-conditioned?"

"Cool as always, sir. How's Washington?"

"Sticky. Cotton-candy sticky. What's bothering you?"

"Glad I caught you in. Got a dead man out here." A tremor rode up in Pringle's voice. "Dropped dead an hour ago, and we found something in his hotel room that could be Element ninety-four. Can I talk?"

Nichols tautened. Element ninety-four. Plutonium again. The deadly word. The endless alarm signal, beating at the nation's borders. The frightful metronome, ticking off the Year Ten of the Atomic Age.

"The wire's clear, Steve. You can talk."

"The stuff is really hot. It's boxed in enough lead to sink a cruiser. And it made Funke's Geiger counter go crazy."

"How much?"

"Not much. But . . ."

"Get on with it, Pringle. But what?"

"The dead man is from outside."

"Where outside?"

"Anywhere and everywhere. Traveling on a United Nations passport. The name on it is Anton Meyer. He cleared in here ten days ago on a Dutch ship from Java. The ship's in the bay. That's all I've had time to find out."

Nichols sat immobile *(Continued on page 149)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LUDEKENS

by RALPH G. MARTIN

Fifteen minutes from the beach,
less than two hours from the ski slopes,
the University of California at Los Angeles
lets students select their own deans,
offers courses in making movies,
operates a think machine,
and is hard at work trying to answer
this question: "How hot can you get?"

It was three o'clock in the morning on the U. C. L. A. campus when a student called the roll. He repeated one name several times before a girl stuck her head out of a near-by sleeping bag and said, "Here." There was no line, just several thousand scattered students waiting to register in the morning; playing cards in pup tents by the light of gasoline lanterns, roasting weenies, singing songs from the Hit Parade, giggling, "My mother didn't want me to come so early. She's worried about my beauty sleep."

"Registration line, bus line, book line, cafeteria line . . ." a student was overheard telling his friend. "It's a good thing the California weather is so good you don't mind being outside so much."

Bulging bigger every year, the twenty-nine-year-old University of California at Los Angeles, probably one of the youngest, fastest-growing universities in the country, is still only one of eight campuses of the greater University of California. From "that girls' school at the end of the Vermont Avenue streetcar line," U. C. L. A. has swelled to almost fifteen thousand students. The first ones here in Westwood in 1929 helped build their own sidewalks.

"They're always building, building, building," remarked a zoology professor. "Those caterpillers haven't stopped their noise since I've been here. I went away for a sabbatical leave, and when I came back I almost got lost. Everything was so new. Even our hill had been dumped into our gully. Besides getting rid of a perfectly good lovers' lane, it just ruined our research in Pipistrellus bats in one of the caves down there."

This is a college on wheels. At least four thousand cars somehow manage to park around campus before seven thirty every morning—the jalopies of the kids from the Portugese fishing shacks, and the convertibles of the mink-coated kids from Bel Air.

"At places like Princeton, students aren't even allowed to have cars," said Clyde Johnson, assistant dean of undergraduates. "Here it's a necessity, because Los Angeles is so spread out and because most of our students go home after school. In fact, if a student has a crack-up and needs money to fix up his car, the university considers it a legitimate reason for a loan."

This has given U. C. L. A. a special kind of school atmosphere. If a student has a forty-five-minute ride home at three in the afternoon, with the alternative of a two-and-one-half-hour bus ride, he's not likely to hang around for a club meeting that evening. That's why U. C. L. A. is a ghost campus after six every night.

In the daytime, it bulges with activity. In fact, one student describes it like this: "In the morning, U. C. L. A. is like an open-air garage; the rest of the day it's like a factory."

That statement isn't just for U. C. L. A.; it includes an overwhelming majority of the universities in this country with their swollen registrations and their shortage of faculty and space. It isn't just at U. C. L. A. that students in large classes aren't permitted to ask questions because they take the time of five hundred other students.

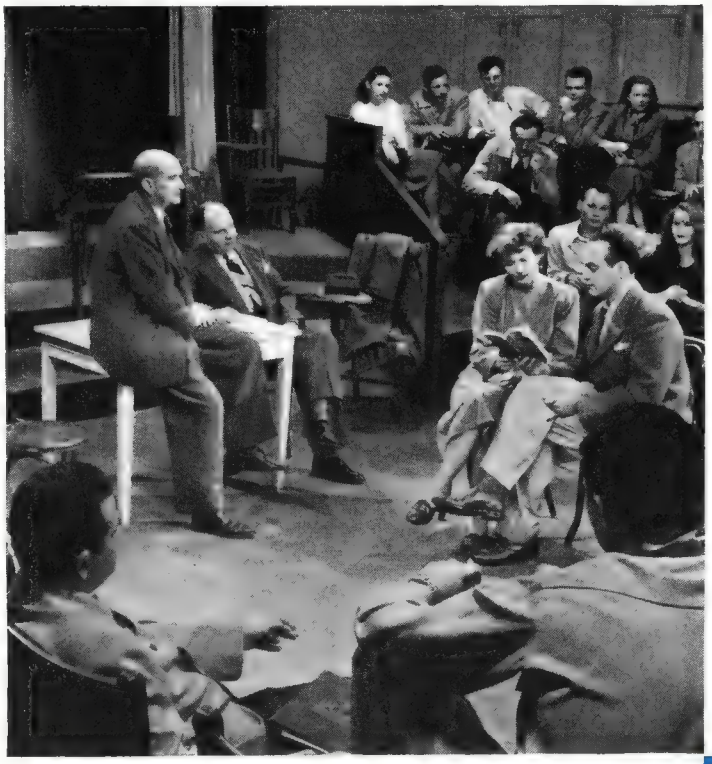
Another deficiency is the lack of proper guidance. Vocational counselors at U. C. L. A., as elsewhere, are booked up solid three weeks in advance, and sixty percent of the students have said they need counseling. Even the Dean of Women admitted, "There are a lot of kids we don't touch at all. They just come to school and go home again."

This "going home" is really at the root of the

Photos by Jean Howard and George Aarons

bitterness of so many of the students who would like to live on or near campus, "so I could spend more time here," "so I could study better," "so I could really feel as if I were part of this place," "so I could be away from home and on my own."

The sad fact is that U. C. L. A. is set in the heart of one of the most expensive residential districts in the United States. As for dormitories, there are only two. Everybody quietly admits that adequate dormitory space on campus would completely transform the spirit of the school, especially of commuting students who say, "Why did I come to U. C. L. A.? Because I didn't have enough money to go anywhere else."



But academically, U. C. L. A. is one of the best universities in the country. Together with the rest of California University, it has won more Guggenheim Fellowships, has offered Ph.D.'s in more subjects, has more members in "Who's Who" and the National Academy of Sciences than almost any other university, with the possible exception of Harvard and the University of Chicago.

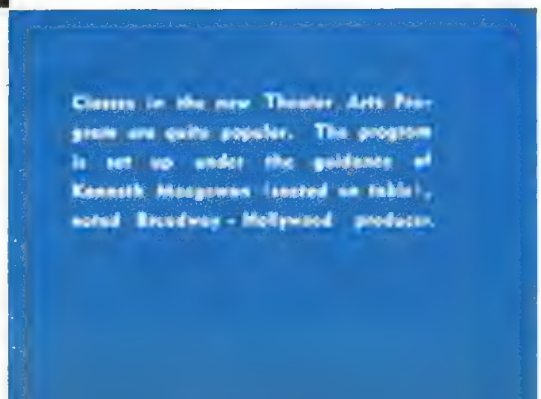
This is a tough school—tough to get in, tougher to stay in. It accepts only the upper twenty percent of high-school graduates, those with at least a B average. Its faculty is exceptional. Ask them why they came here, and most of the new teachers will mention the climate. But a lot of them will mean the intellectual climate, the fact that U. C. L. A, isn't set in an educational "mold," that it's still willing to adventure and experiment.

Best example of this is U. C. L. A.'s brand-new Theater Arts Program, almost vetoed by Berkeley representatives on the university's planning committee. They thought it was too much "trade school" stuff, not worth the scholar's attention.

"This program isn't for technicians; it's for creators," says student Mark Sandrich, who wants to be a Hollywood director like his father was. "But still, good creators must know the over-all technical picture. The industry is so professionalized that when you go into a job you have to be ready for it. Then, once you get into your niche, you sit.

"Back in the old days, a movie cutter could hope to be a director someday. Now he doesn't have a chance. There's just no way he can learn everything. Here he can. That's why I'm here."

Heading the program is the



Classes in the new Theater Arts Program are quite popular. The program is set up under the guidance of Kenneth Macgowan (seated on table), noted Broadway - Hollywood producer.

Paraplegic veterans have been given a better break at U.C.L.A. than at most of the country's colleges.

Outdoor projects, under the supervision of student-teachers, are plentiful for pupils in the University Elementary School.

In its twenty-nine years, U. C. L. A. has been one of the fastest growing universities in the country. This is a view of the campus quadrangle with Royce Hall in background.

perfect liaison man, Kenneth Macgowan, noted Broadway-Hollywood producer who filmed movies like "Little Women" and produced plays by Eugene O'Neill, besides writing a lot of books.

The mere presence of Macgowan has caused men like Alfred Hitchock and Fritz Lang to come over and say, "What can we do to help?" And when the new theater group needed seats, Macgowan picked up the phone, called up Darryl Zanuck at Twentieth Century-Fox, "I hear that Charlie Skouras has one hundred and eighty seats in the warehouse that he's not using. Do you think he'd donate them to U.C.L.A.?" (Charles Skouras did.)

More than sixty percent of Macgowan's permanent faculty still hold part-time jobs in the industry. The chief wardrobe designer from Paramount, a top Disney man to teach animation, the film editor from Universal Studios, a stage designer from the Cagney Studios and dozens of volunteers like the photographer who came to tell a class, "Now here's how I did the fog effects in 'I Remember Mama' . . ." Macgowan himself teaches playwriting in that casual way of his, with wisecracks and an ever-present pipe in his mouth. "If you feel like listening, listen," he says. "If you don't, don't."

People like Ross Patton from Canada, Sam Lipschitz from Palestine and Pancho Merlet from Chile all listen intently, even if they've heard some of it before—they're all men who have done considerable specialized film

Various uses of prosthetic devices are tested by campus technicians.

work in their own countries before they came here.

They're happy here, but they have criticisms.

"Why is the movie such a stepchild of the theater? They're two different mediums. Motion-picture lighting isn't theater lighting, and movie construction isn't stage construction. I think we've got to start out with the idea of a motion-picture mind. And we don't want teachers to tell of their experiences. We want them to stimulate us more, to be interested in *us* — not themselves And we still haven't been to the studios to see how it's really done."

To which Macgowan holds up his hands and says, "Give us time. We've just started. We're not even a year old."

One outgrowth of the movie program is a unique course called "Social Aspects of Mass Communication," designed to emphasize the responsibility of the creative artist to society.

"You don't make movies or radio programs for small intellectual groups," psychology professor Dr. Franklin Fearing tells his class; "you make them for the people. So don't have any intellectual condescension about soap operas. Twenty million people listen to them. The housewife listens because she gets something out of them for her own life. Your challenge is to make them better, more realistic, maybe more important, and still keep the same entertainment value."

Macgowan has similar ideas about movies. "There are too many educational films on bust development and how to fillet a fish," he *(Continued on page 124)*

These campus leaders see hope of avoiding war with Russia, but are divided on U. N., survival of capitalism, the next U. S. President and Universal Military Training.

Many ex-GI students live in housing projects near the campus.

CAMPUS LEADERS SOUND OFF:

Gloria Harrison

Vice-president, Associated Students of U.C.L.A., believes the United Nations is doomed unless U. S. and Russia can agree, sees victory for the Republicans but can't decide on candidate.

I. L. Chaiken

Editor, Daily Bruin, favors UMT "because we can't afford another December 7, 1941." He likes either Warren or Stassen and feels that socialism is the major threat to capitalism.

Jackie Faere

President, Panhellenic Council, says she likes coeducation because "it provides chance for a greater exchange of ideas between men and women students." She favors Truman.

Ken Gallagher

President, A.S.U.C.L.A., believes that Russia's aim is to rule the world but feels she can be contained without war. He thinks the prestige of the U. N. is declining.

the Blue Sleep

by WILLIAM E. BARRETT

If such a girl as Anna really existed,

Kirby Quinlan had to meet her.

If she was only a creature of his troubled dreams

he had to know that too,

before he could return to the world

of reality — and another woman

Part two of a three-part serial

In the First Installment: The night pressed in on Kirby Quinlan. He lay sleepless in his bed, his mind tortured by a nameless fear. He recalled his promise to Sam Kaplan that he would not again resort to sleeping pills. If I'm still awake at twelve, I'll have to take a tablet, he thought.

This was the man whom the gossip columnists thought of as excellent copy and nothing more—the man who was loved by actress Julie Gale because he was a symbol of all life had to offer, the young heir to an aviation fortune, the designer whose bombers had devastated Germany.

Not even Sam Kaplan, the firm's lawyer and Kirby's closest friend, knew the cause of Kirby's fear, knew that he felt a gnawing responsibility for the havoc his bombers had caused—a greater responsibility than the men who had flown them, because they, at least, had done so at the risk of death.

Kirby never heard the twelfth chime strike . . . The room and the bed faded, and he found himself on a lonely road which led him finally to Kanndorf, Germany, and a girl he had never seen before, lovely Anna Schulte.

In his vivid dream, Kirby spoke to Anna for some time and when she began to leave him, the loneliness and fear crept back into his thoughts.

"May I see you again?" he asked.

She hesitated. "I'll be here at midnight. Tomorrow night."

Men do not return at will to their dreams—but Kirby Quinlan did. From his bed in Washington he met Anna Schulte in Germany for several succeeding nights, and it was on the third night that he realized he was in love with her.

Kirby made his decision. He would see Julie Gale open in her new show, then he would go to Germany. If Anna Schulte existed, Kirby had to find her . . .

It was raining on the night that "Easter Hill" opened. Taxicabs and limousines battled for position in the narrow street before the theater, and horns blared impatiently. The celebrities sought shelter rather than prominence, and no one paused to look at the lights above the marquee. That, perhaps, was just as well. The story of the lights was this:

Glenn Atkinson
presents
Marion Lawler
in
"Easter Hill"

Inside, in the dry theater, in the land of make-believe, where weather is never a problem, it was a different story. From the speaking of her first line, it was Julie Gale in "Easter Hill"; and it was not long before the audience knew it. Julie was lovely and unbelievably young and bewildered, as the play demanded that she be; but she was carrying the lines to Marion Lawler, crowding her with them.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

I had seen the play several times in Washington and had even attended one rehearsal, but I had never really seen Julie Gale's role until I saw it on opening night in New York. Something happened on the stage that few people in the audience saw, something that was tremendously exciting to watch.

The audience saw Marion Lawler, as a bored wife, make plans to go away with a colorful adventurer, and Julie, as a naive younger sister, in love with the neglected husband, discover the plan. In Washington, the drama had been all Marion Lawler's. She was jealous, fearful, then concerned for her sister: a quick succession of moods to which the younger actress was foil. In New York, Julie made drama out of mere cues. The play's dilemma rightfully belonged to Lawler, but Julie struck boldly for the sympathy of the audience and got it. Twice, Julie delayed her cues with business, and the star came into her speeches lamely without the emotional springboard that she needed.

You just don't do things like that to a recognized star in the theater and get away with it. The audience buzzed with interest during the intermission before the second act, but I was wondering about *(Continued on 75)*

Lesson in Love

Madeleine — like every girl — wanted to get married.

Paul — like many men — was indifferent to the idea.

This story's a lesson for every female — in what not to do

ILLUSTRATED BY VARADY

by LESTER ATWELL

At five thirty on a hot Saturday afternoon toward the close of June, a taxi halted on the street of baking pinkish brownstone houses; a heavy-set, flushed young man in a cutaway coat, wilted starched collar, striped trousers and spats, stepped out onto the sidewalk. There was a pause; then with a few preliminary starts, a gathering up of her voluminous pink organza skirts, Madeleine Wylie stooped her head and emerged, carrying her pink cartwheel hat, her rhinestone bag and a bridal bouquet dripping white satin streamers and lilies of the valley.

"Well, I guess here we are," she said as the young man led her across the sidewalk to the stoop of her house. "Dick, it's been simply, simply marvelous running into you again. I don't know when I've had such a good time! I mean to meet someone you've known—someone with the same sort of crazy sense of humor . . ." she gave a hiss of reminiscent laughter in which he did not join; he was mopping his face with a limp handkerchief. Madeleine went up one of the steps. "Sure you won't come in? Just for a little——"

"No. No thanks. I— I'd better run along." The descending sunlight struck the side of his heavy face where a fresh stream of perspiration had started to trickle. His eyes, on a level with hers, looked haggard. "I'm sorry," he said.

"For what?" she cried brilliantly.

"For being such a total washout," he answered.

The telephone became a magnet pulling her closer. "No!" she thought. "I simply *will* not call him again!"

"Oh, don't be silly! I understand perfectly! It's blazing hot out, and you have on a heavy suit, and—oh, there'll be other times." But he did not take her up on that.

"Yes—well—good-by, Madeleine. And thanks."

"Good-by, Dick." Mechanically her head swayed to one side; she smiled and extended her hand. "And it really was grand."

Staring at her, he patted her hand, unconsciously offering consolation. "Have fun, kid."

At twenty-seven, she could be grateful for the "kid."

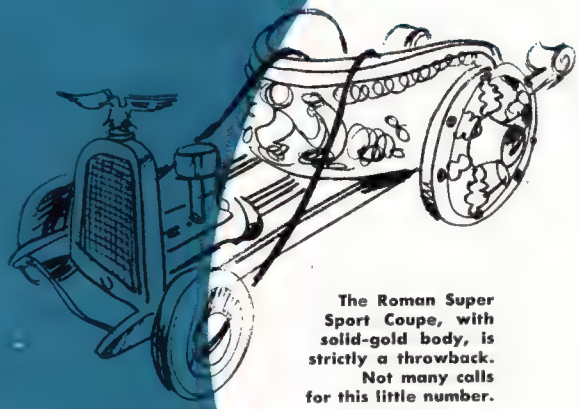
"You too, Dick. And I hope you find your Shangri-La. Good-by!" She picked up her skirts and ascended the stoop, refusing by a conscious effort of will to think back to the wedding. Behind her, the taxi pulled away, carrying another young man forever out of her life.

"Well what happened?" her mother and aunt were chorusing almost in unison. "You're back so early! Did you have a nice time? Was it a nice—— Oh, you caught the bride's bouquet! Oh, look! The bride's bouquet!"

Madeleine's smile, so dazzling on the sidewalk, had become apologetic as she entered the shaded front parlor that was stripped of curtains and draperies, bare of rugs. From under the lowered awnings came a glare of intense light. The dark red woodwork shone; the pier mirror was a sheet of silver. A pedestal between the windows held the marble head of a girl in a marble lace cap.

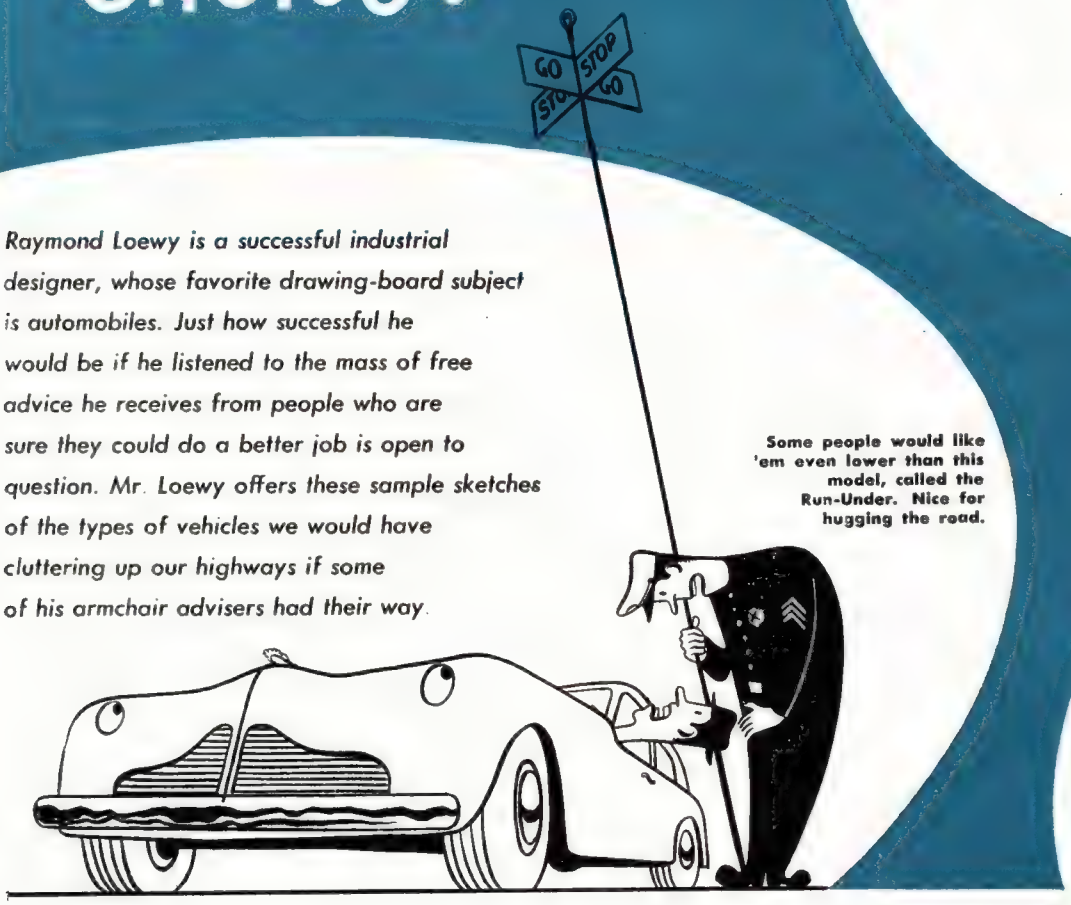
"I'm nearly dead!" Madeleine cried, and wincing suddenly she began to *(Continued on page 128)*

the people's choice!

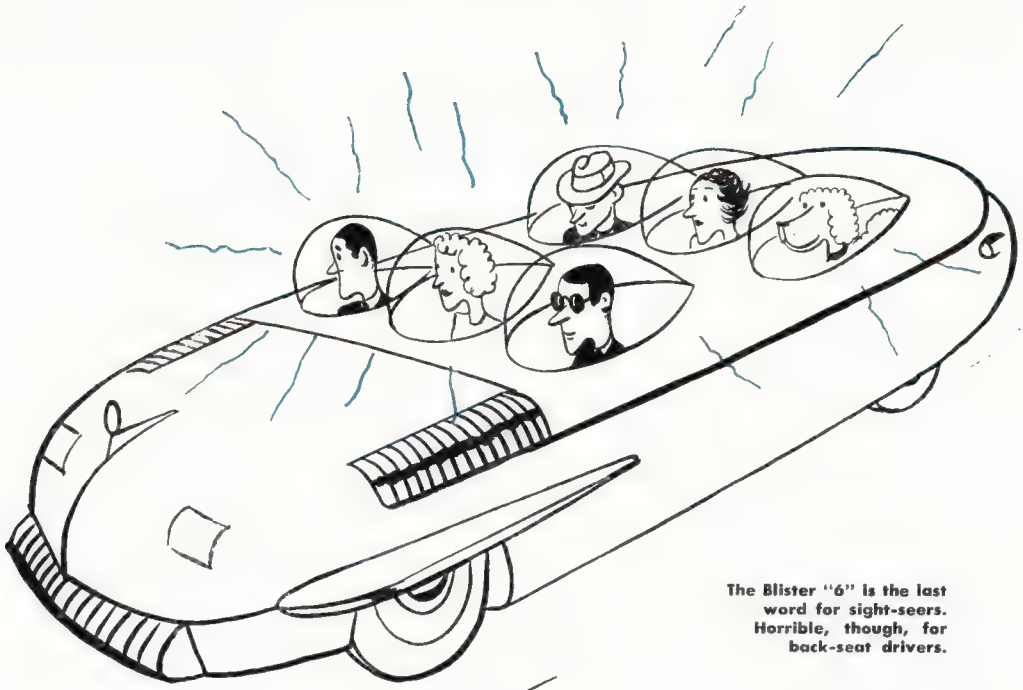


The Roman Super Sport Coupe, with solid-gold body, is strictly a throwback. Not many calls for this little number.

Raymond Loewy is a successful industrial designer, whose favorite drawing-board subject is automobiles. Just how successful he would be if he listened to the mass of free advice he receives from people who are sure they could do a better job is open to question. Mr. Loewy offers these sample sketches of the types of vehicles we would have cluttering up our highways if some of his armchair advisers had their way.



Some people would like 'em even lower than this model, called the Run-Under. Nice for hugging the road.



The Blister "6" is the last word for sight-seers. Horrible, though, for back-seat drivers.

Another inch of privacy and this job would be completely blacked out. It's called the Sudan.

by J. P. McEVOY

In an era of wild and woolly journalism, Walter Howey planted spies in rival newspaper offices, hijacked murder suspects, kidnaped opposition reporters, and sweated statements of repentance out of wayward women — so

HERE'S

HOWEY FIRSTS

Many of Walter Howey's lasting contributions to American journalism become obscured in the maze of more colorful episodes of his career.

Howey printed the country's first movie column, when that industry was in the five-cent flicker stage. He established the first radio column, for amateur senders and receivers, before there was a single broadcasting station in America. The newspaper medical column was a Howey innovation, and he was the first to print a "soldiers' friend" column during the First World War.

On his return from England, where he had studied the tabloid pictorial journalism of Lord Northcliffe after the First World War, Howey dummied an American picture newspaper. Arthur Clark, formerly a Hearst editor, showed it to Captain Joseph Medill Patterson and Colonel Robert R. McCormick. They started the New York Daily News.

Not many months later, Arthur Brisbane called Howey and asked him if he could put out a Hearst picture paper in New York within ten days. Howey hand-picked a staff, and the first edition of the New York Mirror was on the stands nine days later.

When that Rabelaisian sage of Chicago journalism, "The Front Page," opened on Broadway in 1928, "Managing Editor Walter Burns," a fantastic character, half-myth, half-maniac, barked his way into American folklore. In dozens of plays and movies which followed this smash hit, Walter Burns has popped up under many names and guises, but always he is the ruthless, unpredictable editor who outsmarts his own star reporters, outfoxes rival papers, outfinagles politicians and officials—and outrages everybody.

Was there a real Walter Burns or did playwrights Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur dream him up?

Says Hecht, "I wish I were that inventive!"

Says MacArthur, "I worked for him for ten years in Chicago. His real name is Walter Howey. He did those fantastic things we portrayed in the play—and more. We didn't have to make up a thing."

To make it clear how Walter Howey became one of the great living legends of journalism, I must take you back to the Chicago I knew as a cub reporter some thirty-five years ago. In those days there was a fresh frontier approach to public morals which reached a high point in the fang-and-claw ethics of the d a i l y p r e s s. The newspapers fought each other savagely for circulation with the cunning and ferocity of open warfare. It was commonplace for them to plant spies in rival editorial offices and saboteurs in pressrooms; to kidnap and jail rival reporters on trumped-up charges; to hijack murder suspects and key witnesses from each other (after the more enterprising reporters had abducted them from the police).

All of us reporters were taught that scoops—news stories your paper gets and that rival papers don't get—were the red corpuscles of circulation, and to obtain one for your paper or steal it from a rival, a newspaperman should be willing to brave any d a n g e r, endure any hardship, commit any crime. A reporter was taught he had but one loyalty—that to his city editor. Only one commandment was handed down to us from the city desk: get the story and keep the other fellow from getting it. In this gay and gritty half-world of guerrilla j o u r n a l i s m, Walter Howey was supreme.

I never had the good luck to work for Howey, but all of us who worked on the other papers in town were never allowed to forget him.

"Howey could sit at his desk and make monkeys of all of us," says Ben Hecht. If he couldn't scoop us, he'd invent a switch or an angle for the story that outfoxed us.

"Let me tell you about the time he did both. A little girl wandered into a bank vault in Galena, Illinois, around closing time. The vault door was shut—and a few moments later one of the employees shouted, 'That girl's locked in there!'

"We were rushed down to cover the story—the weeping relatives, the frantic b a n k officials, the growling populace.

"T i m e l o c k s in those days could be picked from the outside. My editor didn't know it, but Howey did, and he called the warden of the penitentiary at Joliet. 'Have you any good safe-crackers down there?' he asked. The warden answered with professional pride, 'Certainly. The best!'

" 'This is Walter Howey of the Chicago Herald Examiner. I want you to pick four of your best and rush them to Galena. There's a little girl locked up in a bank v a u l t. She'll be suffocated by morning.'

" 'You'll have to get permission from the governor,' said the warden.

" 'You do as I say, or I'll have the governor throw you out on your tail!' a n s w e r e d Howey sweetly.

" 'Okay,' said the warden, 'but how can I get them there? There are no trains tonight.'

" 'I'll have one,' said Howey. Then he phoned the president of the railroad, got a private car hooked on to an engine, had it loaded with Joliet's star Jimmy Valentines and with his own star reporters and photographers, who roared into Galena and took over the story.

"You can imagine how the rest of us felt," says Hecht. "But our c h a g r i n changed to jubilation when Howey's s a f e-crackers opened the vault—and there was no little girl in it! Any other editor *(Continued on Page 168)*

Copyright, 1948, by J. P. McEvoy

She was not the nervous type. She never had been. When Susan Taylor was small, her younger sister, Prissie, always used to leap into her cot to escape the Thing waiting ready to clutch a bare foot. But Sue would climb in casually, without so much as a glance down at the floor. Sue always had to be the one to turn the light off in their room because the dark didn't bother her. She never minded walking through the woods on her way home from school, even in the winter dusk, when Prissie said animals could jump out at you, and branches grab you, and slimy things crawl under your feet in wet weather.

When Sue was older, and was sometimes left alone in the big clapboard house on the Cape, she didn't hear those inexplicable noises Prissie spoke of. She liked to be alone. She always had. Susan Taylor was not the nervous type, and she could take care of herself.

So it was no surprise to her family when Sue wrote from New York to say that she had left the girl's club, where she had first stayed, and that she'd had the incredible fortune to find an apartment.

"It's one room; on the ground floor front, actually, but this is one of the quietest streets in town. And I've got a whole year's lease on the place. I can't sublet, but I shan't want to, so that's all right, too. The job is still fine; I'm really very lucky."

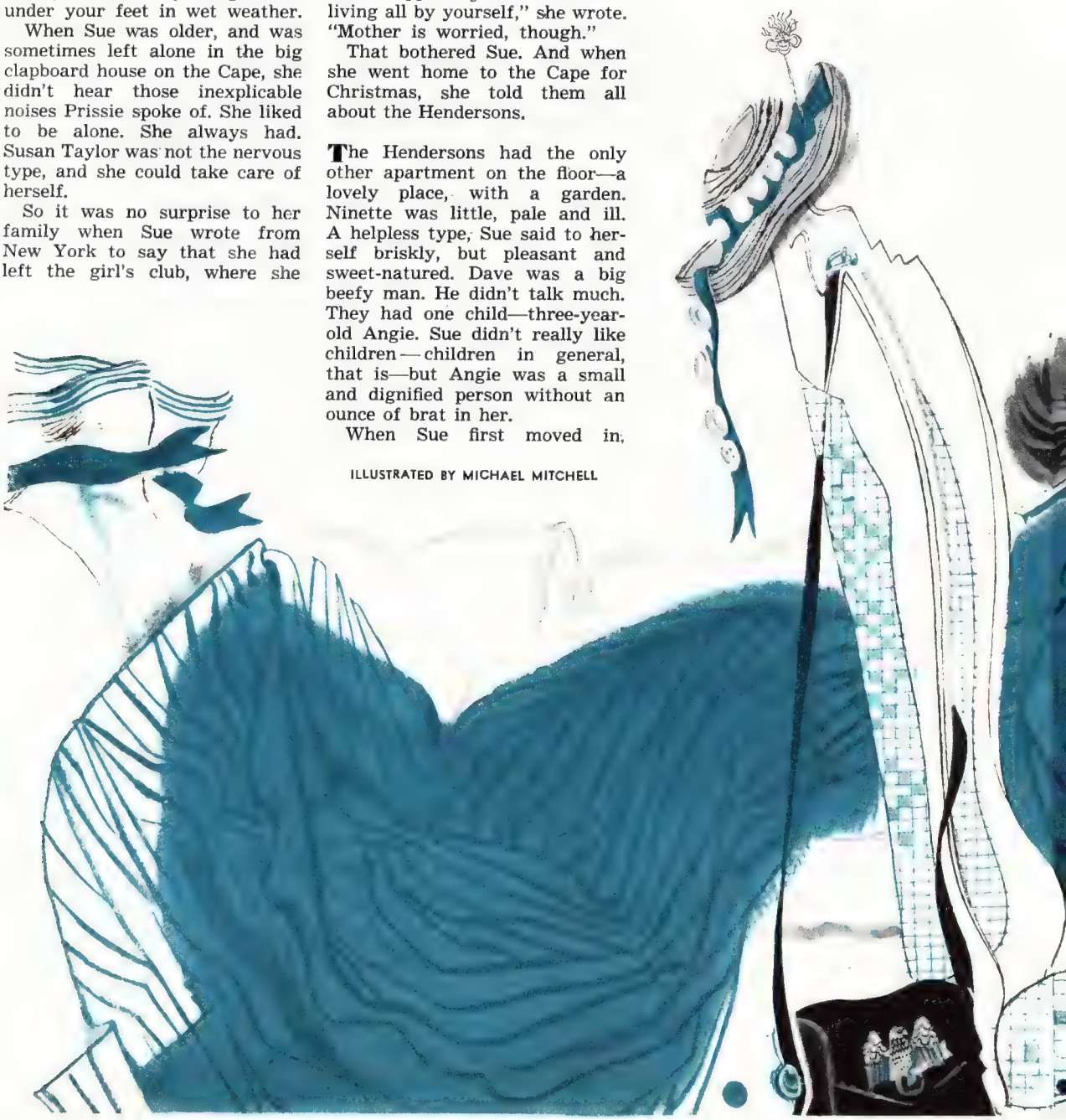
Prissie was still living at home, going to business school in Hyannis, and she was much impressed by this display of independence. She answered her sister's letter the same week. "I don't suppose *you'll* be scared living all by yourself," she wrote. "Mother is worried, though."

That bothered Sue. And when she went home to the Cape for Christmas, she told them all about the Hendersons.

The Hendersons had the only other apartment on the floor—a lovely place, with a garden. Ninette was little, pale and ill. A helpless type, Sue said to herself briskly, but pleasant and sweet-natured. Dave was a big beefy man. He didn't talk much. They had one child—three-year-old Angie. Sue didn't really like children—children in general, that is—but Angie was a small and dignified person without an ounce of brat in her.

When Sue first moved in, Ninette told her that the super market on Madison delivered, but the one on Third was cheaper and had a larger selection. Dave helped her take her trunks down to the basement. They lent her their ironing board. She lent them some coffee. She was always running in and out of their apartment, and she got to know Ninette fairly well, with the kind of friendship which is born of proximity rather than natural choice. Sue never talked much to Dave. The Hendersons were certainly kind to her, and it was

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL MITCHELL



She was not the nervous type. She was not afraid of living alone. At least, that's what she thought

A short-short story complete in three pages

Girl Alone

by JANET GRAHAM

tremendous luck to have happened upon such nice neighbors.

She described this to her parents and Prissie.

"So you see, Mother, if anything *did* happen, they'd be right next door. It's wonderful to have them there."

Mrs. Taylor cheered up quite a bit at that. She even sent Ninette a Christmas card and thanked her for keeping an eye on her Susan.

"Not," said Sue firmly, "that I need looking after. I am twenty-two, you know."

"You don't look it," said her father annoyingly, smiling over his newspaper.

Sue returned from her Christmas vacation the following week. She found the city bitterly cold but as glittering and fascinating as ever: bright in the daytime with the glint of sun on snow, beneath a metallic blue sky; shimmering at night with the cacophony of light which was Broadway. Oh, it was good to see New York again; it was good to turn the corner into Ninety-fifth Street; it was good to open the door of the little apartment, a bundle of unopened Christmas cards in her hand, and see it there as she'd left it—warm, comfortable and secure.

It was good to see the Hendersons, too. Sue dropped in as soon as she had unpacked. Poor Ninette, down with one of her headaches, said she'd missed her neighbor. Angie smiled gravely, then came over and hugged Sue's knees till Sue picked her up. Dave was reading the paper. "Hello there," he said and he gave Sue an odd look.

"Like it?" she asked. She twirled around in her first new-look skirt, which had surprised them back home in Hyannis.

"Too damned new," he said, and they all laughed.

She went back to work the next day. It was fun to start again, with everyone saying, "Have a good Christmas?" and everyone answering, "Yeah, fine. Did you?" It was fun to be back—but it was tiring. Sue came straight home out of the cold (it was another numbing, icy day) and had a long, luxurious bath. After a career-girl dinner of vegetable soup and broiled grapefruit, she lay down on the studio couch with a magazine, wearing the green bathrobe her mother had given her for Christmas. "And no more running around in your bare feet and catching colds," her mother had said. Sue smiled—Mother was sweet. But she could take care of herself.

She had finished one story and started another when she heard it. It wasn't much at first, just a small scraping sound. Sue's kitchen had never been visited by mouse or cockroach, and she was annoyed. Then the icebox began jiggling in its usual noisy imitation of the Eighth Avenue Local, and to this more familiar domestic sound she continued the tale of "The Girl on the Bridge." The Girl in question had just met the inevitable Boy when the icebox stopped abruptly, and Sue could hear the scratching again, a bit louder. This time she turned around towards the kitchenette, but there was no telltale whisk of a tail or scrabble of little gray feet. She was exhausted, and not at all in the mood for D.D.T. powder and militant domesticity, so she returned to her story.

Then the curtain flapped, and she looked up towards the window. She had left it shut. But there were always draughts and she was not—no, she was not—the nervous type. It was a little disconcerting, though, to hear the scratching again, and to realize that it quite definitely was not coming from the kitchen but from the window. The window which faced on the cold dark street.

Sue was staring at the window now: but more in curiosity than in horror. You are not the nervous type, you know, she said to herself firmly, and it takes a lot more to scare you than a flapping curtain in front of a shut window, and a scratching sound from the outside, and—and—what was it? A sort of shuffling on the snow.

She went back to her story, and if she gripped the magazine a little more tightly, and wrapped her robe a little more closely around her, and felt her heart beating a tiny bit faster than it did ordinarily—well, that couldn't be helped.

But after a few seconds, the curtain blew back from the window, and despite the brightness of the room Sue could see outside the white blob which was a face; and the brown, moving beneath, which was a body; and the smaller white blob which was a hand . . . at the top of the window now, moving it down just a little, a little, and a little more.

She had heard of people being "paralyzed by fear." She'd read phrases like "her heart in her mouth . . . her lips dry with fright." Cliches like that. And now she discovered that, like many cliches, they were true. She didn't move. And her heart seemed to struggle blindly inside her. Her palms were wet and her mouth was dry, and she stared at the blob for hours and hours and hours it seemed, till at last the window stopped moving, and the Thing which had moved the window flickered away into the shadows beside the house. But it was still there. She knew it was still there. And she didn't move, didn't cry out. Susan Taylor was not the nervous type, but she was sick and limp and quivering with fear.

Then she took a deep, shaky breath and forced herself to get off the couch. It wasn't till then that she thought of the Hendersons—Ninette, who would be so comforting and gentle and would make her some coffee; Dave, who would be indignant and strong and would go straight out to the street to deal with things; and Angie, who would be the most comforting of all, in a way, because she wouldn't know what there was to be afraid of.

She slung her pocketbook over her shoulder, walked out the door, locked it behind her, and went down the passage to the Hendersons. Ninette answered her unusually insistent tap on the door, and the fear began at once to ebb away till Sue felt ridiculous for having come.

Ninette led her inside, and was startled to see the girl slump weakly on to their sofa.

"Whatever is the matter, dear?" she asked.

"I—oh, Ninette, where's Dave?" She couldn't talk till she knew everything was safe again, and thinking about the Thing, even in these secure surroundings, brought back the sickening fear.

"He's just downstairs seeing to the furnace—it was on too high, for once."

The door opened as Ninette said it, and Dave came in. He was so tall and capable-looking! When Sue saw him she rushed over to him, crying, "Oh, Dave, I'm so glad——" And she took hold of his great, strong capable hands as she said it . . .

She was not the nervous type. But, oh, his hands were cold, *cold*, COLD.

THE END

A favorite in Colonial times...

A find in times like these!

You can build a nourishing meal around this hearty main-dish soup

Early America's stalwart menfolk ate chicken noodle soup and found it both fortifying and satisfying. In 1948, budget-careful home-makers find in Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup a buy, and a boon. Here is nourishment, sustenance, and old-fashioned good eating.

For Campbell's make this soup the same unstinting way as did the good wives long ago, slow-simmering plump chickens till the broth is glistening-rich, then adding noodles in ample measure, and tender pieces of chicken, too. For this year of '48—with its budgets and its appetites—here's a hefty main-dish soup to have on hand, and to have *often!*

Campbell's

CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Of Topmost Choice

100 PROOF

Signed, Sealed and Delicious

National Distillers Products Corporation,
New York, N. Y.

about what was happening backstage.

When the curtain went up again, I knew. The characters in the play were sisters at cross purposes: the characters on the stage were women in conflict. The dialogue sizzled with it. Julie was still fighting for every emotional value in her lines, but the aroused Marion Lawler was fighting back with every trick in her long repertoire. The male actors, caught in the middle, had a difficult time with cues, and they had to play over their heads to stay in the play at all.

It was one of those things. No director cauld have planned it, and no cast could have conspired to carry it out. The audience went wild at the second-act curtain, and there was no doubt at all that the play was "in."

I reached backstage in the bedlam that always surrounds the launching of an obvious hit. There was a clamor—and deservedly so—for Marion Lawler, but the real electricity was struck from the name of Julie Gale. "But who is she?" the voices asked. "What has she played in?"

Julie dressed herself in frantic haste. Her face was tight with strain. "Kirby," she said, "get me out of here!"

I got her out. It was difficult, but I did it. Julie was a small frightened girl, making hurried, gracious responses to the people who reached her, but she kept in motion. She did not really relax until we were seated in a booth, away uptown in the complete obscurity of a third-rate restaurant that she herself had selected. The water tumblers on the table were as thick as beer mugs. Julie lifted hers and dipped it to me. All trace of strain was gone. Her eyes were gleaming. "I did it, Kirby," she said. "I told you I would."

"You were marvelous. But I still don't get the idea behind this. Everybody wanted to see you and——"

"Don't you really get it, Kirby?" She leaned forward, as pleased as a person with a new card trick.

"No."

"Naive you!" She flicked the tip of her tongue against her lips. "Who was the star of 'Easter Hill,' darling?"

"Marion Lawler," I told her honestly, "and she still is, Julie. She was never better than she was tonight."

"Uh-huh," she nodded her head, not minding that verdict at all. "and that's just what everyone expected. Who was the big surprise, the big news?"

"Julie Gale."

She laughed across her glass. "And where is she? Nobody knows. The poor child went home to bed, not suspecting she was famous. Do you know where I'm stopping, Kirby?"

I did not know, and she told me. It was a hotel as obscure as the restaurant in which we sat. "They are supposed to know at the theater," she said, "but they don't. I'll have to be found."

She sat there, watching me fill in the blank spaces, enjoying herself hugely. There was a big party for Marion Lawler, and Julie's name would be there even if Julie were not. First-nighter curiosity about Marion Lawler would be satisfied, and curiosity about Julie Gale would build.

I, who shared her company while others wondered, should have felt elation more than I did. She was lovely with the triumph in her eyes, excitement coursing through her. I was conscious, though, of the long and careful planning that had preceded this coup; her underplaying of the role out of town, her development of an effective background for herself in New York, anticipating just what had happened. It was impossible to look at her in her mischievous little-girl mood of the moment and believe the truth which she so casually admitted. But I had seen her expression when she looked at the three tears of Spain in Feraci's; I had been certain that I could never trust her again, but I had forgotten. Julie made a person forget what she did not want remembered.

She had the most expressive hands that I had ever seen. Her fingers were long, slender, beautifully formed, and they moved to some music of their own, never off the beat, never unsure. She was tracing something on the tablecloth with her right forefinger, but the tip of that finger did not quite touch the cloth. She raised her head suddenly, and her pale eyes steadied and created the illusion of immense depth.

"Kirby," she said huskily, "do you know what I want tonight more than anything in the world?"

"No, Julie," I said. "What do you want?"

Her hand lifted, and her finger hovered for a moment over the invisible sketch on the tablecloth; then the slender finger curled slowly and joined the other fingers of her tiny fist.

"I want to see the tears of Spain, Kirby. Two of them together. A pair."

It was difficult to say "no" to Julie because she created the impression of wanting so desperately what she wanted at all. I shook my head.

"They are in Washington, Julie."

She watched me, unmoving. Her voice, when she spoke, was an intimate whisper that scarcely rippled on her lips. "Let's fly down and see them, Kirby. Just the two of us."

The table was a narrow boundary line between our two worlds, and we inclined toward each other across that boundary line. "Just the two of us," her voice said, and my blood was singing it like a song. Why not? I could walk into any one of six convenient airports and have a ship to fly in a few minutes.

Something within me said that Julie was bluffing, that she knew I would not go, and that she was being daring without risk. I was not sure. She might go. She might fly back, spectacularly, in time for tomorrow's performance and, even lacking sleep, be more effective than tonight. I could not weigh nor measure her: I could only measure myself.

My passports and my tickets were waiting in my New York hotel, and the early morning should see me on my way to Europe. There was a girl in Germany, a ghost of a girl, or maybe not even that; across the table from me was Julie Gale. Julie had soft, provocative lips over white teeth and skin that was satin smooth. Julie Gale had the breast line of an adolescent girl and the eyes of a woman. Her hand moved on the table top, and her fingers glided out of her vanishing fist like ballet dancers moving to position.

"I only want to see them, Kirby."

The illusion was a rainbow-filled balloon that grew big as I thought of it and that shattered when Julie spoke. There had been a wistful, charming moment in front of a Washington hotel when Julie's cloak half shadowed her small face, when her hand fell lightly on my forearm, and a man took a picture. "I did not have anything to do with that, Kirby," she said then. I smiled at her now across the table top.

"If you saw them again, darling," I said, "you would get them. I'm an emotional weakling."

Her eyes smiled back at me, and there was mockery in them. The King of Spain had been wiser with women than I. He gave two tears away, one to each of two women, retaining one as a threat and a promise. I, possessing no woman, had given one tear away, retaining the pair that made me vulnerable.

"I would have my ears pierced for them," Julie said. "Perhaps I would let you pierce them."

A man who laughs at a moment like that is uneasy. I laughed. "We'll talk about it when I return from Germany," I said.

"I'll miss you."

She said it simply. It might have been the truth, but probably not. "When you read your notices tomorrow," I told her, "you will forget I am on earth."

"I'll love my notices. It's my last play, Kirby. It will run a long time."

She gestured to her cape, a faint flutter of one hand toward it. I walked around the table and lifted it to her shoulders. It was midnight blue, amazingly soft, hooded chastely like the habit of a nun. Julie rose as I stepped back, and the faint scent that rose with her was an elusive memory, as indistinct as distant music, that suggested flowers and did not name them.

"Why is it your last play?" I asked.

She did not answer me immediately. She was concerned with her exit. Nobody ever heard of that restaurant, and nobody ever would hear of it. The after-midnight patrons who were in the place were either tired and hungry or slightly drunk, the waiters shabby, the proprietor dispirited; but Julie Gale left it as she left the stage after a curtain call. Her back was straight, her chin tilted a trifle, but not too much. She moved effortlessly, moving fast actually, but not seeming to hurry. Heads turned and conversation quieted as she swept by. Just inside the door she paused,

her face half turned from the room, not noting the audience at all, but aware of the audience—decidedly aware.

"You do that well, Julie," I said, as I opened the door for her.

She tilted her head, swept me with her eyes, then marched primly ahead of me. She did not choose to play the wide-eyed innocent nor ask me what I meant.

"Anyone who will watch is worth acting for," she said. "An actress learns that early. That's why 'Easter Hill' is my last play." It was an answer that did not answer anything.

I looked for a cab without finding one. The rain had stopped, and it was cool without being cold. The air felt clean, washed, too fresh to be air that had served a city for a day.

"Why?" I said.

"Because a woman uses up her emotions too fast in the theater." She looked into my face, frankly but not boldly. "I like my emotions, Kirby. I want to save some of them for me."

It was another moment when Germany seemed unreal and far away, a madman's journey away. There was adventure enough for any man in New York, mystery enough in the small person of Julie Gale. A man did not have to pierce veils or stand baffled in the face of miracles. I could stand off the stage-door wonders, the slick boys about town and all the rest who would hover around Julie. I could design a bomber and beat my way back to power and prestige in aviation. There was enough, and more than enough, to challenge my best in the life that I knew.

"How do you know which emotions are your own, Julie?" I said.

It was a conversation line, words in my mouth that gained time for my indecisive brain. A cab cruised down the opposite side of the street, and I raised my hand. The driver cut a pretty arc that brought him down on us.

Julie's hand tightened on the front of her cape. "A woman has to preserve some secrets, Kirby," she said.

I sat beside her in the cab, and she fitted snugly into the curve of my arm. She let me think about the secrets that she preserved, and she knew that I was thinking about them. There was a strange, satisfied little smile on her lips, amusement in her eyes. A block from her hotel she lifted her head. "For now, Kirby," she said.

I kissed her. She was scent and melting softness and all of the things beyond thought and beyond conscious sensation. The cab stopped, and I was not aware of its stopping. Julie pushed me gently away, and her left hand was cool against my cheek. "For now," she said again.

I was aware now of the light from the hotel sign that shone into the cab, of Julie slipping away from me and the driver sitting patiently, eyes front. The curtain was going down at the end of an act. Julie's line echoed, and it was a curtain line that cued me only to the future. I helped her out, and her hand was in mine.

"Till again," I said.

It was flat, unsatisfactory. Nothing in me said that except my lips, but something, some great intangible something had held me, and was still holding me, to an intention unfulfilled. I had to go to Germany, if for no other reason than to discover a truth about myself.

So I stood there beside the cab and watched Julie Gale move away.

Kanndorf, in the pale light of late afternoon, was a children's city built of blocks. Its gabled roofs, its precisely spaced church steeples, its methodical conformity to straight lines, made it like something that you would see in a store window, or in an illustration for a fairy story. Some careless child, however, had bounced a ball across the floor, and some of the blocks had tumbled. There was a wide bare swath cut through the south side of the city, three gaping spots where the ball had bounced northward and a confusion of fallen pieces along the curving river.

So much for imagination and a romantic mood. Kanndorf was a small and ancient city that had been bombed.

The fairy-story quality of the city vanished when the plane landed. Kanndorf's airport was an army field with hangars and barracks built to an American pattern. The road into the city had been rebuilt by Army engineers, and the area on either side of it still showed signs of having been bombed heavily. A few skeleton walls stood in stark outline above a desert of rubble.

Do we not know that an essential element in love is a belief in its own eternity?

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"It will be a long time before that is cleaned up. It is difficult to get the labor or the equipment." The major who met me at the airport shrugged and made a hopeless gesture.

His name was Glencoe, and he was obviously puzzled about my visit to Kanndorf, a bit impressed, too, because he had flown in so many planes that bore my name. He was an officer in Military Government and, I gathered, was responsible for the area under a colonel who did not happen to be around.

"I imagine that you have to employ a lot of Germans, Major," I said.

"Oh, yes. It's a complicated problem, though. The proven Nazis are not employable, you know."

He was glad to talk about his work and his problems, but I listened with only half my mind. I was wondering how I could make an inquiry about one particular girl without being too obvious. I was dreading, too, the asking of the question and its answer. No matter how often I went over the whole mad business in my mind, I never succeeded in passing the point of the question. Whichever way it was answered, I was stopped.

If no Anna Schulte existed, my presence in Kanndorf was anticlimactic and absurd; if she existed, I had no basis for a meeting with her.

An obsession had brought me planless to Kanndorf, and I had to feel my way.

"While I am here, Major," I said, "I have, among other things, names of several people to look up. One of them is a Miss Schulte, Miss Anna Schulte. I believe that she works for you. A translator or an interpreter or something of the kind."

We were riding in a staff car behind an Army driver. The major frowned at the back of the driver's neck, concentrating. The major was a gaunt man with a bony face and tired eyes.

He shook his head and his smile was apologetic. "Schulte!" he said. "It's a common name. It rang a bell. I almost pinned that name on a picture of someone, then it slipped." He spread his hands. "My memory keeps saying: Schwartz, Snyder, Schneider, Schulte—a sort of litany. I've listened to a lot of roll calls."

"Of course."

I concealed my disappointment from him and looked away to the right. I had not been paying much attention to the route, but the car had slowed appreciably, and we were bumping over rough pavement on a narrow street. Above the sound of the engine I heard another sound, the hoarse, sighing sound of the river. I stiffened in my seat, and the car came to a momentary stop. When it started again we were entering the Opera Square. The old opera house was boarded up as I had seen it in the first dream of the blue sleep.

The car had left the Opera Square and was heading down the steep street to the river. The sullen sound of heavy water was louder now, and suddenly I saw the bridge—her bridge and mine. We drove onto it as the jeep had driven on the morning that I stayed too long. I stared at the spot in midspan where I had first seen her looking down at the water . . .

The major's voice cut across my thought, an anxious voice. "Are you feeling ill, Mr. Quinlan?"

I shook my head, conscious of a slight dizziness. "A bit tired, I guess. Sorry."

"Nothing that a drink won't fix, eh?"

I scarcely heard him . . . The ornamental pillar at the far end of the bridge had been toppled over. It lay on its side in the shadows along the bank of the river.

I rallied my shaken nerves. "About that drink?" I said.

The major was relieved. He had me on his hands, and I was formidably backed up by letters from people in high places, but he also had many other cares and responsibilities. My acceptance of the drink suggestion provided him with a graceful means of turning me over to those members of his staff who had less to do. He did not forget me, however, and an hour after he left me, surrounded by officers who wanted to discuss aviation, a young lieutenant worked his way into the circle and timed his moment to catch my undivided attention.

"Mr. Quinlan," he said, "Major Glen-

THE LARGE ECONOMY PACKAGE

Fels-Naptha Soap is made and sold in just this one size... millions of women agree that this big bar of mild, golden Fels-Naptha holds more cleaning energy than any laundry soap on the market.

coe says that you wish some information about one of our employes, a Miss——" He paused, and I knew that the major had lost the name in that long roll call that ran through his brain.

"A Miss Schulte," I said. I made apologies to the others and crossed the room with the lieutenant. "A translator," I said, "or an interpreter."

His face cleared. "Anna!" he said. "Anna Schulte. Of course! Her father was professor of English at the university. A good man. Not mixed up in politics."

Something in my mind, which had always been right in the face of those other imps of consciousness which doubted, shouted now in triumph, "There is an Anna Schulte!"

The young lieutenant was watching my face, and I could not afford to betray too great an interest in a girl whom, presumably, I had never met.

"I had a memorandum to look her up," I said lamely.

The lieutenant nodded. He was one of those young men who know everything, understand everything, anticipate everything; an easy type with which to deal. "Of course!" he said. "Nearly everyone who comes over has names. It is so difficult usually . . ."

"What is she like," I said, "this Anna Schulte?"

There was an irony in that, a joke to amuse the watching gods. I was asking this eager beaver to tell me about Anna Schulte.

He blinked his eyes rapidly. "An admirable type!" he said. "Extremely efficient. An excellent linguist. She worked for the Goebbel's crowd, of course. With her education, she would have to do that. She made digests in German from English and American papers. One had to work, of course. We investigated her thoroughly . . ."

"You have been very helpful," I said. "Now if you can supply her address?"

His eyes fixed on space as he very obviously tried to call a fact forth from a mental filing cabinet. "It would be Bischofsgarten Strasse, I'm sure. However, I will check and let you know, Mr. Quinlan."

"Thank you." I shook his hand. "And another thing, Lieutenant. I do not want Miss Schulte to know of my interest until I see her myself."

"I understand."

He went away, and I returned to the group that I had left.

There was an Anna Schulte in the city of Kanndorf. She was a girl whom I met at night in the middle of a bridge, a girl with whom I sat beside a river. There was an Anna Schulte who knew my story, my fears of the night, my dreams of airplanes that I would build. She existed in the flesh a few hundred yards, perhaps, from the room in which I laughed and talked.

There was no escaping the thought, the awareness, of Anna once the actuality of her existence was established. I had been able to pace a room in Washington and deny her existence, or ride in a New York taxicab and brush her aside as the phantom of a tired brain; but she existed in the place where I had dreamed her, and the fact was its own best argument against an outraged reason that denied its possibility.

The voices of men beat against my ears, and my own voice answered, but it was an automatic response in which my mind did not participate. We had dinner together, and then I sought my own room.

This was the Reichshof, a good hotel before the war and a B. O. Q. now for Mil-Gov. I had been given a suite of two rooms with a bath, and there was an envelope propped up against an inkstand on the square mahogany desk. It was a note from the lieutenant:

> Dear Mr. Quinlan,
>
> I was mistaken about the address of Miss Anna Schulte. She does not live on Bischofsgarten Strasse. Her address is 131 Hohe Strasse. A staff car, of course, will take you there, but if you prefer to walk, you cross the bridge and take the first street off the bridge, bearing left. This is Herzog St. It will take you to Opera Platz, the square in which the old opera house stands. Hohe St. runs west from the opera house and 131 should be in the same block with the Hof Apotheke which is open at night.
>
> If I can assist you in any way, command me.
>
> ALBERT W. ALCOTT

I held the letter in my hand and the picture that it created was a vivid one. I knew every step of the trip, and I remembered the apothecary shop. It would be a simple thing to walk out of the Reichshof and cross the bridge. Five minutes would take me to 131 Hohe Strasse. All that I need do then would be to ring a bell—ask for the girl. After that?

I had no words for the meeting. The companions of a dream put down no roots in reality.

There was a line to be crossed before I could meet Anna Schulte again: a broader line, possibly, than the line between sleeping and waking. She was a German in the American zone; a useful, tolerated daughter of the enemy, a girl who had been "investigated" and decreed harmless. I was Kirby Quinlan who had lived with some of my country's top secrets during the war, a wealthy and celebrated young man whose casual acts and impulses had the unfortunate quality of making news. We had known the freedom of ghosts together, and we would surrender that freedom the moment that we assumed identity.

I walked the room, composing speeches in my mind and imagining her responses, knowing that I was wasting time, yet reluctant to take a step from which I could not withdraw. The hands of my watch stood at eight fifteen, and I had a coward's impulse.

If I waited where I was until midnight, I could enter the blue sleep and meet her as I had met her before.

"To hell with it," I said. "The things I've enjoyed most were hard to do."

There was no reason or logic in that; but I put on my hat and I walked with long strides across the bridge toward destiny.

It was a chill night without stars, and the river made a heavy, echoing sound that was sad with monotony. Hohe Strasse was a gloomy street, but there was a lantern burning in the window of the little apothecary shop. The houses on either side of it were dark and shuttered. I looked in vain for a bell at 131 and finally knocked upon the door.

The knock echoed and re-echoed in the narrow street, although I had been careful not to pound. My imagination pictured other nights with storm troopers standing where I stood, the door panels shaking under their imperative, demanding fists. I wondered if anyone on such a street would open a door at night, and, while I was wondering, the door opened. The woman who stood just inside the doorway was blocky, and probably old, a shapeless shadow. When I asked for Anna Schulte, she hesitated long enough to lean forward and peer at me. I spoke German well, but she knew from my clothing that I was not German.

"You will wait here," she said.

There was suspicion in her voice, and she left me in the entryway with the door closed against me. I waited for a long time, as Germans waited everywhere else in the American zone, but when the door opened again, Anna stood there, the pale light touching her. She hesitated a moment, then stepped into the entryway, drawing the door closed but retaining her grip upon the knob. Her face was a pale mask in the darkness. "Why did you do this to me?" she said.

"I had to see you . . ."

"Not here! Not this way. I had a privacy, a refuge. Now, not even that is safe."

She was incoherent in her anger, but I knew that her privacy and her refuge was the blue sleep. It could be neither if a person from her everyday physical life could enter it. While I was physically an ocean away, I was part of the adventure. Now . . .

"I'm sorry, Anna," I said, "but I do have to talk to you. I——"

"I will not talk to you. You are contemptible. Go back where you belong!"

She turned abruptly, opening the door. In another moment, she would have been gone, but I gripped her wrist.

"No!" I said. "You'll talk to me. If you can convince me that I am contemptible, I will go away. But you will hear my side of it first."

Her shoulders sagged suddenly. "A rich American can do anything," she said bitterly. "One way or another! I must get my coat."

I released her wrist then. "I will wait for you," I said.

She left me without a word, but I knew that she would be back. The phrase "rich American" rankled. And she had known me immediately! There had been no element of surprise. I cursed the babbling lieutenant under my breath, and it did not even occur to me that I could be wrong about him;

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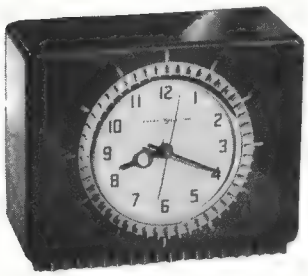

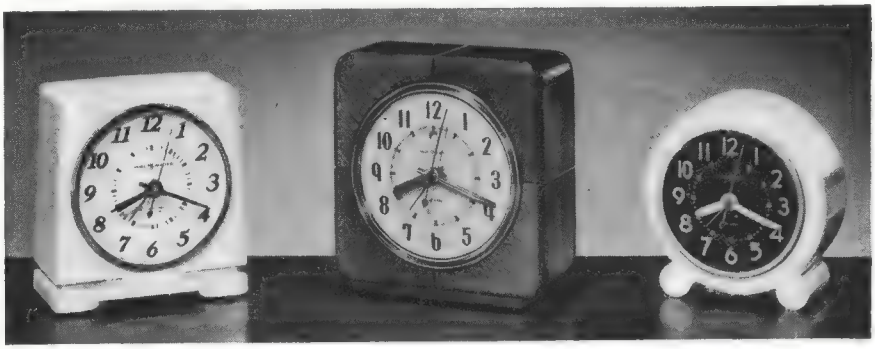

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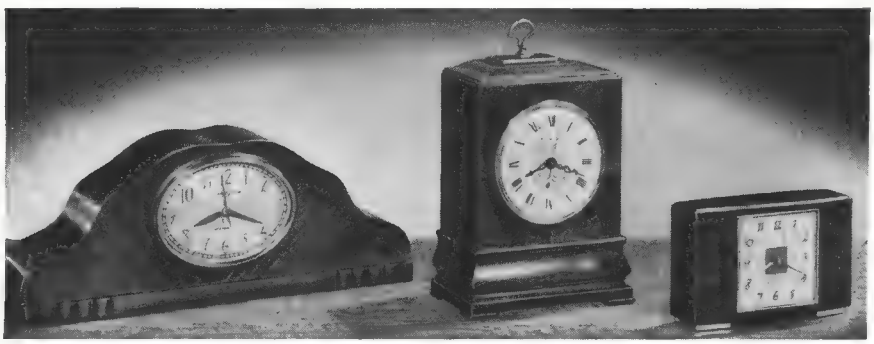

RHAPSODY—elegant in design, this new G-E mantel chime clock has diagonally grained mahogany case burnished to a rich, satiny sheen. Full Westminster chimes strike the quarter hours with rich, subtle tones.

RIDGEFIELD—a *beautiful* mantel strike clock. This colonial reproduction brings a note of graciousness into every room. Authentic in design, it strikes the hour and half hour on a rich, deep-toned gong.

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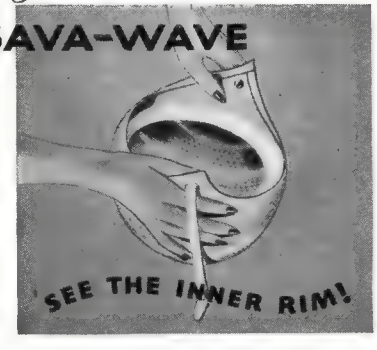


*Kleinert's
SWIM CAPS

*Ⓡ

I was certain then that he had told her, and no other explanation occurred to me.

Anna came back as quietly as a ghost. She was wearing the shabby raincoat that I knew so well, and she rammed her hands deep into the big pockets, not looking at me as she walked down the four steps to the street.

"Where can we go?" I asked.

She did not turn her head. "There are dark streets," she said, "and cafe's where girls who fraternize meet American soldiers. There is nothing else."

The alternative was mine. I thought of the cheerful Reichshof which was now out of bounds for Germans, and it was the only place that I knew. The bridge of past meetings was too conspicuous as was the fallen pedestal beside the river. There was only one spot left, so I guided her down a steep street that avoided the Opera Square. As we neared the river, she turned in protest. "It is not good for my reputation," she said.

"It will be all right."

There was a certain futility in my answer, a futility which I recognized myself. My letters and my papers and my money could accomplish many things, but they were not weapons for the defense of a girl's reputation. Quite the contrary.

We reached the rubble-choked mouth of the street, and I steadied her with an elbow grip as we crossed the barrier. Before us was the river, and to our right there was a shattered warehouse. We sat under a thick arch with rubble at our backs as we had on another night during the rain. Anna sobbed softly. "Why did you do this?" she said. "Why?"

I watched the river. "Because my time with you was very close to happiness, closer than I ever approached before."

"That isn't it. If you were happy, you could have continued so. You knew the way." Her voice beat against me in broken phrases, like little fists. "You did not believe! I was a nightmare. You tried to prove to yourself that I was something in the night, something that did not exist."

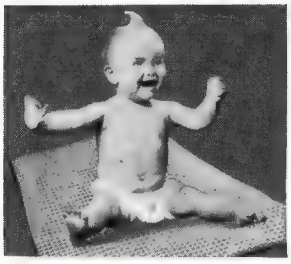
I winced because she came so close to the truth—and truth, baldly expressed, is hard listening. The moon slid smoothly out of a cloud trap and, for a moment, the river was a bright ribbon. I turned to Anna.

She was wearing a scarf that covered her hair like a shawl. Her eyes were as large as I remembered, her face small and flowerlike, her lips soft, trembling now with the echo of her outraged speech.

'I crossed an ocean, Anna," I said, "just to talk to you."

"And kissed another girl good-by before you crossed it." Her eyes flashed, and her lips no longer trembled. She drew herself straight, and the one hand that I could see was tightly closed. My brain staggered under the accusation, and she turned away from me, looking beyond the river to the darkness of the other shore. "Glenn Atkinson presents Marion Lawler in 'Easter Hill.'"

Her voice was the voice of a school-



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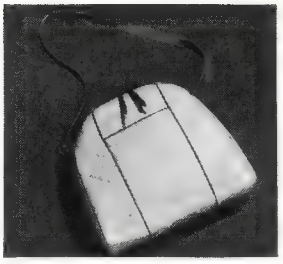
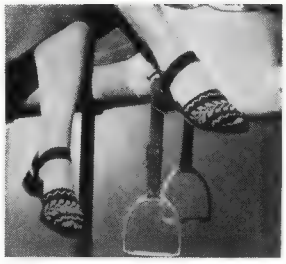
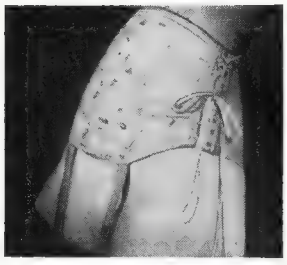


Off to the beach? Carry beach equipment or baby bottles in Kleinert's Beach Bag. Quilted waterproof plastic. White with red trim; or red with white. $5.00.



Kleinert's Sportimer* Sandals—Black with white floral motif; white with multicolor motif and red platform. Sizes 4 to 9, medium width. About $3.00.



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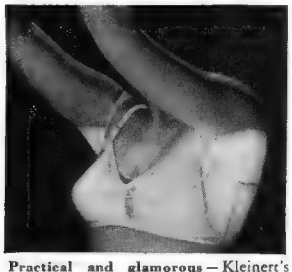

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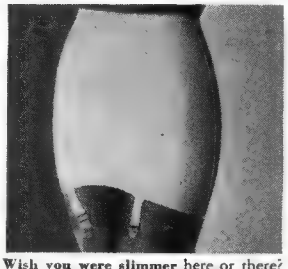

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girl reciting something that has been learned by heart. She turned suddenly back to me. "Only it was not Marion Lawler. It was the other one. Sometimes 'Julie,' sometimes 'darling.' "

I felt the flush creeping into my face while something cold touched my spine. She had been in New York. She had traveled by the blue sleep and she had been with me, perhaps, when I read the sign above the theater marquee in the rain. She had certainly been present when I talked to Julie—in the restaurant, in the taxicab.

She shifted the position of her body, facing me suddenly. Her expression, her very features, changed subtly. Her hand lifted, and her finger hovered for a moment over an invisible table, sketching; then the finger curled slowly and joined the other fingers in her tiny fist. "I want to see the tears of Spain, Kirby," she said. "Two of them together. A pair."

She was Julie Gale. With perfect mimicry, there in the damp and the gloom under a battered arch, she was Julie Gale; her hands, the poise of her head, her very voice. She paused as though listening to a reply, then leaned forward, her lips barely moving. "Let's fly down and see them, Kirby. Just the two of us."

The husky whisper was perfect, and she held the impersonation for three beats of a heart before she swept her hand out flatly and brushed it all away.

"I was troubled because one night you did not come," she said. "You gave me no warning, and I said to myself that you would not do such a thing to me. Something, some terrible thing could have happened to you. On the next night, I went to seek you." Her head came up. "So I found you, and I saw the woman . . ."

I stared down at my hands because it was difficult for me to look at her. The miracle of the blue sleep, which I had learned to accept as a strange reality of my own life, became suddenly a shocking thing. I had not thought of Anna crossing the ocean to seek me.

"I did not fly to Washington with her," I said.

Anna was silent for a long time, and I raised my eyes. She was watching me, and the harshness was gone, the anger and the tears.

"That is right. You did not go any place with her." She looked away, out across the river to the far, dark side. "That woman," she said softly, "if she were German, would fraternize with soldiers."

She moved her hand a few inches, but with the gesture she put Julie Gale in another world. Something within me stirred feebly to the defense of Julie, too feebly to find speech. I was aware of Anna Schulte as a woman, vividly aware of her. For all of her slenderness, her apparent frailty, there was vitality and force in her, a force that generated its own magnetism. Meeting her in the strange phantom world of the blue sleep, I had still felt that attraction, but not as I felt it in the shadow of the big arch, conscious of the rustle of her raiment when she moved, the intensity of her eyes, the way she drew her legs up under her when she changed position. I had casually and easily put my arm around the phantom Anna of other meetings, but casualness and ease of that sort did not carry over to this changed relationship. The feelings that churned in me colored my choice of words. "You are not afraid of me any longer?" I said.

She shook her head. "No. I was never afraid. If there were evil in you, you could not have entered the blue sleep."

"I've made mistakes."

"Mistakes are not evil. Evil is born of intention."

"You know a lot for a small girl of twenty-one."

Her lips tightened. "No. I am very ignorant."

She made me conscious of her background, of the long war years when she was growing up. It was not a normal time, particularly not in Germany, not a time when one learned the sane everyday things which are taken for granted during intervals of peace. Perhaps, then, she was, in a sense, ignorant. She had spent her teen years learning to live in a day that was over, to survive in a world that no longer existed.

"Something happened that drove you into the blue sleep," I said. "There was something that would not let you sleep. I would like to know about it."

"Why?"

"I told you my story."

She picked up a fragment of broken rock, looked at it, threw it away and followed it with her eyes. "There was a boy," she said. "He was our neighbor. Two months older than I. We grew up together. He was in my father's English class at the university, and he could quote beautifully from Shakespeare."

Her voice faltered.

"You were in love with him?" I said.

She nodded. "All my life, I think."

"He was in the German army?"

"Yes." Her head came up, and there was sudden fire in her. "You do not have to hate him! He did not fight your people. He was in the Ukraine, in Russia."

"I was not hating him."

"He was tall and straight," she said slowly, "and very brave and very kind and very brilliant. He could have been so many things. He spoke English as well as I, and he built small radios for amusement. Even in the army and in the war, he could have been so valuable."

She paused for a long ten seconds. "His grandmother was Jewish," she said slowly, "so his country did not want his mind, only his body. When his call came he was in the lowest classification, and they trained him as a bearer of ammunition for the machine guns."

There was no bitterness in her voice, no emphasis at all, but the heartbreak of a world was in the simple story. I thought of Sam Kaplan, pacing the floor white-faced when grim news came from Europe. "Over there," he said, "my children would be cursed because I fathered them, cursed by people who never knew me." Sam was in Washington now and I in Germany, but Anna brought him close. Her German soldier had fought for the cause that rejected him.

"He had one furlough after training," she said. "It was the only time that I saw him in uniform. The army was retreating from Russia. He went there. He was missing after Cernauti. He had so little time and no glory. Nothing at all."

She was far away from me, her eyes seeing something beyond the mist that rose from the river, her voice low, speaking half to herself of something remembered often, remembered perhaps in the same words that she used in speaking of it. A German soldier lived, however, in her remembering, and I was disturbed. She had been in love with him.

As though she sensed the current of my thought, she straightened suddenly and turned to me. "He was seventeen," she said, "the last time I saw him. We had an eighteenth birthday party for him because he would be in the fighting when the birthday came." Her words came rapidly, then slowed. "He did not even ask me to marry him. He was so awkward about things like that. He only talked of asking me someday."

I had to remember that Anna Schulte was only twenty-one and that long years, important years to her, had passed since German soldiers went to Russia. She was very young still, but the tragedy in her life was old.

"You have not been able to forget him," I said. " Is that why you could not sleep?"

She shook her head. "It was the doubt. We never heard that he was dead. The missing were sometimes prisoners. I could not stand it that he might be the prisoner of Russians."

It was cold under the arch, and I put my arm around her, drawing her close to me. She trembled, but she made no resistance. The electric something that had been between us was quiet now, and we could be casual and easy again, as we had been on other nights when we roamed restlessly beyond our bodies in search of a spiritual peace.

"You never found him in the blue sleep?" I said gently.

She shook her head. "Never. If he lived, I would have found him. I prayed." She quoted the voice that I had heard beside the road when I first entered the blue sleep. "In all the world there is only one road," she said, "and he no longer walks it."

I held her hand in mine, a small hand, too wide for beauty perhaps, but with slender well-shaped fingers. Like Anna, I would remember the young German, but I was remembering, too, that when I missed a rendezvous, she had crossed the world to find me.

Anna shivered and drew her hand away. "Now you know," she said, "and it is very late."

I rose when she did, and we climbed the barrier of rubble to the street. I walked with her to the gloomy house in which she lived, and I took her hand again for a moment in parting. "I have

(Continued on page 87)

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no business and no purpose in Germany save you," I said. "May I take you to dinner tomorrow night?"

Her eyes were sparkling jewels in the darkness, and she smiled faintly. "You cannot," she said. "There is no place where an American may take a German to dinner."

"I'll fix that," I told her.

She laughed softly. "No. But it is a nice thought. You had better return to America."

"I'll see you tomorrow night," I said.

The river was a distant whisper that came to us above the uncanny quiet of Kanndorf. The eleven o'clock curfew had sounded, and all of the people were in the houses with shutters fastened.

Anna drew her raincoat around her. "Tomorrow night," she repeated slowly. "It is madness, but——"

She shrugged, touched my forearm lightly and left me. I stood there staring at the door after it closed behind her, and I was young as I had never been young in my life. Consequences did not trouble me, nor responsibilities, nor hazards, nor other people. I was Kirby Quinlan and there was a girl. What else mattered?

The law of the occupation moved like a sluggish beast in and around Kanndorf. It was slowed and made clumsy by the blending of the old and new, of basic German law respected by the conquerors and American military regulations made necessary by circumstances. There were rules, and there were ration cards and employment certificates, American soldiers and American civilians, military police and German police. I discovered the pattern, moved around in it and came back to the point from which I started.

I could have a staff car and a driver, but I could not have one without a driver since they were military cars. I could take a German girl to a dance at the officers' club and I could buy her a drink, but I could not buy her a meal. I could not take any German to dinner: not anywhere.

"That is fair," Anna told me. "Dinners would be used as bribes. Germans would lose self-respect. They would be trying to get dinner invitations. Some people would never be invited to a dinner, and it would be hard on them."

We walked the obscure streets of Kanndorf away from the heart of town, and I was depressed. A man wants to do things for a girl, big, shining things; if he does not have the means, he settles for what he can do—little gifts and trinkets, small attentions.

I came to Anna Schulte with empty hands, and she was a girl who needed everything. Because she worked for Mil-Gov she was entitled to one hot meal a day, so she fared better than most Germans. I could have bought her stockings and other items of clothing, or cosmetics, from the stocks imported for the wives of the occupation forces, but she was horrified at the idea.

"A German girl who possesses such things might as well wear a sign that says 'Bought,'" she told me.

"You wouldn't be bought."

"It would be more honest if I were. I have no right to those things if others may not have them."

I was up against a solid wall. There were girls who fraternized and girls who did not, girls of easy virtue and girls of virtue. The fraternizers saw no hope in the future, so they lived for the present and took what they could get; girls like Anna clung to a hope and believed in a brighter day to come, a more normal life, a chance at happiness.

I was in rebellion against my own helplessness, and Anna laughed at me gently. "You exaggerate everything in your own mind because, no doubt, it would be horrible if it were like this in the United States. With us, it is a little worse than last year; last year was a little worse than the year before. One grows accustomed."

She did not seem unhappy. She walked with me buoyantly, and the shapeless, patched raincoat seemed less shabby than picturesque. We sat on a stone pedestal in Blucher Platz, and she told me of the statue that had once graced the pedestal, a memorial to the soldiers from Kanndorf who had helped to defeat Napoleon at Waterloo.

I tried to tell her of those monuments of our own, and that Americans had fought in as many wars as Germans had, but she waved all that away. "Tell me about your universities," she said. "Which was yours?"

So I told her of Yale, of New Haven's sacred elms and the great football wars of the Ivy League. My memory was an old trunk. I opened it for her and she loved it.

"Always I loved the singing at the university," she said. "What did you sing?"

I had not tried to sing for years, but a man does what he can for a woman. If he may not buy her things, if theaters are closed to them, he gives her whatever is within himself.

She sat where once the statue of a German general stood, and I sat on the stone offset, two feet or so below her, my head at the level of her knees. I sang "Boola" and "Bright College Years" and "The Wiffenpoof Song."

A German policeman crossed the square and stood a dozen feet away, watching us. He did not speak, but just watched.

It was ten thirty-five, so I helped her down from the pedestal. She sang "Boola" with me as we walked away, and the German policeman stood where we left him. We had just enough time to get Anna home before the curfew.

The pattern of our nights together was an extension of that night. I made work for myself through the day, and I pretended an interest in matters that did not interest me. I gathered facts and statistics which I would never use to justify my presence in the place where I wanted to be—but, of course, I fooled nobody.

Kanndorf was too small a place for secrets, and whispers travel fast where everyone has learned to whisper.

Together, Anna and I maintained the fiction that we were being discreet, and we avoided other people, Americans and Germans alike; but we knew that we were a story that others told, a story that needed only an ending, any kind of an ending, to make it news, or gossip, or scandal.

Strangely, I did not look ahead to an ending of any kind. To me, Kanndorf was an island in Time and Anna the recurrent adventure. I met her, and life was right and true, all that it was meant to be. I left her, and immediately my mind planned ahead—to another meeting with her. There was nothing else, and we were as poor in earthly goods as any other young couple in the world . . . I had never been so happy in my life.

Sam Kaplan called me then on the transoceanic phone from Washington, and a chapter of my life was over.

Sam was the voice of Reality speaking in a dream.

"Kirby," he said, "for Pete's sake, what are you doing over there?"

"It's a long story, Sam," I said. "How's the family?"

"Just swell. But the stuff belongs on postcards. This kind of talking costs money. You've got to get home—and fast."

"Why?"

"You're asking. There's a Quinlan Aircraft. Maybe you remember it. You're supposed to be chairman of the board!" He dropped the sarcasm abruptly, and his voice was sharp. "Look! The only thing that has saved you back here is your sister's buying of stock. She's been talking to people, and they listen to her. But the stockholders want a definition of policy, and they want some assurance that Quinlan is not going to go on losing business."

"There are a lot of people drawing good salaries from Quinlan," I said, "people who are supposed to be good executives."

Sam snorted impatiently. "There's got to be somebody at the top. You know that. Anyway, you come on home! Some of these boys are threatening a minor stockholder suit to throw you out."

There was urgency in Sam's voice, and I knew that he was not telling me the whole story. The story, if he told it, would probably include a lot of long-distance phoning around the United States and a great many tough, fighting conversations, with Sam talking for me and protecting my neglected interests.

"Okay, Sam," I said, "I'll make it as soon as I can. I'll let you know."

When I hung up the receiver, I was no longer a man on an island in Time. The money that made everything so easy for me, that provided a quick trip to Germany when I wanted it, was calling me home; calling upon me to justify my possession of it. For one reason or another, I had neglected my responsibilities for a long time. There were only two alternatives for me in a real world: either I would work for other people as they worked for me, or I would retire from the pretense of working and live like a parasite on the money my father had earned.

That night I sat with Anna in the

shadow of the arch on the bank of the river and told her of the phone call.

"A man's work is important," she said, "You must return to it. I know that."

She weighed a man's role in the world in terms of work, and I told myself that I agreed with her. I could design airplanes and be happy, but money, and the making of money, was too complex for me. I tried to explain that distinction to her, but she did not understand money at all.

"You are fortunate," she said, "and when one is fortunate, one should be glad to accept burdens."

She considered herself fortunate by German standards, and I had never known anyone who could take as much joy from little opportunity. A song, or a walk in the rain, meant more to Anna than the most extravagant luxuries to other girls I had known. I looked into her clear eyes, so intent upon my problems, and I knew that I could never leave her, that there was no one in the future or the past who would ever mean as much to me.

"Anna," I said, "if I go back, will you go with me?"

Her body straightened, and there was sudden fright in her eyes. I took her hand in mine and felt her fingers flutter in an effort to escape.

"I love you, Anna, as I never loved anyone——"

"No. You can't——"

"I do. Will you marry me and go back with me?"

She pressed her free hand, the right hand, against her cheek. "I couldn't. I don't belong. Oh——" She wrenched her left hand clear of my grip and drew the raincoat tight around her, her fingers clinging to it as though it were a symbol of the gulf between us.

I loosened her fingers gently. "Couldn't you learn to love me, Anna?" I said. "Will it always be the boy who went away?"

"Always!" She closed her eyes. "Wait! I cannot think."

She buried her face in her palms, and I sat there helplessly, aware of my own clumsiness, yet unable to release my own pent feeling for her. If she did not want me, if she could not love me, I could only plead; I could not beat down her defenses.

Anna raised her head slowly. She was very pale. "How could you love me?" she said.

It was a feminine question. There was only one masculine answer to it: "I do."

She was staring at me as though she had never seen me before. "You know beautiful girls in America," she said. "They have pretty clothes, and they know how to do pretty things and——" She moved one hand in a half circle that encompassed, somehow, all of the snabbiness, the hunger, the regimented poverty of her life. "It is impossible that you love me," she said. "It is pity, perhaps, and that is shameful for me, or loneliness, and that is a misfortune for you. I do not know which thing it is . . ."

I took her in my arms then and silenced her. I swept her to me and, with that gesture I banished the devils of doubt, introspection and indecision. I kissed her, and her resisting lips quieted under mine.

She fought me, and I clung to her hand when she had freed her lips. She shook her head, and her scarf fell back from the rich gold of her hair. "Kirby," she said, "Kirby!"

It was a new word in vocabulary as she pronounced it then. Her fingers curled and tightened over mine.

"I love you," I said.

She closed her eyes, and there were tears on the fringes of her lashes. "It could not be," she said, "so I could not let myself believe or think it. I loved you in the sleep, when you came back to me on the bridge. No one else had ever shared that with me, and I was happy when we sat beside the river. We could not be anything to each other, but I was happy because you came and because you wanted to come."

"I came myself then, and you weren't happy about that."

She met my eyes, unabashed. "I could not be. In the dream, I was a girl in a dream. I could be romantic to you. I knew that. But here——"

She touched the patched raincoat, and I knew that no matter how much I bought her in the years to come, I would love that coat forever. She rose above it and made it at once the symbol of all that she had not and all that she had.

"I loved you," I said, "in the dream and on the bridge, beside the river and in the shelter of the arch when it rained. I loved you when you hated me for coming, when we sang in Blucher Platz and when you imitated Julie. I——"

She laid one finger against my lips. "This girl you call Julie," she said. "She is very pretty."

I laughed. "That woman, if she were German, would fraternize with soldiers."

Anna made a grimace. "I was jealous. I did not like her."

"You don't have to like her."

Her chin came up. "I will not."

"Fine."

Her shoulders slumped. "But it cannot be, Kirby. You would see her again, and you would remember that I was a girl you found in the rubble, without soft clothes or lovely scent——"

"I don't care about those things."

"I do."

She was vehement, and I stared at her.

Her hand crept up to the collar of my coat, and her voice dropped. "Do you really want me, Kirby?"

I held her again, gently now, my face against her hair. "More than anything in the world."

"I want you"—her voice came up to me—"but I will always remember the things of my childhood, Kirby. My favorite doll, the garden where I played, my father, the boy who went away. I will always love them, Kirby."

It was a requiem for a German soldier, and I understood that. She had to tell me, had to clear a way that we could walk.

I held her close. "And I love nothing," I said, "that I cannot share with you. No thing and no person."

We clung together, listening to our own music, content in ourselves until Anna spoke again. "Can we be married, Kirby? Here in Kanndorf?"

"We can."

Her fingers gripped my arms, and she buried her face against my shoulder. Her voice was muffled, and I had to strain to hear her. "Please," she said, "if we do that, I want to go to America on a boat. Please, Kirby, can I be married and yet wait to be your wife until I feel that I am lovely?"

It was as quiet beside the river as it is quiet in the most solemn moment of a church service. I lifted her head with one finger beneath her chin, looked into her eyes and kissed her. "You will never be lovelier to me than now, and never less lovely," I said, "but I will wait, Anna."

A man's wealth and his letters of introduction and his influence are small things, but in Kanndorf they cut red tape and speeded the fingers of clerks and the processes of government. Anna and I were married on the day that the first snow fell. We were married in St. Stevenskirche where her parents had been married, and I sent cablegrams to my sister and to Sam Kaplan.

Neither one of them replied.

Anna was sixty-three inches tall in her stocking feet, and she weighed one hundred and four pounds. Her hair was very nearly the color of old gold, and her eyes were an intense blue. She was very sure of herself in speaking to strangers, whether in French, German or English, but she was shy in strange surroundings and nervous at the prospect of meeting people who might not like her.

A man learns so many things about the woman that he has married. She was lovely to me as she was when I met her, but I did not know—as she knew—that she was beautiful. A woman is beautiful in terms of hair and eyes, skin, figure, proportion and grace; but there is more to it than that. A woman is beautiful, too, in terms of colors that compliment her, creams that soften her skin, the set of her hair, the drape of a dress, the flair of a skirt. A woman is beautiful in the excitement that she feels, the inner glow that matches outer perfection, the magic that is born of her knowledge that she is right, that she is special, that she is desirable.

All these things I learned.

We went to Paris for her clothes. Germany had won a war from France, and Germany had nothing; England had won a war from Germany, and England had nothing. In France, still, one could buy luxuries if one could afford luxuries.

"I will have my hair changed a little, but not too much," Anna told me. "I will change all of me a little, I think. But I would be afraid to be a new woman because, maybe, I would then have to get a new husband."

"You'd get one just like that!"

I snapped my fingers to indicate speed, but Anna frowned, as though she

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were considering the subject carefully.

"I would not like him," she said. "A man so easy to get would be easy to lose."

"I was easy to get. For you to get, that is."

"Oh, no. I chased you across the Atlantic Ocean."

We laughed at each other, but she grew increasingly shy with me as her assurance in every other respect increased. We had a suite in a hotel in Paris, and often when I read a paper or did some other thing that required concentration, I would look up suddenly and surprise her eyes. She always looked away quickly.

It was a strange interval, but the agreement that I made with her was not too hard to keep. I wanted to do things for her. For the first time in my life another human being really needed me, needed what I had and what I could do. She could talk to the people in the shops better than I could, but she did not know what to say. She knew colors and she had an instinct for what she needed, but she did not know how to buy clothes.

She grew more beautiful hour by hour. Her hair, trimmed and curled, was a bright halo that framed the perfection of her features. Whenever a color touched her, she absorbed it. A green dress added emerald to the blue of her eyes, and made them the color of a sunny sea; a red scarf made her lips seem fuller, riper; the yellows and golds intensified her hair.

I was in love with her, so I could never describe her to myself. She was not a girl, not a woman, she was Anna.

"I do not know how to wear these clothes and live in them," she said. "I am like an old lady in a box."

We were in our stateroom on the liner that was taking us to the United States. Anna was trying on some of her dresses. She had a gold dress with a ballet skirt, and it swung when she walked. She watched herself in the full-length mirror and frowned. She kicked one leg and changed the hang of the skirt, but it wrapped around her when she took two more steps.

She had lived a long time with practical, severely cut clothes of ersatz materials, clothes like uniforms. Watching her, I realized, as I had never realized before, that there is an art to women's clothes: an art to planning them, designing them and wearing them.

She tried another entrance, walking this time as she had seen the mannequins walk. The gift of mimicry was in her so that her hands, no less than her head and her body, fitted perfectly into her re-creation of any woman she had watched. Her mannequin entrance was artificial, a woman's exaggeration of a woman. She did it perfectly but did not like the self she saw. Her forehead creased in a frown.

I wanted to kiss that small, bewildered face, then, but I was the nonexistent audience. Anna was concentrating upon Anna. She straightened her figure like a soldier at attention, then relaxed it, still straight, but not slumping.

She made another entrance, and the skirt draped easily and gracefully to her figure, moving with the rhythm of her walk, but not breaking that rhythm. She nearly walked into the mirror before she stopped, pirouetted and smiled triumphantly.

"I did it, Kirby," she said. "It was not the dress walking. I walked."

I kissed her then because I could not help myself. She kissed me back but hurriedly, and pushed me away. "I must try the others," she said.

She tried them tirelessly: the afternoon frocks, the dinner dresses and the evening gowns. I watched her master them for a while and then, because a man is a restless creature, I went on deck to smell the wind and the weather. When I returned, Anna was walking around happily in a trim little gray tweed, with a green scarf tied at her throat.

"How is the weather?" she said.

"A bit foggy."

Her eyes lighted. "I must see it. I have never seen a fog on an ocean."

We walked the deck together, and

PEACE

In the cannon's mouth a singing bird nests.

——A Chinese poem.

---

the gray stuff was blanketing down. There were halos around the lights and long, smokey tentacles curling along the rail. We sat on deck chairs and became, ourselves, invisible. Anna sighed. "We are ghosts again, Kirby. Are you glad?"

"I am glad to be anything with you," I said. "A ghost, or even a werewolf."

She shook her head. "We will be merely ghosts. Kirby!"

"Yes."

"What are the tears of Spain?"

She was a woman patient beyond belief. She had mimicked Julie Gale's voice speaking of the tears on my first night in Germany, but she had never mentioned them since.

"They are earrings, Anna," I said, "the most beautiful that I have ever seen."

I did my best to describe them, how the delicately mounted diamonds caught the light and assumed the shape of tears.

Anna leaned toward me. "They are yours?" she said. "From your family?"

"They are mine, but not from my family. I bought them from a man named Feraci."

Her body stiffened slightly. "Why, Kirby? For whom?"

"No one. I liked them."

"Please! A man does not buy earrings for himself."

"I did."

I told her, then, the story of the King of Spain who had three of the earrings made: one for his wife, one for his mistress and one for himself. "He lived quite happily," I said, "until he gave his earring away."

"To whom?"

"To his wife. His mistress got revenge by starting a revolution."

Anna sat quietly in the chair beside me, and the fog blew gently in on us, a waving curtain of gauze and cobwebs.

"Kirby," she said, "do you have three earrings?"

I did not like the question, but I have never been a liar. "No," I told her, "I gave one of them to Julie Gale."

My words echoed hollowly from the gray curtain. Anna seemed small and remote beside me. "Then, she is your——"

"No! Nothing at all, Anna. She was with me when I first saw them. She loved them, too, so I gave her one. I could never use three."

"The King of Spain used three."

"He was a different type."

She looked at me intently, then she leaned forward again. "I, too, can have one?" she said.

"No!"

"No?"

"You can have a pair."

It was quiet again, and Anna broke the stillness with an audible sigh. She gripped my hand tightly. "You are a wonderful person, Kirby," she said. "I do not deserve to be so fortunate. You have been so good to me, so kind, so understanding. Now, you have been faithful to me before you met me——"

I laughed at her mixed-up seriousness, but it was quick laughter because I had no time to spend on it. I drew her into my arms and held her there.

"You are worth all the dreams of a man's lifetime," I said. "More beauty and more courage and more exciting wonder than I ever imagined could be——"

She raised her head, and I kissed her. After a long while, she pressed her palm against the curve of my jaw. Her voice was soft, a gentle whisper in the fog. "Tonight, Kirby," she said, "I am, perhaps, a little bit lovely."

We went in together out of the fog, and I carried her across our threshold.

We were a big newspaper story, Anna and I: an international incident. The stuff that is called "glamour" by the press abounded in my own background, and there was mystery enough in my marriage to provide reams of copy. We would have provided a story under any circumstances, but I had made one blunder which resulted in sensationalism. I had not visited Anna in her office nor met her co-workers before our marriage.

A newspaperman, doing a routine job of covering the romance of a German girl and an American with a famous name, asked the simple obvious question—"How and where did they meet?" No one in Kanndorf could tell him. When he discovered that it was not a romance of the Mil-Gov office, that we had never been seen together in the American area, he drove that fact home in his dispatch. There was

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only one other place that we could have met, he implied, and that was on the streets of Kanndorf.

The New York reporters, most of them hostile, hammered at that point and brushed away my statement that Anna and I had mutual friends, that I had gone to Germany only after long correspondence with her. They did not believe that, and I regretted that I had not remained firm in my attitude that our meeting was none of their business. They bombarded Anna with questions and, fortunately, she did not understand their implication. When I lost my temper I lost the sympathy of those reporters from the better papers who had treated us courteously.

It was the first time that I had ever tried to handle a hostile press without the aid of Sam Kaplan, and I made a mess of it. When I was clear of the press, my anger focused on Sam. He had let me down when I needed him. He had not answered my cablegram. He had not met the boat.

Anna was silent in recognition of my mood. It was not the arrival in New York that she had anticipated and when she moved in an awed, half-trance around our suite at the Waldorf, she moved alone. I did not share it with her, did not share anything with her. My first act was to put in a call for Sam's office in Washington.

His office reported that he was in New York.

I swore, deeply and fervently, when I left the phone, and I would have paced up and down the suite if Anna had not taken a stand in the middle of the room.

"Look!" she said. "I like this. I like this very much. I am happy, very happy. But I do not understand all these rooms and what a woman does in them." She smiled suddenly, a smile that lighted her face. "If you will show me, very nice, about these rooms, I will give you a quarter."

The American money that I had given her was still exciting; everything was exciting. I was suddenly ashamed of myself, and I made a clumsy, punching gesture at her chin.

"Women in all of these rooms should be seen and not heard," I said.

We inspected the suite, then, and we looked out of the windows, and I phoned for a maid to help her with the unpacking. I was very nearly back to normal again when Sam came.

He was grim-faced and hard-eyed. He had a short cigar in his mouth, clamped hard between his white teeth. I opened the door for him, and I was feeling no more friendly than he. I said, "Hello, Sam," and stood aside. He stepped into the room warily, his eyes taking a quick inventory. Anna was in one of the other rooms with the maid and when he did not see her, he relaxed

"Keep your wife out of here," he said harshly. "I want to talk to you."

"When you visit our suite, you visit both of us," I said.

"Like that, eh? Well, you're wrong. I told you how I felt about Germans, but you went to Germany. Okay! You married one of them. That doesn't change a thing for me."

He took off his light gray topcoat and laid it on a chair. He put his hat on top of it. There was a certain stiffness in the way he moved, as though the rigid mold of his mind imposed restrictions upon his body.

"I deserve more from you than snap judgments," I said.

"A snap judgment is better than no judgment. But I should argue with you! I'm here on business."

He moved away from me, walking across the room, not looking at me when he spoke. He was unhappy, and I knew it. I was unhappy myself. We had shared the same tent in too many battles ever to feel comfortable when opposed to each other.

"Listen, Sam," I began. That was as far as I went.

Anna opened the door, and she was in the room before she saw Sam. She had been putting her precious new clothes on hangers, and the glow of excitement was in her. She was lovely, and she owned things, and she was in New York. The thrill of it picked her up, wafted her into the room and stopped her there, facing Sam Kaplan, only a few feet away from him.

"Anna," I said. "This is Sam Kaplan . . . Sam, my wife."

Sam was pale and the bracket in the corner of his mouth tightened.

Anna's eyes met his, and she extended her hand. "How do you do, Mr. Kaplan?" she said. "I am so very glad to meet Kirby's best friend."

Sam hesitated a brief moment before he took her hand. "He exaggerates," he said huskily. "I am only his attorney."

"I think not." Anna smiled easily, but she would have had to be blind to miss Sam's discomfort, his strained effort to be polite. Having endured much herself, she was far too sensitive not to realize the reason behind Sam's tension. "We must have a first guest to dinner sometime," she said. "I would like it to be tonight. You will dine with us?"

It was her own idea, and we had not discussed it. Sam stood there looking at her. He had the short cigar in his left hand, and it looked rather absurd because the hand that held it was stiff. He did not move at all, but I knew that a thousand things happened within him inside of a split second. A dinner invitation was a symbol, a pivot on which his emotions whirled. As a professional man, he drank with many men, lunched with many men, night-clubbed with them. Those things were meaningless to Sam as a person, matters merely of business. Dinner, however, in a small, intimate group was almost a family matter. It was a breaking of bread. You could know Sam a thousand years and not know where he placed such emphasis, where he drew lines or recognized them as drawn. I, who knew him intimately, understood—and so did Anna who did not know him at all.

". . . and Mrs. Kaplan, of course," she said.

That did it. It touched Sam's rigidity. He bowed jerkily. "I will have to see. Maybe there is another engagement," he said. "Thank you."

"If there is another engagement, we will postpone having our first guests. Tomorrow night, then. Or the next. I will call Mrs. Kaplan on the phone."

It was a duel of sorts, and there was a fierce pride on both sides. Anna knew how deep my feeling was for Sam, and she was fighting with velvet gloves against a rejection of herself that would create a barrier between us. Sam, on his part, had sworn his hatred of everything German that lived, and he was not a compromiser. Anna was, at least on the surface, at ease; Sam was not.

"You can call Sarah yourself after a while, Sam," I said, "then maybe Anna can talk to her. In the meantime . . ." I looked at Anna.

"In the meantime, I vanish," she said. She smiled at me, gave what was left of the smile to Sam and went into the other room, closing the door behind her.

Sam came slowly out of his trance. He crossed the room like a sleepwalker and laid the cold cigar in an ash tray. "So, what could I do?" he said. "She is your wife. Is friendship nothing? I have been sick for you, Kirby! Why did you do it?"

He sat heavily in the chair nearest to him. I had whisky and soda and ice, so I mixed two highballs. I no longer felt hostile to Sam, nor resentful of him, so I could say harsh things to him without saying them harshly.

"Why in hell did you leave me alone to face those wolves when we landed?" I said.

He took his drink. "It was your trouble. What else?"

"You've managed to get me out of my own trouble before."

"This time you did not want to get out."

"You've met her, Sam," I said. "I'm in love with her. In love as I never dreamed that I could be in love."

I was tempted for a moment to tell him of the boy who never had a chance to ask her to marry him, the boy who had a Jewish grandmother. I voted down the thought as it came to me. Anna had to be accepted for herself or not at all.

"I've known her longer than you will believe. That is a story that I'll tell you sometime. In a different mood and setting than this."

Sam watched my face, his eyes narrowed. He hated mysteries. If I said that I knew Anna before I went to Germany, he would believe me, but his reason would deny the possibility, and he would be annoyed.

"It is bad for you," he said, "but that is done. I keep telling myself that it is done, but the telling does no good. I keep screaming back at myself, 'But why? Why did Kirby Quinlan do this thing?'" He got up and moved around the room, working the tension out. "To hell with it!" he said.

He came back then, picked up his empty glass and refilled it. "The big news is," he said grimly, "that you are through at Quinlan Aircraft."

I looked up at him. "What do you mean, through?"

"Finished! With your sister in there as a heavy stockholder, you had a

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chance. She's a good businesswoman."

"Right."

"But she, too, does not like Germans. And she did not like to hear of your marriage after it happened."

I straightened in my chair. "She has turned against me?"

Sam shrugged, leaving that definition to myself. "I have in my pocket her cash offer for half your stock. With that, the others will accept her as the representative of the Quinlan name, and she'll name the key men in a reorganization. She is already bringing back some of the business that you let slip away——"

"Suppose that I refuse to let her have that stock?" I said.

"You'll be out anyway. A minority stockholder suit will charge you with incompetence and with actions prejudicial to the company and to the value of their investment. It won't be pretty."

I considered that. Anna would be dragged through it, and the Quinlan name would be the target of mudslingers. It wasn't worth while. I had come home determined to atone for my past faults of omission and commission. I had felt sure of myself, confident of what I could do. Anna had made me feel the necessity for accomplishment. "When one is fortunate, one should accept burdens gladly." Well, it had taken me too long.

Sam looked at me over his glass. "If you had an alternative, I'd know it," he said.

There was no doubt of that. He might be angry or hurt or even in a blind rage at me, but he would not surrender any position of mine that could be held.

"Okay," I said. "They can have it."

I signed the papers that he had with him, authorizing the transfer of stock and all the rest of it. Sam folded the papers slowly.

"What you should do," he said, "is take the money and go away someplace. Take your wife out of New York. It won't be happy here for you. Later"—he shrugged—"you are a good man. There will be something. People should forget you for a while."

He was right. In that moment, I knew that he was giving me as good advice as he had ever given me. I knew, too, that I was not going to take it. A plan of my own was taking shape in my mind, a plan born, perhaps, of hurt pride and vanity and resentment at the way I had been dropped. It was not a plan that I was ready to discuss with Sam; it was my own. "I'll think about it," I said.

I poured myself a drink, and Sam measured it with his eyes as I poured it. He walked across the room and back again. We had shared a great many victories, not very many defeats.

"About the dinner," he said. "I will call Sarah. It will be all right—" He wet his lips, and I knew that he was trying to phrase a message to Anna. He had already done one of the hardest things that he had ever done in his life—and that was enough.

I slapped his shoulder. "You'll have to take potluck," I said. "Whatever the chef has in the icebox."

We grinned at each other, a little feebly, but "A" for effort.

Sam picked up his coat. "I should have ulcers," he said, "the life I lead."

There was time for Anna, a little time. New York fascinated her; the New York of the shops and the ferryboats and the big bridges, the hansom cabs in Central Park and the tall buildings and the restaurants where she could order anything that she wanted to eat. She did not like night clubs, nor hard liquor, nor subways. It snowed on our third day, and she was like a child walking in it.

"It is the way I remember it when I was a child," she said. "I had a snug coat and leggings and red mittens. We built snowmen in the Volksgarten."

She grew solemn when she remembered the long past, but she never remained solemn for long. New York was a rushing, roaring current that picked her up and carried her out of any mood. We breasted that current together, and there was adventure in it. I loved her; and if there had been no force in me save the love of a woman, we could have been anything that we willed, vagabonds or visiting royalty.

Restlessness moved in me. Responsibility and a task to do, even if it were a neglected task, had anchored me to the working world when I played the hardest. Cut adrift from Quinlan Aircraft I lacked a man's role in the world. The air liner that I had sketched in a Washington hotel room flew across the screen of my mind, and I watched it fly often when, seemingly, I was looking at something else.

Sam Kaplan flew up again from Washington at the end of the week, and I welcomed him. We had cocktails together at the Plaza.

"Boy," he said, "I've got a deal. Your sister won't say a word to you herself, but she's been talking to some of the others. They would like to have you back in the company, in charge of engineering."

I stared at him across the table top, and I was seeing California; sun and sand and seashore, blue mountains and long highways. I was seeing my ship on the draughting boards, smelling the India ink, seeing the mock-ups. Sam was beaming at me, delighted with himself and, for the moment, with me.

"It is what you always wanted," he said. "You can do the work you like to do, and you are all through with being a front man. You are out of the spotlight, and you don't have to fool around with the money end. Still and yet, money is good stuff . . . so . . .!"

He grinned more widely and told me how much the reorganized Quinlan Company would be willing to pay me. It was a princely figure. It would make me one of the highest-paid technical men in the industry. Sticking to what I knew best, I would be worth it—but it was an impressive sum.

"Like a cat, you land on your feet," Sam said. "All of a sudden, you've got everything. You sell a headache for money; you get a chance to make more money. You live in California . . ."

It was the proverbial happy ending, and Sam was delighted with it. I turned my glass around and looked at my drink. The restlessness of the past few days bubbled up in me, and I had a name for that restlessness now. It was the pricking of my pride, the stirring of my ambition.

I was married now, and I wanted to be Kirby Quinlan again with the bright light in my face. I wanted to be in that spotlight, justifying my right to be in it. I wanted to toss all the cracks and the criticisms back into the teeth of the people who uttered them. It wasn't enough for me to be somebody's high-priced engineer, designing ships under a policy that someone else defined. Not now, it wasn't enough.

"It's no good, Sam," I said. "I won't work for them."

Sam's eyes were incredulous. "Are you crazy?" he said.

"Probably. How would you like to lose a big lawsuit and have the opposing attorney offer you a junior partnership in his firm?"

"It isn't like that! You're twisting it."

"It's like that to me. I'm not going to spend half the night making you see it."

Sam could not think while he was sitting at a table. He got up without answering me and walked out of the room. I did not worry about him. I knew that he would come back. He needed space for a few minutes, and that was all right with me.

He came back in ten minutes, walking heavily. His broad, full-lipped mouth was tight, and his eyebrows jutted out over his eyes.

"Okay," he said curtly. "So, the offer is no good. What are you going to do with your life? Spend it on a yacht."

"Sam," I said, "the offer was damned good. Only a high-class horsetrader like yourself could have got me an offer like that. I appreciate it, but I can't take it."

He relaxed. "It would be good for you, Kirby. A few years and maybe you don't like it. Then?" He spread his hands expressively.

"I know. Even a year, or a month, would settle me. I'd get in the rut, like it and stay there."

"Ruts with gold plumbing aren't bad. What else have you got in mind?"

"I'm not sure, Sam," I said, "but maybe I'll have my own company, my own plant."

"Don't think about it!"

We argued for an hour, but we did not do anything with the argument apart from killing the hour. When Sam left me, he was shaking his head; not mad, not even annoyed, merely puzzled. "It's maybe like amnesia," he said. "Another crack on the head, and you're all right."

"Maybe."

I left it at that. When I reached our suite, it was late and I had had quite a few drinks. Anna was waiting for me, and she had not had any dinner. She did not complain, and I did not think about it. We were setting up a pattern, but I did not think about that.

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either. "I've just turned down the Garden of Eden, complete with gold apples," I told her.

Anna did not know what I was talking about, but she smiled. If I wanted to be quaint, she would humor me.

"Why?" she said.

"There were snakes in it."

The drinks that I had made me feel vastly clever. I described Sam's offer, added my own idea of humorous comment and sat back watching the expression on Anna's face. Money on the American scale was beyond her comprehension, and she did not understand that a man could be important in so many different ways, some of them quite unimportant to himself.

"It would be nice to live in California," she said. "It is warm there, and I would like to watch them make moving pictures."

The stark simplicity of her reaction sobered me. I saw America suddenly through the bewildered eyes of a foreigner.

"I will take you to California ultimately, Sweet," I said, "but there is something that I have to do first. It's important to us, Anna. I've got to do things my way for a while, even if it means neglecting you a little."

"If it is your work," she said, "I will not mind . . . Kirby!"

"Yes."

"You will not go to the theater without me?"

I laughed. "No. Nor see Julie Gale."

She did not smile. "That is what I meant," she said. "Thank you."

We drew a blueprint that night without knowing that we drew one. I did neglect Anna. Time was prodding me. Whatever my standing with the public at large, I still had prestige within the aviation industry. If a few months went by, or even a few weeks, and I was still on the sidelines, that prestige would start to melt. I had to act while men would still see me, listen to me and take me seriously.

I worked hard. I put a survey firm to work checking the rough conclusions I had reached in the Washington hotel room where I worked out my plan for a fast aerial trolley service between cities. I opened an office and hired three people to gather and correlate airport data. I worked over my own design data on my dream 'ship.

Seeing people was the big task, the task that could not be accomplished on a time schedule. I talked to air-line pilots, dispatchers, tower operators, airport managers and traffic men. A picture formed in my mind and when the outlines were sharp I had dinner with Tom Coulton of Universal Airlines.

Universal had given me the first big push that had started me on the toboggan, but Tom Coulton had tried to reach me before his air-line replaced my Meteor with the Munson Libra.

Coulton was a quiet man: stocky, gray-haired, ruddy. Dignity was a part of him, not a mantle that he wore nor an attitude he assumed. He had a firm jaw and a square thrusting chin, but there was nothing aggressive about him; he had merely developed the ability to say "no" when he meant "no."

Tom Coulton smoked a cigar while I outlined my big idea. "The air-lines are burning up dollars in waste power," I told him. "You are using too much ship per passenger, and you are flying a hopelessly mixed cargo between American cities in ships that can fly across oceans. You lump mail, express and passengers together, at three different per-pound rates, and your big ships have to fly over some major cities under conditions that would permit smaller ships to land."

I spread it all across the table: my conclusions and the facts that backed up those conclusions. I built in words the ship that I had built on hotel stationery down in Washington.

"Why didn't you put Quinlan Aircraft behind that idea?" Tom said.

"I did not have it soon enough. My position at Quinlan was deteriorating while this idea was developing."

"It is the kind of backing you need."

I knew that. I had been all over the sad trail of lost opportunity. "I want to start my own company," I said. "If I'm right—and I believe that I am—I will change the air-line map with the ship that I'll build."

"Possibly." He lighted a fresh cigar. "But it will take you years. New ideas take on slowly. Expensive equipment is not replaced overnight. A lot of air-line people, strange though it seems, prefer inefficient operation and too much ship per passenger." His mouth twisted wryly. "Not all the air-line people are primarily air-line operators."

"I know that," I told him. "I need a big air line in my corner. If I can work with you, I can exist until the new idea does take hold."

He shook his head. "I have a board of directors, too. However"—he thought for a minute—"you may have something. I could help you get the financing you need if you are going on your own."

I watched his face. When a man tells you what he can do, without committing himself to the doing, there is a condition attached to his co-operation. Tom Coulton turned his cigar around in his long fingers. "I hear the Army wants to to design a new bomber."

"They did."

His eyes met mine. "Your military ships were better than your air liners. How about taking on the government business, financing your plant, letting this other idea grow in firm ground?"

The circle was complete. Once, when I was a boy I was left in the house alone and I scattered a playroom full of toys through all of the rooms: deliberately, wantonly, carelessly, finding it fun and not counting the consequences. My mother made me retrace my way through every room, picking up what I had dropped. Life was doing that to me now. I had thrown the bomber order away, along with other things, but I had to pick it up again.

"You are right," I told Tom Coulton. "That is the way to do it. I'll fly down to Washington and talk to people."

Outside, and alone, with the cold night air in my face, I felt at peace with myself. It was my destiny to build bombers, and I no longer quarreled with destiny. There was a price to each thing that a man wanted and only fools tried to escape the paying.

I let myself into our suite quietly, and there was one small lamp burning in the bedroom I wanted, suddenly, to talk to Anna, to tell her that we could be human again. I walked quietly to the side of the bed and stopped.

Anna slept usually as a child sleeps, rolled in a ball, her hair spread on the pillow as a golden background for her clearly etched, delicate profile. She slept now on her back with her hands folded across her chest, and there was a deep pallor in her face.

I knew a moment of terror when I thought she was dead. When I did shake off the terror, it was difficult to find her pulse. She slept almost without heartbeat, scarcely breathing . . . She was in the blue sleep.

Without a clue to follow, can Kirby find Anna again? The conclusion of this dramatic serial appears in July

This Is Blackmail *(Continued from page 39)*

of Torrio, the ex-gangster who wouldn't pay a cent, and the reactions of the three apparently respectable citizens, who paid $100 on the off-chance that their unknown blackmailer actually had something on them, illustrates a few of the paradoxes and improbabilities that stud the history of blackmail and help make it the most persistent and least apprehensible of all crimes.

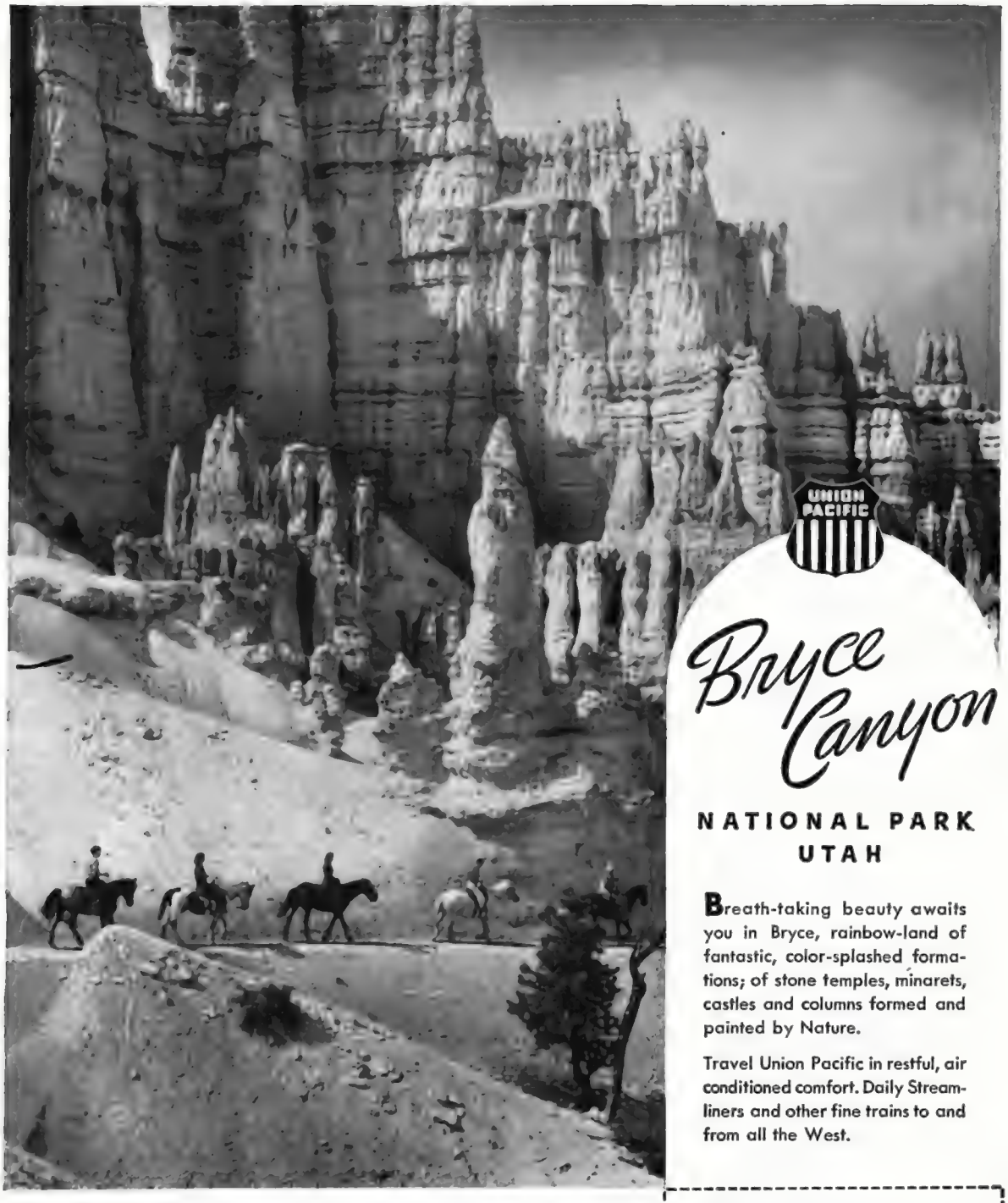
For more than two thousand years the odds have been stacked heavily in favor of the blackmailer. Although blackmail is the most abhorred and detested of crimes, it has remained the one offense in which society, the law, the press and the blackmailer seemingly conspired to make things really tough for the victim.

As recently as one hundred years ago blackmail, as we know it today, was not considered a crime. Not until 1863, in fact, did it become a criminal offense in France, the first country in Europe proper to adopt such legislation, and even today there is no law against blackmail in South Carolina, for example.

Once it did become punishable, district attorneys discovered that it was the most difficult crime to prosecute successfully, largely because the fleeced and frightened victim would usually prefer paying hush money to revealing his secret in open court to the press and to the world.

Today, however, the odds are no longer so heavily in favor of the blackmailer. Thanks to the pioneering efforts of a perceptive young district attorney in Manhattan and a lawyer with a flair for detective work, who left a huge corporate law firm to open his own highly specialized kind of investigating agency, the blackmail victim now has a better than fifty-fifty chance of getting off the blackmailer's hook without payment of hush money and without notoriety.

These two historic and hitherto unpublicized developments—of which more later—are products of the past decade;



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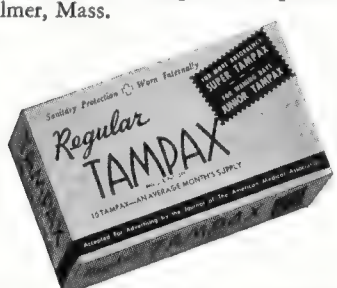

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

it has taken society so long to acquire even the most rudimentary weapons with which to cope with the "moral murderer"—the blackmailer.

During the early nineteen twenties, handsome, swarthy Hari Singh, nephew and heir to the Maharajah of Kashmir, a native state of northern India, was sent to Europe to make the grand tour. As was customary he was provided with a few million dollars for himself and his modest retinue, which included his aide-de-camp, a British captain. In Paris, young Singh became charmed with a Mrs. Robinson, a divorcee, to whom he had been introduced by his aide. After a few idyllic months in Paris, Cannes and London, Singh got a rude shock. It seemed that Mrs. Robinson was not divorced. A Mr. Robinson calmly told the Hindu that he was going to sue his wife for divorce and would name Hari Singh as corespondent in the action. He was careful to hint, however, that for a suitable sum he might be persuaded to forget about the divorce action. And by suitable he meant exactly $1,500,000.

Singh knew that he was particularly vulnerable since he was a high-caste Hindu involved in relations with a woman of no caste. The thought that an heir to a ruling prince could have his love affair paraded in a civil court and could be held to account because he admired the wife of plain Mr. Robinson was a humiliation to himself and to his country that simply could not be allowed to happen. He consulted his aide, and the latter quickly advised Singh to make the settlement, pointing out the alternatives of scandal and the possibility that the British Raj might consider Singh unsuitable to become Maharajah upon the death of his uncle.

The frightened Hindu signed two checks of $750,000 each, both payable on a London bank. The first check was cashed, and then the bottom dropped out of the despicable scheme. Mrs. Robinson's real husband appeared on the scene and attempted to collect, via the court, what he considered a fair portion of the blackmail money from his wife and her accomplice, the pseudo Mr. Robinson. Payment was stopped on the second check, the conspirators were arrested and the aide stood revealed as the keystone of the plot. He had received $200,000 as his end and had fled to Paris where he spent most of it.

When the Robinson case came to court, the British Colonial Office made strenuous attempts to conceal the name of the victim for fear of political repercussions in Kashmir. But American correspondents in London felt bound by no such restrictions and cabled Singh's name to their newspapers. After that, of course, the London papers followed suit.

As it happened, there were no political aftereffects in the $750,000 blackmail case. When Hari Singh's uncle died in 1925, a year after the case was closed, Singh became the present Maharajah of Kashmir, a ruler who had obtained an expensive education in the ways of Western blackmail.

America's most fantastic case of blackmail took place in 1930. It never reached the newspapers, the courts or even the district attorney. The New York police knew just enough about the details to force them to sit by helplessly while a prominent American banker and industrialist was mulcted of $250,000 by America's most successful blackmailer.

The standards of success in a profession not ordinarily recognized by vocational-guidance advisors are necessarily relative. In this instance the blackmailer is known to have practiced his profession for about twenty-eight years, during which time he had a gross income of nearly $2,000,000, which comes to a little more than $71,000 a year. Operating expenses were fairly heavy, but he managed to live in the grand manner in Palm Beach, Cannes, Paris, London and Biarritz. During those twenty-eight affluent years he was never arrested, put inside a jail, indicted or even subjected to the minor indignity of getting his name on a police blotter.

His name cannot be mentioned in this article. Calling a man a blackmailer is libelous and likely to be expensive if you can't prove it in court. And you couldn't. But thanks to John A. Lyons, New York State's Commissioner of Correction—he used to be Inspector of New York City's Police Department—I can describe America's foremost blackmailer. We had best call him "Smith," mainly because it isn't his real name and partly because his name is a simple Anglo-Saxon one. His parents were English, and it is believed he spent part of his youth in France. At the peak of his operations, in the roaring 'twenties, he had a small lithe figure, a little black mustache, sharp dark eyes and a flair for the right clothes.

"He was," Commissioner Lyons recalls vividly, "a consummate rogue." Lyons has just about given up hope that Smith will ever be an inmate of any of New York State's many prisons which are under the commissioner's jurisdiction. So far as is known, Smith retired from the field in 1939 when he was just past sixty. When last heard of he was living quietly in a New York suburb.

Like Smith's other jobs, the impressive $250,000 haul was carefully researched, prepared, stage-managed and rehearsed. He usually used a single accomplice. Invariably she was a pretty sixteen-year-old orphan with a birth certificate. Smith would take her under his wing and put her through an intensive one-year finishing-school education. At the same time she would acquire an extensive wardrobe and skillful make-up training so that she would look older—say twenty or twenty-one. By this time, of course, Smith had a complete dossier on his victim to be—the extent of his wealth, his previous involvements with women, a good insight into his character and a detailed knowledge of his immediate vacation plans. Smith favored shipboard romances. They progressed faster.

In this $250,000 case, the banker, after a few days aboard the luxury liner on which he was sailing to Europe, became very friendly with the demure lass. By the time they had returned to New York at the end of the summer, she was his mistress. Then, suddenly, the lovely, demure lass, with tears in her doe-brown eyes, informed the banker that her fiance had learned of the affair and threatened to break off their engagement. Naturally, the banker suspected a frame-up. After all, he had been around. His lawyer talked to the girl and initiated an investigation into her background. There was nothing incriminating to be found, and the girl modestly suggested that $50,000 would bring her fiance around to taking a broad-minded view of the affair with the banker. There was some wrangling and bargaining, but within a few weeks the girl got her $50,000. A few weeks later came

a demand to the banker for another $100,000.

Now the victim and his lawyer knew they were in the hands of clever blackmailers and the demands would go on indefinitely. They went to the police who were particularly happy to handle the case since they suspected that Smith was involved and they had been foiled by him so many times in the past. At this point the blackmailer played his ace.

One morning the maid in the girl's apartment and the clerk in her hotel visited the banker at his office. They told him that, under duress, they had signed affidavits to the effect that the affair had begun, so far as they knew, on a certain date that year. The date, according to a copy of the girl's birth certificate which the banker had received that morning, made it clear to him that his casual liaison was now, in the eyes of the law, quite a different matter. The girl had been under eighteen when the relationship began, which meant that according to New York law he had committed a felony—second-degree rape. As he visualized the lurid headlines that would result if the case came to trial, he knew he was licked. He called his lawyer, asked him to pay whatever the blackmailers wanted and asked the police to forget about the case. Eventually he paid a total of $250,000. The girl got about $20,000 from Smith—"Enough for a dowry," he used to say.

For every practiced professional blackmailer such as Smith, there were and are thousands of inexperienced amateurs who will seize a momentary opportunity to make what they think will be a small, safe haul and who will end up with a jail term.

There were the two young women who shared an apartment in New York. One was a bookkeeper in a large firm. She kept the books of a neighborhood food market in her spare time. Her roommate, a radio-script writer, wrote mystery shows, one of which dealt with the death of a blackmailer at the hands of one of his victims.

When the bookkeeper discovered what she thought to be a serious tax discrepancy in the food-store's books she mentioned it to her roommate, adding that she could probably make trouble for the man if she wanted to. They tossed the idea around playfully, and soon they were talking half-seriously of making the shopkeeper pay for his attempt to cheat the tax collector. Before long they had a scheme worked out to make the merchant pay $10,000.

The next day the bookkeeper told the victim-to-be that if he wanted the tax discrepancies concealed he would have to pay her $10,000. When he got over his momentary disbelief that the nice girl who had been doing his books was trying to shake him down for big money, the merchant stalled for time to think it over. He went to the district attorney who called in the police to arrange a trap. The trap worked. The girls were held for trial, and convicted.

Blackmail doesn't have to involve huge sums and deep plotting. Frequently it is a purely spur-of-the-moment idea. For example, there was the housewife in a Chicago suburb who was halted at the door of a supermarket by the manager who said that she had tried to walk out without paying for a twelve-cent bottle of lemon juice. He threatened to call the police and charge her with the theft if she didn't pay him $20 within a few hours. She paid him the money, but she had the presence of

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RECIPE FOR
UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM STUFFED EGG SALAD
3 hard-cooked eggs
Sliced tomato
1 head lettuce
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 can UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
A few drops lemon juice
French dressing
Cut eggs in halves lengthwise. Take out yolks carefully, mash to a smooth paste with UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM, mustard, lemon juice and melted butter. Refill whites of eggs with this mixture. Place a half egg on a slice of tomato, serve on lettuce with French dressing.
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mind to make sure that two detectives were hiding near by. They arrested the store manager as soon as he took the money.

In these two cases the food merchant and the housewife acted atypically. One authority estimates that ninety percent of all blackmail victims, intended or actual, do not go to the police. But then it's always been that way.

You see, under different names blackmail has been around a long, long time. The ancient Greeks knew the plague of this insidious crime and called their blackmailers, "sycophants." In Rome "delators" engaged in much the same practice. Strangely enough, the Greek and Roman counterparts of the modern blackmailer had nothing to fear from the law. As long as no violence accompanied their threats they could operate with impunity.

The word blackmail didn't come into existence, apparently, until the seventeenth century, during the days of strife on the Scottish border. Farmers were constantly harassed by roving bands of freebooters who demanded a mail, or tax, usually in the form of cattle, as the price of immunity from molestation. But, under a curious Elizabethan law, the victim who paid the extortioner was equally guilty with the robber, and in time the illegal "mail" payment became known as blackmail.

In the United States blackmail wasn't fully recognized as a major menace until World War I. In 1916, William J. Burns, head of the famous private detective agency, felt it necessary to warn the public thusly:

> More money is extorted every year by blackmailers than is lost through thieveries. More than a thousand expert gangs exist to collect money from the indiscreet or unrighteous rich, and the year's totals run into the millions. Scarcely ten percent of the victims report their troubles. A list of the more recent victims would contain many names of national prominence; its publication would create one of the greatest sensations this country has ever known . . . More blackmail is going on today than at any other time within my knowledge; it is not safe for a man or woman of wealth to make a chance acquaintance today in any large city.

Almost as if to confirm the detective's dire warning the United States Supreme Court ruled reluctantly, in 1917, that the Mann White Slave Traffic Act was as applicable to the New York businessman who took his girl friend to Atlantic City for a gay week end as it was to the gangs who controlled commercialized vice. For the next fifteen years this ruling was to serve as an informal charter for half the blackmailers in the United States.

The end of World War I brought with it a relaxation of the nation's private moral code, prohibition and an alarming growth of public hypocrisy. Blackmail couldn't have had more favorable conditions for luxuriant growth.

The postwar era became the incredible period when New York was overrun with scandal sheets such as Broadway Brevities which abstained from printing nasty and insinuating pieces about men and women in the public eye only when the latter undertook to place ads in the publication. Its victims included Tex Rickard, Lee Schubert, Texas Guinan ("Hello, sucker—myself," she said ruefully later), W. Averell Harriman and Peggy Joyce—even though the editor of Brevities admitted at his trial that he had no information reflecting on these people.

It was the time when almost anybody seemed fair game for the blackmailers. A conniving pair who pulled a badger-game variant on the mayor of Atlanta, asked for $500,000 and got a year on the chain gang when the wealthy mayor decided to fight rather than pay.

In Boston a powerful blackmail ring operated with the connivance of crooked city officials, and a group of indiscreet movie magnates were shaken down for $100,000 after a wild party in a Boston suburb. Later, Back Bay matrons, guilty of minor indiscretions, were blackmailed until one decided to take the fight into the open. In a ringing statement to the press the forgotten heroine declared:

> Family and name are fine things, but character is a finer thing. I would be unworthy of my name if I were unready to defend it, even though it involves unpleasant experiences.

In Chicago, Al Capone, with an eye to future attempts to get him behind bars, began collecting highly compromising photos of leading Chicago businessmen—the kind who might sit on a grand jury.

In the early 'thirties New York was titillated when two public figures decided to carry their fight against blackmailers into open court. The newspapers had a field day when a leading advertising man and the son of a former governor admitted their indiscretions in court and told how they had already paid considerable sums to their blackmailers.

Public sympathy was naturally on the side of the victims who bravely decided to fight back, but even more revealing were the hundreds of letters sent to each of the men. Most of the missives were apparently from other blackmail victims who wished that they had had the courage to fight their blackmailers.

When the incredible Coster-Musica masquerade reached the unmasking hour in the late 'thirties, it turned out that the secret wasn't such a secret after all. Apart from his family, at least six persons had known all along that Musica, the ex-bootlegger, was now Coster, the president of McKesson-Robbins. Each of the six had been blackmailing Coster, and one of them sold his silence for a $6,000-a-year sinecure with the drug firm.

By the beginning of 1939 there were so many blackmail cases being tried all over the country that the New York District Attorney's office felt it necessary to tell people what to do in case of blackmail.

> Don't pay anything. Don't go on the theory that the first payment to a blackmailer will end your case. Blackmail is like a cancer . . . the blackmailer will continue just as long as his victim has the capacity to pay . . . we make every effort for secrecy to protect the name of the victim . . . but of course if a trial develops, the names of the victims as well as the blackmailer are bound to come out . . . But the victim usually turns out to be a hero.

The trouble was that practically no blackmail victim wanted to be a public hero and incidentally have his major or minor indiscretion paraded in court.

Then, quite unexpectedly a few months later, a remarkable series of events led an assistant district attorney in Man-

hattan to the important concept that was to become the first effective American contribution in the battle against blackmail.

It all started, as many police dramas do, with an informer. Early in 1939 this "stoolie" passed along a tip to a friendly detective. It seemed that an old confidence-game veteran was boasting he had fallen into an even better racket, one that yielded him $600 for just a few hours' work. Naturally the detective's curiosity was aroused. The braggart was picked up and brought in for questioning. After a little persuasion the old con artist talked, and before long the detective knew that he had the biggest thing to hit New York in a decade.

For one thing, the $600 figure was way off; it was nearer $6,000.

Recently the detective, now retired, told me how he felt when he realized the immensity and audacity of the scheme. "It was like reaching into a piggy bank for a nickel and finding it filled with twenty-dollar gold pieces."

District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey was quickly notified. Dewey assigned the case to a trusted assistant, Herman T. Stichman, now New York State Commissioner of Housing. Stichman was then handling special and difficult cases for the office, but even he had no idea of just how special and difficult this incredible case was going to be.

As other members of the gang implicated one another, the story and the names of the victims came tumbling out. This was not, Stichman quickly realized, any routine blackmail case.

In nearly every case the victims were well-known and well-to-do or wealthy. The most thoroughly fleeced of them had paid $85,000, but most of them had been left alone after paying the gang only $20,000. A random estimate indicated that six out of ten of them were in Who's Who. About ten of the victims were European diplomats or millionaires who had fallen afoul of blackmailers during visits to the United States.

All of the victims had one thing in common. They were homosexuals. In this post-Kinsey day it should come as no surprise that an estimated two percent of American males are believed to be homosexuals. This is hardly the place to discuss the ethics or morals involved, but in most states homosexual relations are considered a serious crime.

Assistant District Attorney Stichman had their names, and he had the operational details by which they were fleeced, but he knew that the toughest part of the job still lay ahead—a view that was quickly confirmed after a few discreet talks with some of the victims. Nothing could persuade them to go into open court and testify against the blackmailers.

The trouble was, of course, that Stichman could not promise them a secret trial which would protect their identity. The venerable Anglo-Saxon tradition of open trial had been amended in cases involving the legitimacy of children or sex crimes involving children, and in cases where it was necessary to reveal a trade secret in court. For such cases the trials could be held *in camera* at the discretion of the judge, but no such provision had even been made for blackmail cases. Obviously, a trade secret was a more precious commodity than a man's reputation.

For a time it looked as if the blackmailing gang would get off scot-free for lack of complainants. When Stichman analyzed his problem he realized that it rested primarily on newspaper pub-

licity. Was there any way it could be eliminated?

Yes, there was—but only with the co-operation of the newspapers. He took his idea to his chief, Dewey, and asked to have a try at it. The reporters who covered the D. A.'s office and Criminal Courts were called in. They were given the full details in the mass blackmail case and the difficulties of prosecution were pointed out to them. The reporters were sympathetic to the idea, but naturally they had to get the okay of their editors. When the latter responded favorably, Stichman was able to assure the blackmail victims that their names would not emerge in any newspaper.

Thus assured, they gave their full co-operation and some twenty-three members of the ring were convicted and sent to jail for long terms. It was the most important blackmail prosecution in New York's history, and Dewey and Stichman were elated, but they knew there was still more to do. Stichman secured the co-operation of Dr. George W. Henry of the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic in New York and, through him, some of the most eminent psychiatrists in the city. A panel of doctors was established to attempt to cure the victims and certain of the decoys of their abnormal sex proclivities.

Today Stichman's method of handling blackmail cases has become a standard procedure for the New York District Attorney's office. Recently, Vincent A. G. O'Connor, assistant D. A. who has handled most of the blackmail cases for District Attorney Frank S. Hogan under this voluntary no-publicity device explained how it works now.

> When the victims of blackmail come to our office they are filled with a terrible sense of frustration. They're eager for help but fearful of exposure. Sometimes their attorneys encourage them to tell us of their plight. In other instances the victim himself finally gathers enough courage to seek our aid. We promise the victim that we will use every effort to persuade the newspapers not to publish his identity. We are fortunate in being able to point out the record of the city's press in co-operating with our office in withholding the names of the victims of blackmail for the past nine years.
>
> To prevent any ulterior disclosure by the defendant of the victim's identity either before or during trial we make it clear that any such move will be brought to the attention of the Court at the time of the defendant's sentencing.
>
> We recognize, that the wrongdoer in these extortion situations is the blackmailer, even though the victim may himself come to us with "unclean hands." Our concern is to prosecute the extortioner, and we believe that society and the ends of justice are served by that prosecution rather than concerning ourselves with the possible moral offense of the victim whose weakness has been seized upon.

Although this enlightened approach towards the victims of blackmail has resulted in a number of successful prosecutions that would never have taken place ordinarily, the method is not ideal. For one thing, even the mere fact that they have to appear in open court is sufficient to deter many of the victims from pressing their complaints.

In New York a group of lawyers is now urging the adoption of legislation that would make it mandatory for all blackmail cases to be heard in secret session. The group is headed by Harris B. Steinberg, a widely experienced attorney who, as an assistant district attorney under Dewey, and Hogan, used to prosecute blackmailers.

Since there is every indication that blackmail itself is not on the decline, despite the remarkably low incidence of such cases in our largest cities, the question arises: What do blackmail victims do? Is there some agency they can turn to with hope?

Today, in most of our larger cities, there are at least one or two "blackmail specialists." I call them that for want of a better name. It's quite a new profession, and none of its busy practitioners have yet done anything about proper nomenclature. They are almost always lawyers with a flair for detective work. In the legal field this kind of specialization is sometimes called "trial preparations," but the euphemism is not exact. The preparations these specialists make are not for trial but mainly to release their clients from the toils of blackmailers without going to trial.

The principal difference between a cynical realist and a frustrated idealist is in the choice of words.

—Lytle Robinson.

These unusual lawyers differ in many respects from the typical private detective. For one thing they never court publicity. They get most of their cases from fellow lawyers. And since they are lawyers everything their clients tell them is privileged and can remain secret. No judge or district attorney or police official can violate this secrecy.

Let's take a close look at one of these "blackmail specialists." At forty-four John G. Broady is a big, heavy man who is addicted to high, starched collars that make him look like an old-style Wall Street broker. In 1938, after working for a leading corporate law firm for eleven years as a "trial preparation" expert, Broady went out on his own. Today he employs eighteen highly skilled investigators, fifteen men and three women, most of whom earn between $10,000 and $15,000 a year, far more than the average operator in a private detective agency makes. Broady and his staff have handled some three hundred blackmail cases.

The techniques that the blackmail specialists have evolved range all the way from the utterly simple to the dazzlingly complex. The simplest ones to handle are frame-ups involving homosexuality or Mann Act violations. In both instances it's easy for the investigator to show the victim that prosecutions of ordinary citizens for either of these offenses are so rare as to be practically nonexistent, mainly because local and federal district attorneys have long been aware of the blackmailer's use of those violations.

For the tougher cases the techniques vary, but in essence they revolve around one central theme which was pointed out to me by a blackmail specialist in Washington. "Nearly every blackmailer," he explained, "is vulnerable on some point. The trick is to find the vulnerable point and squeeze him with it so your client is left alone."

When the blackmailer is possessed of no Achilles heel, the going really gets tricky. At this point the blackmail investigator usually erects a plot structure that would do credit to a slick confidence man. He lures the blackmailer with another promising blackmail victim who is, of course, a talented operator attached to the investigator's office. This time, complete dictaphone records are kept of the shakedown attempt, and at the proper moment the blackmailer is confronted with the evidence and an indignant ex-victim who is completely determined to prosecute unless the blackmailer is ready to listen to terms. The terms are, of course, that he will have nothing more to do with the man he originally set out to blackmail, the client of the agency.

Although these elaborate plots are usually successful they take some time to erect, and an impatient investigator is frequently tempted to trot out his most elementary weapon against the blackmailer—violence. When the blackmailer is a lone operator he is likely to drop the victim after a few severe beatings by husky men who greet him, "So you're the so-and-so who is shaking down our old pal?" It's a primitive method but sometimes very effective.

From the blackmail investigators you can get a pretty accurate picture of the people who are favored as victims by blackmailers. They agree that the old-time badger game, which has been around since Queen Anne's day, is definitely on the decline. So is the other blackmail favorite of the past, the "innocent woman" who finds herself pregnant after relations with the victim. Thanks to tests for pregnancy and blood tests for paternity, she is finding it harder to collect.

Today, more and more blackmail revolves around fraudulent income-tax returns. In its simplest forms the extortion is subtly extracted, and many an ordinary bookkeeper who knows where the other set of books is kept is kept on at an outsize salary of, say, $150 a week. (There is no statute of limitations on the prosecution of a tax case in which fraud is involved.) On the more complex levels of this specialized blackmail, huge sums are involved, and many a big businessman is really sorry today that he tried to pull a fast one on Mr. Whiskers. In some cases he has already paid out more in blackmail to a crooked accountant or former revenue agent than he cheated the government out of.

Perhaps the most pitiful blackmail victims are refugees who get tired of waiting in Cuba and Mexico for the magic visas and are tempted by the offers of a gang to smuggle them into the United States. Once they are in and settled down, the gang commences blackmail operations. The refugees, of course, can turn to no one since they are in the country illegally. Usually they pay until their small cash reserves vanish, and sometimes they commit suicide.

As long as man remains a sinner, the blackmailer—one of the meanest kinds of sinner himself—is likely to thrive. After centuries of indirectly helping the blackmailer to attain his ends, it now looks as if society has begun to decide that it is much more sensible to help the victim rather than his tormentor.

THE END

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The Last of Monparnasse

(Continued from page 37)

Montparnasse for two hundred, but even in the dimness I could see from the woman's face how much the sale of the book meant to her. My friend could afford it. So I said, "No, if you want it, it's a bargain."

He bought "Ulysses" and "The Tropic of Cancer," and the woman quickly put the fresh banknotes inside her dress. After that I saw her take out a cigarette lighter and snap it open and reach for his hand. This was her other racket—palmistry. She leaned forward over his hand, holding the cigarette lighter which, of course, she had had all the while, though she asked for a light just to open the conversation. Amused, I leaned forward to listen. At my gesture she sat up suddenly and said, "Can't read if someone is listening." Then her eyes widened a little, and she mentioned my name. "You don't remember me, do you?" she asked.

I said that I was afraid I didn't, although her face was very familiar. She said, "I'm Esther Brant."

And then I knew. The soft, flabby outline of the face seemed to retreat, and in my imagination I saw a fresh, rather high-colored face that, eighteen years before, had been, if not beautiful, at least distinctly pleasant with a faint shadow of hidden voluptuousness. I reflected that she could not be much more than forty, but she looked much older. In the eyes, surrounded by puffy shadows, there was a look of hurt because I had not recognized her.

I had seen her for the first time at a studio party in Montparnasse in 1920. That had been another Paris, another world that had long since disappeared, a world largely dominated by English and Americans of such importance and numbers that the Paris Herald had devoted a column to their doings called "Among the Latin Quarter Folke."

The people of that world, save for a few established characters like Gertrude Stein and Ford Madox Ford, were newcomers and young, and they all meant to be painters, writers or singers. They had fled from the materialism of America in order to "grow" and express themselves without the restraints of bourgeois suppressions. Nearly all of them lived in tiny rooms or chilly apartments on the Left Bank on small allowances sent from good, solid, middle-class American families. Most of the day and a good part of the night they spent at sidewalk cafes talking about the work they meant to do. There was some free love involved, and now and then a case of adolescent alcoholism, but one had the feeling that most of them worked at these things, driven by the sheer determination to be Bohemian. It was all rather like a game played by children, with the same gaiety and pretense—on the whole a pleasant tinselly world—while it lasted. Out of it there came one or two considerable talents, but the possessors thereof had character as well as talent, and they escaped in time. On the other hand there were a

great many casualties which would never have occurred if young people had stayed at home in small towns all over the United States and married and had families and gone to country clubs and movies on Friday nights.

As I remember it, the party at which I met Esther Brant was given for her by Mr. and Mrs. Peverill Bailey at their studio in the Rue Casimir Delavigne. It was an enormous room with a north skylight in the roof which, on that winter night in Paris, permitted a great deal of cold air to descend like an invisible waterfall on the guests. The only refuge against it was a vast red-hot iron stove about which the women huddled to keep warm.

Of course Mrs. Peverill Bailey could easily have afforded a well-heated flat, but she preferred this cold, drafty studio, as did most of the others in the room. At that time Mrs. Bailey must have been forty, and she had had a rather extraordinary career. Until she was about thirty she had been a schoolteacher in a small town in Indiana. Then, out of a clear sky, she inherited a large fortune from a rich uncle whom she had scarcely known. On the day she inherited the money she walked out of the local high school and never taught another day. From then on she had devoted her life to "expressing herself."

This she did by going first to Chicago where she set herself up in a flat and went to art school. In a little while, by virtue of her money, vitality and persistence, she had made a place for herself in the semi-Bohemian world. She married a little-known writer, who died three years later.

Almost immediately after the war she turned up in Paris, married to Peverill Bailey, a young poet who had been much praised and who actually had written verse which is likely to live.

Mrs. Bailey was a handsome woman, looking less than her age, rather high-colored and flamboyant, with red hair which she wore braided and coiled over her ears. She would have been better-looking if she had been less complicated in appearance, but she was one of those women who follow the rule of "what you can't carry, wear." She wore long earrings of an exotic Oriental design and innumerable necklaces, bangles and bracelets, all superimposed upon dresses made of brocades or covered with peasant embroidery. She had a certain warmth of personality and considerable voluptuousness. To many men she was genuinely attractive. It was as if, with the inheritance of much money and the freedom it brought her, she had blossomed out in an effort to compensate for all the blighted years spent in spinsterhood and schoolteaching, and in her campaign she had overdone it.

The great mystery was why Peverill Bailey had married a woman so much older than himself. At that time he must have been about twenty-five, with a good war record and a couple of medals behind him, as well as some really good and virile verse. He was a singularly handsome fellow, a little over middle height with a compact, agile body, blond hair, blue eyes and a very

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fair skin. Because he was attractive to both men and women, he got, unjustifiably, through the somewhat naive Quarter gossip, a reputation for things of which he was wholly innocent. The fact that he was married to a much older woman led certain thwarted admirers to enlarge upon the gossip.

In reality he was a nice kid with a gift for words, who was a little bewildered by the noisy, pretentious and unreal world into which his wife had projected him. Left alone he would probably have remained a wholesome outdoor type in the Colorado where he was born, as engagingly innocent as he appeared to be and probably was at heart. He had been known in the Army as Bill. The name Peverill was an idea of his wife's.

He had one great failing. He was one of those men who had no head for drinking, but he had very little opportunity to drink because he was rarely out of his wife's sight.

She had for him a devouring, overwhelming physical passion which was apparent to anyone who cared to notice. I had seen her dig her nails into the palms of her hands at the sight of him talking and laughing with a pretty girl.

Yet, inexplicably—as inexplicable as her marriage itself—she brought to Paris from her home town in Indiana, a very pretty girl called Esther Brant, a girl nearly twenty years younger than herself.

That night I found myself standing before Mrs. Peverill Bailey, clanking with bangles, and the very pretty girl. Emma Bailey said in her deep warm voice, "This is my cousin, Esther Brant." She laughed and added, "I've brought her to Paris to find her a husband."

The girl smiled shyly and said, "Oh, I'm not worrying about that."

Mrs. Bailey patted the girl's hand. "I was only teasing," she said. "A girl ought to have a good time before she marries, just as much as a man. I've never been sorry I had my fling first." And again she laughed, this time rather hysterically, I thought. It was obvious that she had not had her fling before marriage but was having it now, on the threshold of middle age.

Then, moving majestically in a clatter of jewelry and bangles, Mrs. Bailey left us for the group clustered around Peverill, who was telling a story.

Left alone with Esther Brant, I found her charming. I learned that she had just arrived in Paris. It was her first visit and, like so many young people, she found it exciting.

She said, "I envy people like you who are able to live here. I'm in love with the city already."

"How long do you plan to stay?"

"I'm going home in April." She blushed suddenly and said, "You see that stuff of Emma's about getting me a husband was all a joke. She doesn't think the young man I'm going to marry is very interesting, and she hopes it'll break up and I'll marry somebody brilliant. She says she doesn't know why I want to settle down in Indiana." Esther put down her wine glass and said, "There isn't much chance of my

changing my mind. I'm being married in June, and there'll be so many things to do to get ready for the wedding."

I congratulated her and said, for want of something better, "So you are having your last fling before you settle down?"

"Yes."

I continued, to make conversation, "Doesn't the young man object?"

She laughed, "Yes, but he wanted me to have the trip. If I'd been coming over alone, it would have been different, but staying with Emma and Peverill made it all right. You see, he's a distant cousin of Emma's. I'm not the cousin really; George is. And anyway he's very busy. His father owns a big stove works, and he's been quite ill, so George —that's my fiance—has had to take on most of the responsibility. I expect he'll be so busy he won't mind my being away."

The wine seemed to heighten the color in her face. "They're very good to me—Emma and Peverill. He's so nice. I think he's charming, don't you?"

She went on talking, mostly about herself and about the town in Indiana and her fiance, and I saw presently that underneath all her excitement and gratitude to the Baileys, she was already a little homesick. The picture which grew out of her conversation was one of utter security and happiness. She would go home in April and marry George, and they would settle down in a nice house in the right part of town and have children and go to the country club. She would do her shopping in Chicago, and once a year they would go to New York for a week. Presently George's father would die and George would take over the stove works and as time went on they'd be pleasantly middle-aged with a growing family . . .

I said, "Well, you must let me help to show you Paris. I know it pretty well. You see, I went to school here."

"I'd love that," she said, and then, after a pause, "Of course, I'll have to ask Emma, so it won't interfere with her plans. She usually likes me to go out with her and Peverill."

I laughed. "I promise not to seduce you away from your fiance."

Again she blushed. "I didn't mean that. It's that Emma likes us all to go out together."

I didn't like the prospect of Emma. I had meant to show the girl sections of Paris outside the Latin Quarter which the Baileys could never show her. But I said, "Very well, I'll ask them too."

Then Emma joined us again. "I've just had an argument with Pev," she said guilelessly. "He was drinking."

She was always talking about Peverill's drinking, although actually he rarely drank at all. "I had to take the glass right out of his hand," she said. "Sometimes I wonder what would become of him if I didn't keep an eye on him all the time."

The party began to break up. I said good night to Emma and Peverill, still wondering at the strange combination. The little drink he had had made him gay, and I thought how handsome and young he was and wondered how Emma had kept the other women away from him. We made a date for dinner—the

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Baileys, Esther Brant and myself—and Emma Bailey insisted on going to Maxim's which she had never seen and where, alas, her bizarre jewelry and clothes would stick out like a sore thumb.

The dinner was exactly as I had expected, with Emma Bailey tricked out artily like the ten-thousand-dollar beauty in a circus parade. She was talkative and overpowering and at times kittenish. She permitted Peverill to have one glass of champagne, while she drank a great deal.

I did not ask Esther Brant to dine with me again, so after that evening I saw her only when we met at other Latin Quarter parties.

But about the end of February I began to hear gossip about scenes which Emma Bailey made in public, accusing Peverill not only of drinking but of infidelity. She constantly made cutting and sarcastic remarks to Esther Brant, and there was a story, coming, it was reported, from the concierge, that Peverill and Esther had been seen in each other's arms, and that Emma Bailey had had hysterics and screamed steadily for half an hour.

I never paid much attention to the gossip, except to hope it wasn't true for the sake of Esther Brant, who was a nice girl, and for the sake of George, who had the stove works and was going to marry her in June.

But Esther never returned home, because—before April came—she and Peverill disappeared together from Paris and left Emma alone with her studio, her knickknacks and her fury.

To say that she did not behave well is an understatement. She hired detectives and ran Esther and Peverill to ground in a boardinghouse at Nice. When Peverill would not even see her, she tried to have them both arrested for adultery under an ancient, half-forgotten French law. When they escaped her by going to England, she began a concentrated campaign of vituperation and scandal. She accused Peverill of every kind of vice, which delighted a good many of the Latin Quarter people. But in the end she defeated her own ends because she became a bore.

Gradually the scandal died down. I went to America and forgot about the Baileys. I doubt that I ever thought of any of them again until the night in La Vache Contente when Esther Brant said, "You don't remember me, do you?"

In the corner at the Vache Contente I apologized for not remembering her, saying, "It's a long time, and I've been so many places and seen so many people that sometimes I don't remember my own name. Go on, finish your reading. I won't listen. We'll have a talk afterward."

I turned to my English friend on the other side, and Esther Brant applied all her attention to the palm reading. I watched her out of the corner of my eye, and wondered who the man with her could be and where she had found him. I guessed that they were not married and that some kind of desperation held them together.

When the reading was finished, my friend said, "You know, she's very good. She told me a lot of things."

Then I introduced my two companions, explaining that Esther Brant was an old friend I had not seen in nearly twenty years. It was not quite true, but it sounded well. I wanted to give her some kind of dignity, and that was the puerile way in which I attempted to do so.

She made no effort to rouse the man beside her or to introduce him and I said, aware that in such a place and among strangers we could not talk, "Let's get together soon for lunch or a drink and talk about old times?"

Surprisingly she said, "I'd like to have lunch or a drink, but I'm not sure I'd like to talk over old times."

"Where shall it be?" I asked.

She opened the bag again and took out a card, "Here," she said. "There's a cafe. It's off the Rue Christine, not far from the Rue Bonaparte."

"When?"

"Any day you like."

"Tomorrow about twelve?"

"Okay."

I wanted to help her—she seemed so desperate.

Then she said, "I'd better take him home while I can still get him there."

She shook her companion gently, and presently he opened his eyes in a foggy way. She managed to get him to his feet and led him, this time actually by the hand, across the open space until their shabby figures were lost in the shadows and smoke.

I flipped open my cigarette lighter and looked at the card. It read: "Madame Blanchard, Clairvoyante, Seance, Hotel Mercedes, 17 Rue de Chat Haret (Xie)"

One of my friends said, "A seedy-looking pair."

"Yes, there's quite a remarkable story behind her. She should be the President of the Women's Club in Masonville, Indiana, instead of selling banned books in the Vache Contente. Somehow she got off the track."

My other friend yawned and said, "Let's get out of here."

The Hotel Mercedes was a shabby place which I found with some difficulty.

When I opened the cafe door, Esther was waiting for me, the only customer save two taxi drivers and a wood-and-coal porter having a drink at the bar. It was chilly in the place, and she wore what seemed to be a new hat, rather gay and perky, with a pair of brilliant red feathers thrust through the crown.

As I came toward her she smiled and said, "Well?"

It was an awkward moment. What did one say under such circumstances? I overdid it by saying, "Well, it was certainly luck, running into you last night."

She knew perfectly well it wasn't lucky at all. She shrugged her shoulders, and somehow it was a bitter gesture. So I said quickly, "What about a drink? Then we'll go and eat?"

She turned and called out, "Marcel!" and a little gnome of a man in a coarse blue apron came to take our order.

"Where do you want to eat?" I asked.

She made a curious reply, "Anywhere but in the Quarter." When I made no comment, she said, "I've given all that up. I live on the edge of it, but we never go to the old places."

"What would you like? Good food or some showy place?"

"Good food."

The waiter brought our drinks, and we sat making small talk about the weather, about war which, in 1938, one encountered everywhere. She asked me about my English friends, and I explained how I had been showing them around.

"It's an awful place—the Vache Contente," she said. "Old Joe isn't a bad guy, but some of the waiters are skunks. Joe doesn't mind my coming in. His clients like to get the books the easy way, and he likes to please them. I buy the books for one hundred francs and sell them for five hundred and old Joe's headwaiter gets a cut of a hundred francs. In a place like that, if the customers want something forbidden they don't mind being gypped. It's one of the best spots I hit all night."

"It sounds like a pretty good business."

"It's all right," she said. "It makes ends meet."

We finished our drinks and walked to the Rue Bonaparte for a taxi. We drove to the Rue Matignon where there was an excellent small restaurant in which we could pass unnoticed. I had the feeling that what Esther Brant

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wanted was to talk, and I confess that I wanted to listen.

The restaurant was a gay little place, and the cocktails were good. We had four apiece before eating. A quiet gaiety came into Esther's manner, and presently we drifted away from banalities and made conversation on the subject which interested me most—what had happened to her since we last met to change everything so completely.

I said, "When I last saw you, you were planning to return to America in the spring to be married."

"That never happened," she said. "You must have heard the gossip that went around."

"Yes—but I never really knew anything."

She put down her glass and looked for a moment out into the street. Then very quietly she said, "We fell in love." I have heard the phrase uttered a good many times, but never with such seriousness. It was spoken with a kind of wonder and awe, as if she stood at a great distance regarding herself and Peverill Bailey and what had happened to them.

She said, "I didn't think such a thing was possible. Even now I sometimes doubt that it ever happened. It stole up on both of us." And as she spoke a certain glow came into her face, and she became almost beautiful and young again.

I said, "It must have been difficult with Emma about, never allowing him out of her sight."

"In the beginning it wasn't difficult because neither of us even thought of such a thing. For myself everything was planned—to the end of my life. I was going back to Masonville and be married and live there forever. As for Pev—well, he was unhappy. I don't think that he really knew how unhappy he had been until after it happened. I think I first noticed it when we were left alone in a room together. Emma never left us for very long, but when she did, there was a certain awkwardness between us—as if we were shy and afraid of each other. We couldn't speak naturally to each other."

She looked at me suddenly, "You know, don't you, how really innocent Pev was? He was nothing but a boy who had been kidnaped. Emma got him drunk one night in Chicago when he took her home to her studio from a party. She kept him in that condition for nearly a week." Bitterness came into Esther's face, making it suddenly old again. "It was like an old roue debauching a young girl, and when Pev finally sobered up he was married to her."

"I always wondered how it happened. It seemed so unlikely that a good-looking boy like that would ever voluntarily marry a woman like Emma."

"Of course, once she was married to him she never let him drink much and never allowed him out of her sight. He didn't resist for two reasons, I think—because he had a peculiar sense of honor which, once he was married, made him protect her. It made him keep up the illusion, in public at least, that theirs was a happy marriage. And, in spite of everything, hard as it is to believe, he was sorry for her." She sighed. "Of course, he was weak too. Otherwise he would have rebelled and walked out on her. Even so, he was bound to run away from her someday when she became intolerable."

I said, "If you don't want to tell me any of this, you needn't."

She replied, "I like talking about it. You see, I think it's the first time I ever talked about it to anyone."

It seemed that the awkwardness, the shyness between the two of them increased with each occasion on which they found themselves alone, until one day when she was standing with her back to him, because she could not look into his eyes, he came up behind her, put his arms about her waist and pressed his cheek against hers. She did not struggle to free herself, and he whispered, "I love you, darling, very much."

We can't love because we ought to. Love comes and goes and we can none of us help ourselves.

—W. Somerset Maugham.

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Looking away from me she said, "The room seemed to rock all about me. I couldn't see anything clearly, and for a long time I couldn't speak. We just stood there in silence. I thought: We mustn't do this . . . we mustn't.

"There is always a moment in such affairs when one or the other has the power to stop it before it is too late. That was my moment. With a great effort I could have said, 'No. This mustn't happen. I'll go away, and we'll never see each other again.' In that split second I might have done so, and all our lives would have been different—but I heard Emma's voice in the hallway calling an order to one of the servants, and I thought: No. I can't let her have him. I can't! I can't! I heard him whisper, 'Say it! Say it!' and I heard myself from a long way off saying, 'I love you too!' Then quickly I left him, knowing that at any moment Emma would come in and that she must not find us together. She would have read everything in our faces.

"In my own room I lay on the bed for a long time in a half-fainting condition. You see, I was a very silly and inexperienced girl who had understood nothing of what was happening. And now I understood not only what had happened but a great many things which, as an innocent, I had never experienced. The way I was brought up, no one had ever really told me anything. But lying there on the bed I could still feel his arms about my waist, his face against mine. It was too late then to turn back. You see, I hadn't had any idea until then what kind of woman I was." A look, almost of anguish, came into her face. "You know what he looked like then—very beautiful and clean. He had a kind of radiant beauty. That awful woman with her dyed red hair and her bangles was like corruption itself.

"From that afternoon on," she said, "life became misery."

It was not Emma and the fact of stealing Emma's husband that had troubled Esther most. It was the thought of her fiance in Masonville running the stove works and waiting for her, of her own family and background, everything she had ever been. If she let the thing happen, she would be cut off from all of them forever. And out of her small-town upbringing, she had, as Peverill had, a sense of honor and decency, a respect for solidity and permanence and decent behavior.

"It is difficult now," Esther Brant said, "to understand or believe how much I suffered. One day I would try to avoid him and plan to steal out of the house and go back to America, and the next I would be planning how we should meet—outside the house. You see, we did meet. I would pretend to visit the Louvre, which bored Emma, and he would go to the bank, the one place she permitted him to go without her. But we got no satisfaction out of these meetings because there was always about them a sense of frustration, of my own confusion and lack of decision. I wanted to run away, but whenever I tried I knew I could not. And all the time I was answering George's letters, writing him about Paris, just as if I were going home, when all the time I knew I wasn't."

Then, of course, the inevitable happened. Someone saw them together in the Louvre and told Emma, and when they returned home separately, she was waiting like a cat.

"It was awful," Esther Brant said. "She screamed and cursed and tried to kill me with a bronze statuette. She was a big woman and a violent one, but Pev was muscular and strong. The only way he could subdue her was to throw her on the floor like a wrestler and hold her down. While she moaned and struggled he said to me, 'Take your things and go to the Hotel du Rhin. You can't stay here.'

"I did what he told me to do and got a taxi and left. He told me afterward that he held her down until I got away. And all the time she was cursing him. You see, the terrible thing was that although he was indispensable to her, she really hated him for being young and the cause of all her torture. At the hotel I sat in my room not knowing what to do—I could weep when I think how young I was—and at last, after waiting for a couple of hours, there was a knock on the door and Pev was there. He said, 'Come on. I have tickets for Nice. We'd better get out before she does something terrible.'

She paused for a moment, again looking away from me. Then she said, "It was as simple as that. We never really arranged anything."

In the train compartment that night they were alone for the first time, and their doom was sealed. From then on she was lost. "After that night, nothing else mattered at all—ever."

When Emma found that there was no hope of ever getting the boy back she began the persecution which went on for years. In addition to the damage done by her tongue, she kept bringing civil suits and even tried to have them arrested for adultry. For three years the two young people hid out in Switzerland, in Germany, in England.

"It did not matter much," Esther Brant said. "We were happy enough. What Emma did was of no importance. It was all that I had lost at home. Emma made certain that the whole story with all kinds of vicious fabricated details reached Masonville. I wrote to George and tried to explain to him, but of course there was nothing I could explain. He behaved well—too well—for he forgave me and said that if ever he could help I could call on him—until he died. It would have been much better if he had abused me.

"Then my parents came to London and tried to make me come home. George had sent word by them that he would forget everything and we would be married if I came home. But it wasn't any good. I've never seen my father since, and I saw my mother only once—in Paris ten years ago. I don't even write them except an occasional note, without any address, to let them know I am alive.

"You see, I had a little money my grandfather left me, and Pev and I lived on that. It wasn't difficult in those days. We had each other and didn't need much else. Once we wrote to Emma suggesting that she divorce him, but she simply wrote back, 'Do you think I'm crazy. Only death will divorce us!'

"We couldn't go back to Paris as long as Emma stayed there, and we couldn't go to America because Emma threatened all kinds of publicity and even declared in a newspaper interview that she would drag us through the courts and have Pev arrested for moral turpitude."

So for five or six years they wandered about Europe, most of the time in a happiness so great that nothing else existed. Peverill didn't write any more. He said he couldn't. When he tried to, the stuff he turned out was no good, and he tore it up. Presently he began to drink.

"It was awful, but there was no way of stopping him," she said. "You see, it took so little to make him drunk, and after the first drink he was lost. I tried to stop him by never letting him out of my sight until one day, with horror, I thought: I'm getting just like Emma. Whatever happens I can't do that. It wasn't any good anyway because he'd find a way to get it. He said he wasn't worth anything, that he couldn't write any more, that he'd ruined my life—that but for him I might be living in Masonville, respectably married and raising a family. And then I began to notice what Emma had noticed, that wherever we went the women looked at him, sometimes in a way that turned your stomach. You see, it wasn't only that he was good-looking. He looked so young. They didn't only want to make love to him. They wanted to mother him."

She paused abruptly and color came into her puffy face. "There," she said, "I've said it. That's why I never gave him up. It's terrible when those two things are involved—passion and the maternal instinct. I began to think, in awful lonely moments, that there must be something evil about him that was turning me into another Emma. Often I felt jealousy eating into me like acid, although I knew that he was never unfaithful and that there were moments when everything was as it had been—in the beginning."

Emma returned suddenly to America, and Esther and Peverill went back to Paris, to the Latin Quarter, but Emma had left behind her an atmosphere of poison, and after a little while they stopped going to parties and seeing the people they had once known. Then the Great Depression came along. Americans no longer had money, and in a few months Montparnasse was emptied, and they were left almost alone.

"We would have gone home, too, except that neither of us had any home to go to, and Emma was always there threatening to make the worst possible scandal." A look of weariness came suddenly into her eyes. She said, "By then Pev couldn't manage things any longer, and when the depression came my money went too. That's when I had to begin taking care of both of us."

She stopped talking abruptly. I waited for her to go on, but she seemed to feel that this was the end of the story.

Then I said, "There's one thing you haven't told me."

"What?"

"What became of Peverill?"

She looked at me with astonishment. "Are you trying to kid me?"

"No,"

I think the sincerity of my voice and look answered her doubts. She laughed, and it was a wry and tragic laugh. "That was Pev with me last night."

There wasn't anything adequate for me to say, but I managed to murmur, "I'm sorry."

In a low voice, as if to herself, she said, "I suppose, living with him right along, I wouldn't notice the change so much. I suppose I always think of him the way he was." And then she rose and said, "I think I'd better be getting back. He'll be waking up, and he won't know what to do if I'm not there."

I drove her back to the shabby little hotel in silence most of the way, for she seemed numb, now that she had finished her story. As I left her I said, "Give my best to Pev."

"Thanks."

And as she turned to go, I asked, "Is there something I could do to help? I'd like to know . . . if you could use a little cash?"

"No. We get along all right. Thanks just the same."

"Would you like to lunch again—say next week?"

She was silent for a moment, as if tempted and resisting the temptation. Then she said, "No. It only makes things worse, but thanks just the same."

Good-by then."

"Good-by."

A week later, haunted by the story and moved by a sudden impulse, I put three thousand-franc notes into a plain envelope and sent them, by special messenger, to the Hotel Mercedes with instructions to the boy who delivered it to say that he did not know from whence it came. Sent that way, she could not return it. A little later I repeated the action. It meant little enough to me, and to them it might mean the difference between existence and desperation.

Then one day when I was returning home by the Rue Bonaparte I suddenly thought of Esther Brant and asked the driver to go by the Rue de Chat Haret and the Hotel Mercedes. I got out and asked for her, but the proprietor, who sat behind the till in the dreary little cafe, said they had gone away. He did not know where. They had left no address.

After that I forgot them and went to the Far East. The war broke out, and shortly afterward I read in a New York paper that Emma Bailey was dead, of a stroke. Reading it, I thought two things—one, that she was almost certain to die of apoplexy, and the other that now Esther and Pev might be married, if after so many years, it made any difference.

I took a Commission in the Intelligence Service and, because I spoke three or four languages and knew Paris so well, I was one of the first Americans sent there during the liberation.

I stayed at the Meurice where I had two rooms which served as office and living quarters. There wasn't much business, but I had an orderly who acted as a kind of office boy. About the beginning of December, when it was really growing cold, he came into my bedroom one morning to say a woman wished to speak to me. She was an American, he thought, and she said that she knew me. Her name was Esther Brant.

When I had finished shaving I went into the sitting room. I would not have recognized her if I had not been warned. She had lost the saggy plumpness which she had possessed the last time I saw her and had become very thin and shriveled. Her skin had the gray pallor that comes of malnutrition. She was shabbily dressed in a faded old tweed suit and a shapeless woolen hat, and she was wearing a pair of clean gray cotton gloves. She could not have been more than forty-five, but she looked at least ten years older.

She came timidly toward me, saying, "I'm Esther Brant."

"Yes, of course," I said. "I'm delighted to see you again."

"I hope you don't mind my bothering you?"

"Of course not." We shook hands, and I told the orderly to make us some coffee over the alcohol stove in the bath-

room. I told her to sit down and she said, "At the canteen I heard from one of the boys that you were stopping here." Then with a kind of pride she said, "I've been working at the USO canteen over at the American Legion Building. I've been helping with the dishes, and when I'm off duty I tell the boys' fortunes. They all seem to like it. You see, I stayed here all through the war."

"You must have had a pretty rugged time."

She smiled, and in the smile there was an unexpected gentleness I had never seen before. "Yes, it was rugged all right. But it's wonderful to see Paris free again."

I wanted to ask about Peverill, but I hesitated. I thought he must be dead by now. Before I had a chance to speak she said, "There's a question I want to ask you. I hope you won't mind."

"Of course not."

"Was it you who sent me six thousand francs a long time ago—before the war?"

"Yes. I thought you might find it useful. It wasn't much of a sacrifice on my part."

She looked down at her chapped red hands, now holding the cotton gloves. "I thought you might like to hear what became of it. It was very useful. I would have sent it back to you then, but I didn't even know where you lived. I know now that it would have been a rude and unkind thing to do, but then it was different. I was proud. I didn't want any help from anyone. So I put it away on the chance that I might run across you and be able to return it.

"So long as I didn't return it I thought you'd like to know how much good it did in the end."

She told the story very simply.

They had left the Hotel Mercedes, partly because they had to find a cheaper place and partly because there had been some trouble with the police about not having a license to sell books and practice clairvoyance. When the war broke out, the tourists vanished and with them the market for banned books and fortune telling. She worked for a time in the Galleries Lafayette tying up packages. Then the Germans came. At first she and Pev were unmolested and, being poor and so obscure, might have remained so but for the fact that they were betrayed as Americans by a neighbor with whom Peverill had had a drunken quarrel. Although she fought valiantly to persuade the Germans that Peverill was a very ill man and that he would die if he were separated from her, they sent him away to the concentration camp for men at Compiegne and carted her off with a handful of English and American women to a camp at Bezancon.

"At first," she said, "I was out of my mind. I knew he was ill with diabetes, and I knew that if they cut off his alcohol all at once, he would suffer agonies. I thought of escaping and made a couple of tries, but both times they caught me. Then I settled down a little and said to myself, 'You've got to have a clear head about this. It isn't only that

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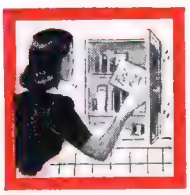

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

you've got to escape, but you've got to get him out and then find a place for both of you to hide.'" She smiled suddenly. "That's where your six thousand francs came in! They'd been hidden away in my stocking for nearly three years, and when I was interned I managed to slip them under the inner sole of my slipper. They didn't search me very carefully, and they never found the money. It left me better off than some of them in the camp. After I'd been there for three terrible weeks, worrying about Pev all the time, an idea came into my head.

"There was a French peasant who twice a week hauled away what little garbage there was in the camp to feed his pigs. Gradually I got to know him. It wasn't too difficult because I speak good French, and I can also speak the tough kind of French he understood. And so I arranged to meet him one morning behind the barracks. I climbed into one of the barrels in which he hauled the garbage. He'd put a piece of lattice work inside. I held this over my head, and he threw a piece of burlap over it and poured garbage over the top . . . He drove right past the guards, and when we reached his farm he let me out."

As she talked, a light came into her eyes which made me think, after all, there had been more of the spirit of adventure in her than I had guessed.

I heard her saying, "I gave him one of the thousand-franc notes, and that left me five—and I was free."

The orderly brought the coffee, and when he had gone away, she continued the story.

"That same night I set out on foot for the camp at Compiegne."

It wasn't an easy journey halfway across France without the proper papers and with the country occupied. Fortunately she spoke French as the natives speak it, and she could pass anywhere as a Frenchwoman.

She had to take omnibuses or local trains at village stations, get off at suburbs, work her way on foot across any city and follow the same device on the other side.

It took her the better part of ten days to get to Compiegne. Then she found a friendly priest who was allowed to visit the camp, and through him got news of Peverill. He was very ill and seemed to have lost all interest in life, but he became excited when the priest whispered to him that she had escaped and had come to rescue him.

With the aid of the priest she found a family in a near-by village called Verrieres who would hide them.

The next step was easier than they expected. The mayor of the village, together with the priest, visited the German authorities and pointed out that Bailey was dying and that he should be allowed to die in peace in a decent bed in the village. Surprisingly the German commander agreed. "Those ill ones," he said, "are always a nuisance." That was his only comment. And so the next afternoon she waited for Peverill in the home of their protectors. The mayor and the priest carried him in, and when he first saw her he began to weep uncontrollably.

There wasn't much they could do for him. He was emaciated and weak, and there was no insulin to be had.

She said, "He lived for nearly two months, and I think sometimes that those were the happiest two months in all our life together. You see, by then everything was washed away—purified. It was a different kind of thing but as wonderful as those first years together. Nothing mattered to us but each other."

The remaining francs lasted her a long time. She spent them on delicacies for him, and earned a little more by helping the people who sheltered them.

"He was very happy," she said. "I know that. And the people who took us in were very kind."

Smiling, she said, "You know, we were married a week before he died. The mayor performed the ceremony. It made Peverill very happy."

What she said illuminated a whole long dim corridor of years back to their origins in the conventional respectable life of small towns in the Middle West, and I understood that that was what they had wanted from the very beginning of the flight from Paris.

I said, "It's a long time since you've seen America."

"I've never been back," she said.

"Perhaps you'll want to go now. Perhaps I can help you."

She looked away. "No. It wouldn't be any good. What would I have to go back to? What would I have to do? My parents are dead." She sighed. "I belong here. It's too late to try to change. I'll be all right. I've got my work at the canteen, and one of the officers who is coming back to live here has offered me a place as caretaker of his house at Senlis. It isn't far, you know, from where Peverill is buried."

There was one question I had still to ask. Perhaps it was tactless. It might even be cruel. Yet until I had the answer I would not know the end of the story. The missing end would torment me the rest of my life. So I hardened my heart and said, "There's only one thing I'd like to know. Perhaps I shouldn't ask it."

She smiled. "Oh, that's all right. There's nothing you can't ask, now that it's all over."

For a moment I hesitated, then I asked, "Was it worth it?"

She looked at me, puzzled for a moment, then slowly, as she understood what I meant, a light came into her face. "I can answer that," she said. "Yes, it was!"

I did not find the book until two days later. She had left it, shyly perhaps, on a table among a great many papers. I was startled to find it there.

It was a thin little book, stained and faded, bound in cardboard with the gold lettering mostly chipped off so that the title was difficult to read until I held it well up in the light. It was called "Salamanders in Flame. A Book of Verse by Peverill Bailey."

I opened it carefully and as I did so, I thought: The last of Montparnasse! But it was the last of many other things which would never again return.

THE END

In our opinion, Paul Gallico's finest story since "The Snow Goose" is his novelette, "Who Is Your Judge?" in July Cosmopolitan

I Knew William O'Dwyer When *(Continued from page 8)*

Police Station at the corner of Forty-third Street and Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn. None of them had ever been in Brooklyn before. When they got off the subway they had no idea which way to go.

The rookies were torn between two great fears. They didn't want to be late for their first assignment, but they were ashamed to ask a civilian for directions to the police station.

Finally they decided that one of them would have to ask for help. They flipped a coin, and O'Dwyer lost. He buttonholed a man leaving a cigar store and said, "Mister, where is the nearest police station?"

The man laughed so hard that a crowd gathered. O'Dwyer and his buddies got their directions all right—but as they scurried toward their destination they were followed by derisive shouts of "So that's what they're sending us now!" and "Go back to New York, ya bums!"

O'Dwyer's first beat was on Brooklyn's First Avenue, in the tough dockyard section. It was a rough job for a rookie. Sailors from all over the world, most of them unable to speak English, and many inclined toward overindulgence during shore leave, hung out on the water front. Moreover, this was during World War I; torpedoes were being manufactured in a big factory next to the docks, and there was a constant fear of sabotage.

To top things off the winter was extra cold. A night of walking a beat under those conditions was enough to try even the soul of a seasoned veteran.

Fortunately, O'Dwyer found a friend, an Army captain named Murray, who helped command a battalion of engineers guarding the docks. Captain Murray, a genial Texan, was on night duty in the headquarters building which marked the start and finish of O'Dwyer's beat. He loved coffee and always had some on the stove. During the long nights O'Dwyer, from time to time, would stop in for five minutes to warm his hands, drink a hot cup of coffee and listen to some tall Texan stories.

Captain Murray was so friendly, as a matter of fact, that one night he nearly cost O'Dwyer his job. When Bill reported for duty that evening, he was warned by other patrolmen that a "Shoo-Fly" was on the prowl—a "Shoo-

Fly" being a plain-clothes officer sent from headquarters to check on the cops.

O'Dwyer knew that being caught at even five minutes of hand warming might be enough to get a rookie fired. So, when Captain Murray invited him in, he declined with thanks and explanations.

"So that's the kind of character we've got to contend with," Murray snorted. "He sounds like a colonel I know. Well, get along, podner. I'll see you later."

The next time around, Captain Murray was waiting for O'Dwyer, a strange smile on his face. "Boy," he said, "we had a little excitement awhile ago. I caught a shiftless coyote wandering around, and to me he had all the looks of a German spy. He tried to tell me he was a police lieutenant, and he even wanted me to call you to identify him. But I told him you were a hard-working cop guarding the people's property, and he couldn't get you to leave your post with a cock-and-bull story like that."

O'Dwyer nearly fainted as Captain Murray continued blandly, "So we just marched him off to the guardhouse until we can check his story. Now, how about a quick cup of coffee before you hit that cold water front again?"

The outraged police lieutenant wasn't released until the following afternoon, and for two days O'Dwyer expected the blow to fall. But he never heard a word about the incident from headquarters. And from then on "Shoo-Flies" gave that post a wide berth.

In two years O'Dwyer earned a great reputation. He had studied for the priesthood before coming to America from Ireland, and he could speak Spanish, French, Italian, and some Yiddish to the people who lived in his polyget district. He also had a heart of gold. To many of the unfortunates on his beat he became a father confessor, a one-man charity and an arbiter of family disputes.

In fact, a fantastic legend grew around him. At that time in New York there was a famous character named Jerry McCauley, an ex-convict who had gone straight, organized a mission and devoted his life to helping the poor. Many people on O'Dwyer's beat were convinced that the rookie cop was really McCauley in disguise. And no matter how many times O'Dwyer denied this old rumor it continued to be circulated.

In time, O'Dwyer decided to get into the administrative side of police work. He started at the bottom—by repairing two flat tires on an automobile in the police garage—and eventually became chauffeur for one of the borough inspectors.

Those two flat tires probably marked the beginning of O'Dwyer's rise. The job in the garage gave him time to study law in Fordham University Law School night classes. Moreover, one of the other chauffeurs was a great believer in the Ouija board. One day, as they were playing with the board, it predicted that O'Dwyer would be Mayor of New York City.

Maybe that prediction put a bug in Bill's ear. At any rate, by 1923 he was a graduate lawyer—and look where he is today. **THE END**

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who asks me. I can give you the names of twenty couples, right here in New York, living the same sort of life Jessie Bourne lived, whose marriages were broken up by the same forces that destroyed her marriage. There's nothing private, you know, or individual, about lax moral standards. Many are given the same dose of cruelty that Jessie Bourne is subjected to.

"Now I know perfectly well that the processes of fiction are mysterious, and that the great well of material for any writer of fiction is one's own firsthand experience. But I have been most careful, when writing, to keep those drawers closed that should be closed. I've decided, too readily perhaps, that I couldn't use this fact or that observation until those who might be hurt by such use are dead. This sets up blocks, but I see no ethical way to avoid them.

"So don't call this book autobiography; it isn't. When I write a novel it isn't a piece of reporting: it is planned in detail with its own time schedule. With 'The Valley of Decision' I knew what was to happen month by month through the nearly seventy years that I covered in that book. For 'East Side, West Side,' with all of the action crammed into one week, the plan was hour by hour—it had to be. And it was planned as fiction, not as a rehash of fact.

"The last pages were written first. I always do that because I must know precisely where I'm going, what my final effect is to be. Of course, the characters don't always behave in accordance with the plan; they get out of hand, but I always know how they'll end."

"None of the characters in this book are drawn from life?"

"Well, some of the people with whom I deal when I go marketing are as they are. But they are very briefly glimpsed."

"You mention a playwright who had spent the war years working in the White House, and for wartime objectives, and whose first postwar play was not successful. That couldn't be Robert E. Sherwood?"

Mrs. Davenport said, "The playwright in the book is a Jew. He is a thoroughly admirable person; so is Bob Sherwood, but certainly they are different people."

"Their plays have several points in common . . ."

Mrs. Davenport, a tall, dark, as-thin-as-she-wants-to-be-and-no-thinner, handsome woman, slipped a ring from her finger and threw it against the side of the chair in which she was sitting.

"To hell with writing a contemporary novel!" she said. "Must I go through the year saying 'No, no, no, I didn't mean you when I wrote that?' I'd meant to see something of people again, but perhaps it won't be worth it.

"When I was working on this book—just as when I'm working on any book—I lost track of most of my acquaintances. That's always the way. I get up in the morning thinking about what I'm writing, and I don't want anyone to bother me. I won't see anyone. In fact, I make it physically impossible for myself to see anyone because I look like the wrath of God. I don't fix my face, and I put on one of my special working dresses and lock myself in the study, where I work until four in the afternoon without a break. I don't eat lunch. I don't go to the telephone. I have a secretary whose main job is to explain tactfully that I can't be disturbed. Of course that makes people feel quite put out, for why should they ask me to parties when I won't even speak to them on the telephone? By the time I emerge with a completed book everyone has said, 'The deuce with her'—except a few good friends, and like most people I have only a few good friends. Between books I mend my social fences—but perhaps this time it won't be worth doing."

"It's one thing to lock yourself in a room all day, but do you really work steadily? Or do you daydream?"

"No daydreams. I start typing at once and don't stop. For the first several hours I may turn out nothing worth looking at. But finally I break through and begin to write something that I can use.

"That isn't to say that the breakthrough into sense occurs unfailingly. When I'm on the wrong track I may write for days, even weeks, switching from the typewriter at which I sit to the typewriter on the high desk at which I stand, and nothing happening, nothing, though I'm in action every minute."

We went into her pine-paneled study with its big window over the East River. A photograph of the late Maxwell Perkins, editor of Scribner's publishing house, was on one side of her larger desk, a picture of her mother on the other. She said, "Those are the lobes of my conscience."

Mr. Perkins edited all of Mrs. Davenport's books.

She said that she had been two years writing her most recent novel, which is a story of one week in postwar New York that was designed to encom-

My Luckiest Day

by HENRY FONDA

Editors seemed hard to convince that I was a reporter despite my background in journalism at the University of Minnesota. So I delivered ice, greased automobiles, dressed windows, worked as a telephone repairman and loafed until my big break came.

One day—my luckiest—when I was between jobs, a friend of my father's named Foley called to say that he had work for me. Foley was the director of the Community Playhouse, and he asked me to read a part. I was scared out of my wits—strictly a mixture of hayseed and ham. But Foley let me in. Mother was pleased; Dad didn't say anything.

We did a lot of plays during the next two years, and I liked the business. Dad, however, wanted to know when his big lug of a son was going to earn some money. He was watching the rehearsal one day when I blew my lines rather badly.

But I stuck it out until the night we staged "Merton of the Movies." I thought it was terrible. The family saw it and left the theater ahead of me. When I got home, my mother and sisters tried to cheer me, but Dad just sat quietly reading his paper.

My elder sister noticed his silence, and she began to hedge critically, "You would have been better though, Hank, if you hadn't——"

"Shut up!" my father barked, without even looking up. "He was perfect!"

His praise brought tears to my eyes, and when I went over to hug him I could see his were moist, too.

That did it. With the last holdout now on my side, I went East and worked in little theater groups, then Broadway, then Hollywood.

I was telling this story not long ago to Director John Ford and Producer Merian C. Cooper when Ford interrupted.

"Something's missing, Hank. Who told Foley to call you in the first place?"

I told him I didn't know. I often suspect it was Dad. He never did talk much, and he died before I got into pictures.

pass many aspects of life in the city, aspects with which she is familiar because of her unusual inheritance and career. Marcia Davenport was born on the lower East Side, to which her mother had come as a child from Rumania. When Marcia was two years old, a business friend of her father's heard her mother sing and introduced her to a teacher of voice, who insisted on making her one of his pupils. At a practice session, Gatti-Casazza listened and hired her for the Metropolitan Opera.

"My lines of interest and background, you see, reach into many parts of New York, and I wanted to make use of this special—well, position—in the novel.

"The people in this book," said Mrs. Davenport, "have the same proportion of reality in them that all my fictional characters have. They are about sixty percent real and forty percent imagined. And even that sixty percent is just a composite of the traits and attitudes and physical appearance of a number of people I've known. I may take the hair of one, the hands of another, and so on, building up a person until he's about two thirds complete and using nothing but pure imagination when adding the final third.

"And sometimes I don't use even that much reality. One of the main characters, General Mark Dwyer, is entirely imagined. I took nothing about him from anyone I've ever seen. But through his talk I've expressed my own convictions, have said what I wanted to say and can't say on my own without going corny, so by that much he is real. He thinks as I would if I were a man."

General Dwyer—despite his name he is of Czechoslovakian descent—rejects a good job as a newspaper editor in New York to go back to Czechoslovakia, where he has served with the underground, because, as he says, "There's a lot of unfinished business over there . . . I hate everything that's going on in the United States now . . . I can't feel the slightest interest in anything they are interested in." He considers that he has no right to a private life while Europe, specifically Czechoslovakia, is working out its destiny.

Mrs. Davenport said that she was redecorating and putting bathrooms into a house in Prague and expected henceforth to spend about half the year there.

Her own books—a biography of Mozart, and two novels—"Of Lena Geyer," the story of a diva, and "The Valley of Decision"—were supporting her by their Czechoslovakian royalties when she was in that country, she said.

"What do you intend to do, spend six months here and six months in Prague each year?" I asked.

"Why, no, nothing as cut and dried as that," said Mrs. Davenport. "It's only an overnight trip, you know. I'll be here sometimes and there sometimes. As a matter of fact, I'm flying to Prague shortly."

She did. But even while this interview was going to press, truckloads of police with new automatic rifles appeared in the streets of Prague; fake news went out over the Communist-controlled radio; opponents of Communism were charged with conspiring against the state; magazines and newspapers from the free world were swept from the news kiosks; there was the usual banning of books.

Mrs. Davenport hurriedly left Prague and went to London. The crisis that her imaginary General Mark Dwyer had dedicated himself to forestall was over in a week. **THE END**

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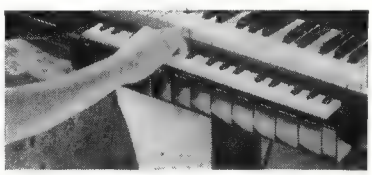

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Madame Southpaw *(Continued from Page 50)*

I went over to Rufe's house, which he lives in just two doors down the street——"

"I know," said Eddie. "Green roof."

"Mildred was in the kitchen," said Fred, "and she come out on the back porch when Rufe called her.

"'I want you should show Fred how you can throw,' he said. But Mildred said she was busy and had other things to do than throw baseballs around. She's stubborn, Mildred, like all them quiet ones. I remember one time—"

"No!" said Eddie suddenly.

"What say?"

"I mean—excuse me," said Eddie, "but I want to hear what happened."

"Oh," said Fred without malice, "yeah. Well, she didn't want to come out, and she wouldn't come out. But all this time I was thinkin', and I went up to her and said quiet kind of, 'Rufe's a little off his head, ain't he? He'll prob'ly get over it. Want I should call the doctor?' That fetched her down off the porch because she's fond of Rufe.

"Rufe give her a ball and told her to throw it at the shed. She swung around and her left arm come out kind of sideways, and the ball busted right through a board on the shed and went inside and scared the hens. She busted another board on the shed and a window, and she hit an apple tree so hard the ball bounced back and stuck in a gutter on the porch roof. Rufe went to climb up there and get it and Mildred said now I could see that Rufe's head was all right, and she didn't want to play no more.

"Rufe got the ball out of the gutter and come down and him and me come over here to the store. We sat for quite a while, just thinkin.' At least, I was, and I guess he was. I think a lot—have to, bein' manager.

"'Rufe,' I said fin'ly, 'Nobody could hit those balls. Nobody. You can't even see them, hardly,' I says.

"'I know,' he says. 'Maybe,' he says after a little, 'I ought to take her to Doc Wilson to see what happened to her arm.'

"'Gosh sakes, Rufe, no,' I says. 'He might fix it. If it don't hurt her none, leave it be.' I says.

"'Can she aim 'em?' I says. 'Can she control 'em?'

"'She hit that tree on purpose,' he says. 'She might be a little wild yet, but she can learn to control 'em, I bet.'

"'If she can control 'em,' I says, 'the Clarkton team ain't ever gonna lose another game as long as she's got her strength. Can't any team win a game without it can hit the ball once in a while, and the Babe himself couldn't hit what he can't see comin'.

"'Only thing is,' says Rufe, 'you know how Mildred is.'

"So we both sat and thought about how Mildred was, and we couldn't think of nothin' to do about it. What we both knew was that Mildred most likely wouldn't want to play baseball. Fin'ly Rufe went home, and we hadn't thought of anything. We was right, too. He come back the next afternoon and said, 'She said nope.'

"We just sat here for an hour feelin' low. Then Rufe came up with an idea. It sounded good. Turned out good, too.

"Rufe had had a girl back in Berry where he used to work before he come here, and when he first started goin' out with Mildred he used to go back to see this girl once in a while, and Mildred didn't like it. Never has liked to hear him mention that girl since. Well, by this time I'm talkin' about, this girl is married to Tom Pierce, and he pitches for the Berry team, and Berry won the championship last year. So Rufe talks it up how baseball is a kind of rivalry between pitchers, and that if Clarkton won the championship Tom Pierce would feel bad and so most likely would his wife. So Mildred says maybe she owes it to the home town to do what she can.

"So then we had to start in trainin' her. Now Mildred didn't want to be laughed at, and neither did we. We were both still in kind of a daze about this thing like we was in some kind of loony dream. We decided we'd keep it a secret until we were ready. Only person we told was Bart Bellows, the catcher. We figured we needed him to help us. Rufe couldn't catch a sofa pillow with glue on it, and I can't catch or throw too good on account of my finger—it don't bend good, see? So we told Bart, and we agreed to go up to a piece of pasture Bart owns 'bout two miles up Boonton road.

"Bart thought we was both prob'ly crazy, but he's a good-natured sort of fella, and he said okay, if we said Mildred Peters was the best southpaw in America he'd at least come along to be shown. Rufe and me went up to the pasture and built a backstop in the far corner and put down a home plate and marked out a pitcher's mound.

"Then the next Sunday afternoon Bart and Rufe and me and Mildred went up there. Bart had his catcher's mitt, but he didn't have no shin guards or mask or chest protector. Rufe told him he'd better get 'em, but he only laughed. 'What's she gonna do, fire 'em out of a cannon?' he says. We didn't say nothin'.

"Bart stood behind the home plate and held up his hands, standin' kind of easy and lookin' like he wanted to laugh. We showed Mildred how to stand on the mound and give her a ball, and she took that half-turn and let go. Lucky for Bart it was wild. It went by him and smacked against the canvas of the backstop with a noise you could of heard in the next county. Bart gave one yell and got out of there. Then he started to swear. He can swear good. It wasn't all mad swearin'. Some of it was surprise, and some of it was plain admiration. But he was mad, too.

"'Want to kill me?' he says.

"'I told you,' said Rufe, 'I told you to bring your chest protector and stuff.'

"'Stuff to you,' said Bart, 'I wouldn't stand in front of one of those things without I was inside a tank.'

"So then we got Mildred just firin' 'em, and we let 'em hit the backstop. I stood behind it (I tested the wire and the canvas good first) to see if I could tell when they went over. The ball was just a kind of white blur when it traveled, but after a while I got so's I could see it, and so help me heaven two out of three was goin' straight over.

"After a while I figured everything was so good it might as well be better. I showed Mildred how if she pinched the ball a certain way so's it would slide off her fingers or her thumb, or if she turned her hand over and snapped her wrist, the ball might curve. Mildred hadn't said a word all this time. She never did seem very interested really, but she stood there and listened to what I said like a good little girl, then I went back and watched some more.

"She must of done everything I told her and added a few frills of her own because I never saw curves like that before or since, and neither did you. It was like the ball would start to go way wild in a north-northwest direction and then change its mind at the last minute and come back home. Bart was standin' beside me, and he begun to swear again and we could have stood there all day watchin' those balls doin' barrel rolls and stuff and then hittin' the backstop amidships, but Mildred said the first thing she'd said all afternoon and it was that she wanted to go home. We all went home. I asked Bart and Rufe to come over that night.

"Seemed like every night we had some kind of a problem to settle. This time it was Bart. He just went on sayin' he wouldn't try to catch those balls.

"'Leave 'em go back and hit the backstop,' he said.

"'What about the umpire?' I said.

"'Leave the umpire take his chances,' he said. 'If he don't want to stand there—which he won't—leave him stand behind the backstop.'"

Eddie's mouth worked, and he seemed about to speak.

"Yeah, yeah, I know," said Fred. "We was dumb for a while, but we was kind of in a daze yet. It come to me pretty soon what you're about to say. What were we gonna do about the third strike? If the umpire and the catcher both got out of the way and the ball hit the backstop, Bart couldn't never get it to first in time, and it might as well been hit. So we just sat there kind of glum because it looked as if we was just about back where we started from.

"Then Rufe and I kind of pulled ourselves together and started in on Bart. We told him where his duty lay. We put it to him. We said how Jerry and Joe and Fatty Brown and Grover Cleveland Dawes and others was all off fightin' in a war and they was countin' on the folks at home to keep the home team at least somewheres near the top of the league.

"Bart said that was all right, he'd of gone to war without kickin', only he was over age and had five children, and it was one thing to get wounded in a battle and another to get wounded by a baseball throwed by Mildred Peters. He said why didn't one of us catch if we were so all-fired patriotic. I told him I couldn't on account of my finger, and Rufe couldn't on account of he just couldn't, and to tell you the almighty truth, Eddie, I don't b'lieve either of us was very anxious to. Bart said I only had one finger that wouldn't bend, and I wanted him to go out and get ten that would be likewise. And we had to leave it like that for that night.

"But a couple days later Bart come over to see me and said it did seem a shame, and he still wouldn't try to catch those balls, but if he could put on enough protection he'd be willin' to stand in front of 'em and let 'em bounce off him.

"'But I don't know what would be enough protection,' he said, 'without it's a suit of armor like I saw once in a picture in a book about knights.'

"'That's it!' I said, a picture comin' into my mind as clear as if it was there in front of me.

"'What's it?' said Bart.

"'Never mind,' I says. 'You'll see.'

"The next day I went up to the Hildreths' house—you know that big house where those summer people live?"

"Yeah, yeah," said Eddie impatiently.

"Well, they weren't there o'course—they don't come until July—but old man Bowers lives there, a caretaker like, and I told him I wanted to borrow the suit of armor what stands on the stair landing. I seen it once when I went up to fix a lock on the bathroom door. A green tub, they got; I ain't foolin' you. Old man Bowers didn't want to lend me the suit. I promised I'd have it back by the time the Hildreths got there (I figured I'd buy one by that time if they're for sale anywhere), and I promised we wouldn't hurt it none, though I wasn't too sure of that. And I told old man Bowers I'd give him ten dollars when I brought it back. Well, he'd of let me take the green tub and the grand piano for that, so I carted that thing down to my car, and the next day Rufe and me took it out to the field.

"It took quite a time to get Bart into it, but we did. It worked perfect, at least, partly. Partly perfect. It worked perfect for protecting Bart. It even had a headpiece with a kind of feather in it—and a hinged piece over the face so you could close it up except for a little slit for the eyes. Well, Bart was safe enough. He'd stand in front of the ball which would go clang—and bounce. Trouble was it bounced too far. Bart couldn't run, and he couldn't bend over, let alone throw. It was all goin' to be no good if the runner was goin' to get to first anyway. Mildred was no help, except that she kept on clinkin' balls off that fancy suit. But you couldn't hardly expect her to have ideas as well as a trick arm. She didn't ever say nothin' except when she wanted to go home.

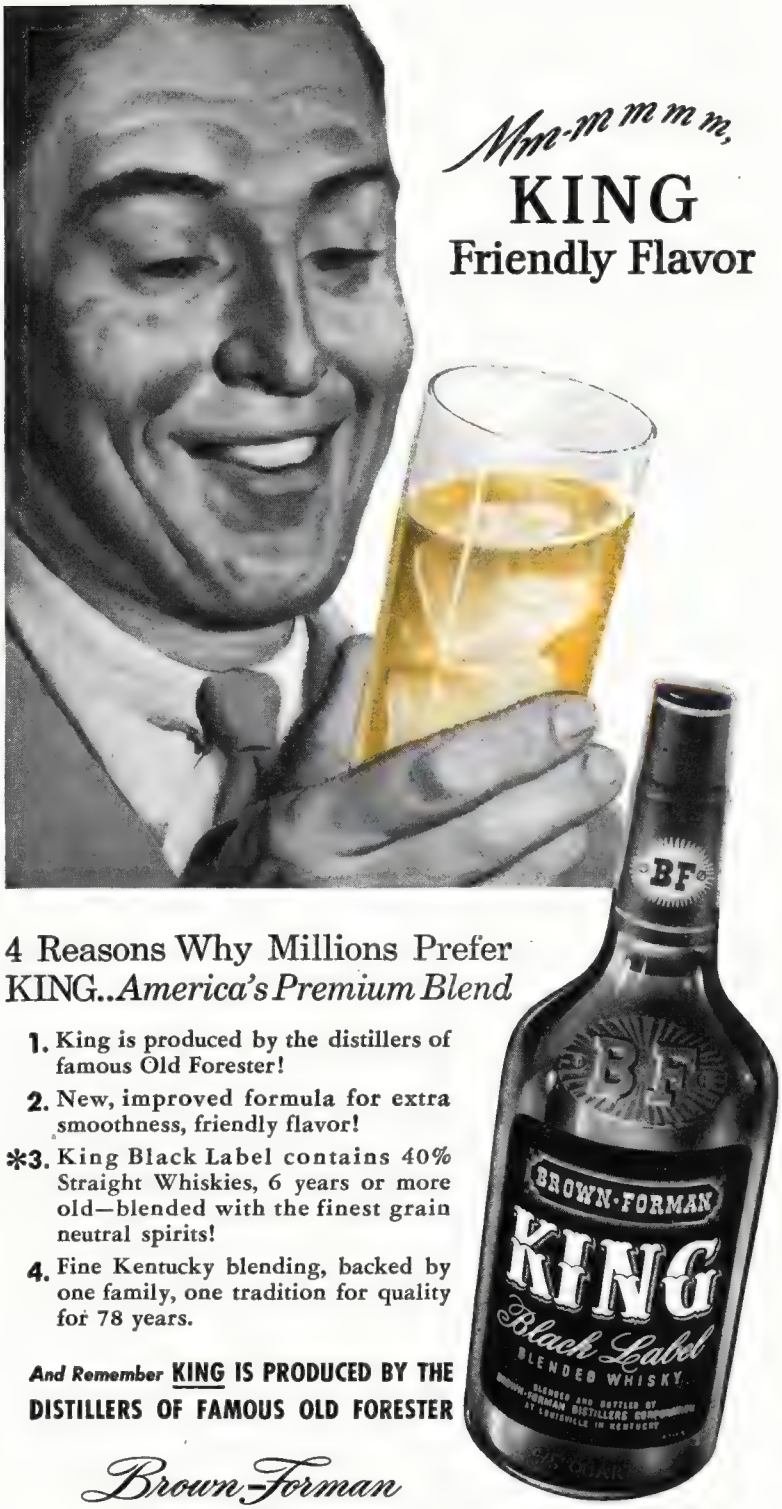
"Well, naturally, I was thinkin' about this business day and night, and I come up with another idea that night, and if I hadn't had all this hardware business to attend to I'd of made it sooner. This meant takin' more people into our confidence, but we figured that before long the whole world would hear about it.

"The next Sunday we took the rest of the infield out to the lot with us. We didn't tell 'em what they were goin' to see, just told 'em they wouldn't b'lieve it when they saw it. O' course they laughed their heads off when they saw Mildred walk out to that pitcher's mound, and when Rufe and me started gettin' Bart into his iron pants there were tears in their eyes.

"Mildred pitched one and Bart stood in front of it, and it conked against that tin union suit and caromed off and hit Cracker in the ankle. He didn't move, didn't rub his ankle or nothin'. He just stood there. So did the others. You've read about people bein' rooted to the spot. They was.

"I threw the ball back to Mildred, and she flung another one just as good as the first. The boys started talkin' then, and bein' as you're young yet I won't repeat it. Rufe fin'ly pointed out to them that Mildred, though a pitcher, was a lady, and they apologized. Said the occasion just ran away with them. Then I explained my plan, which was simply that since nobody was goin' to hit the ball they was no reason why they shouldn't all play in close to the plate and get the third strike ball and fire it over to first.

"We left Cracker on first, and the other three lined up like I said.. It worked pretty good, but the ball bounced



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so fancy that they couldn't always get it.

"So next time we practiced we got all the outfielders there, too, and after goin' through the same procedure of laughin' and swearin' we got them lined up, and so there was six men to get the ball, and we seemed to have it sewed up. We practiced out on that hidden field all spring, lookin' forward to springin' things at the proper time. We kept Archie Bryden, the bat boy, out by the gate, but nobody ever come.

"Well, it wasn't long before the first game of the season come along."

Fred stopped to light his pipe..

"Night before it, I spent a lot of time thinkin'. But I wasn't worried none. Didn't seem to me there was anything could go wrong, and I was more than lookin' forward to the excitement. The first game was a Sunday with Bear Crossing. Nice day, too. Just right.

"We'd give Mildred a regular uniform, but she didn't think the pants looked good on her, so she wore her own slacks and one of our shirts on top and no hat. You could see she was a girl right away, as she stood there, glove on her right hand, tossing a ball in her left. The stands buzzed like Farraday's saw mill, and then you could hear the laughter begin. One loud-mouth on the Bear Crossing team kept yellin', 'Hey, Madame Southpaw!' Mildred, like always, was just calm and quiet, and she looked kind of pretty in that blue shirt and slacks. Then Bart come across the bench in his outfit, movin' real slow of necessity and soundin' kind of like a tin peddler's truck goin' down hill. Well, sir, if the fellas that writes radio comedies ever get one laugh like that they'd make their fortune. The Bear Crossing manager, Larry Flynch his name was, comes up to me and says, 'What is this a joke,' and I says it's no joke, and I says our pitcher don't want no warm-up and I tells Biff Giles, the umpire, to say 'Play Ball' and he does.

"The first batter was a fella named Johnny Court, left-hander —works his own farm. He stepped up, and you could hear the laughter in the stands and bleachers kind of die away into curiosity, and by the time Mildred got the ball everything was so quiet you could hear Ned Tomes puttin' the new shingles on his barn half a mile up the clove. Well, Mildred hurled one of those smoking loop-the-loops, and it popped off Bart with a noise like cymbals. Biff, when he could get his breath, said 'One strike,' and all hell let loose. Women screamed and everybody in the bleachers climbed down to watch. Biff chased 'em back again.

"Mildred pitched another strike, and you could hear one of those noises that hits a crowd sometimes, something between ah and oh and a groan and like everybody made the same noise at the same time. Then I signaled to the boys, and the whole team come up and spread across the infield, leavin' just an aisle from the pitcher to the plate, like they was gettin' ready to square dance or somethin'. After Biff, who was still havin' trouble with his voice, said 'Strike three' Joe Turner scooped the ball up from where it had rolled and threw it to first.

"After the end of that inning I seen the Bear Crossing manager gettin' out a rule book and talkin' to Biff, and Biff motioned me to come over and the boys all gathered around to see what was comin'. I wasn't a bit surprised. I'd kind of got ready for this.

"Larry Flynch was pointin' to the rule what says: 'Glass buttons or polished metal must not be used on uniforms.' He was makin' a case—and he had somethin'—that Bart was dressed up in polished metal and nothin' else, and I pointed to the rule that said: 'No player who shall appear in a uniform not conforming to the suits of the other members of his team, shall be permitted to take part in a game.'

"I asked Biff to take a look at the Bear Crossing team. Five of 'em had on uniforms that they'd bought with their own money, as I knew, but three of 'em was gray and two white. The third baseman had on blue jeans and a polo shirt. Two fielders had on sweat shirts that said Acme Aircraft on the backs, the first baseman's said B. O. H. S. on the front, and Marty Carraway who played right field was playin', as usual, in his undershirt. I said we'd take the oversize sardine tin off Bart if they'd all play in the same uniform.

"There," said Fred, "you see the fella who stopped the greatest sensation in baseball history."

"Biff is an easy-goin' fella, slow-spoken, but firm. After a while he said he guessed we were both infringin' (I think that's the word) the rules, and we could either both mind 'em or go on this way.

"The Bear Crossing boys were kind of mad, but they couldn't do nothin' about it so we went on that way. We went on just that way, except Bart took the plume outa his helmet because Biff said it swooped back and tickled him. 'Course Mildred had to bat. We'd shown her how to hold a bat so she wouldn't look too funny, but we told her to just stand there and not try to hit anything. She did that, backin' away a little each time because she was afraid of the balls though gosh knows, compared to hers, they was underhand tosses . . . We got two runs in the sixth inning and that was that.

"The boys and Mildred come over to my house that night for a celebration and some beer, only Mildred went home early and didn't like beer. After the boys were gone my wife wanted to know if I thought now I could take up the hardware business again, and I said yes because as far as I could see we wouldn't even have to practice any more—just go to the games Sat'dys and some Sundays and let Mildred take us to the championship. Except for one thing. Except that I'd still got to think a little because as soon as word got around all the other teams were sure enough goin' to show up in regular uniforms, and I'd got to think of somethin' else to protect Bart. But I wasn't really worried, I was so happy. I was pretty sure I could think of somethin' if I gave my time to it.

"The next day was Monday. A stranger come into my store about ten o'clock in the morning. Big fat man named Keeley, with a fancy necktie and his shoes shined. I thought at first he was a new salesman from a wholesale place, but he wasn't. He was a scout for baseball—for a big league baseball club—and he'd happened to be drivin' through town the day before, and he'd stopped to watch the game because he said he sometimes picked up a rookie from sand-lot baseball. I ain't gonna tell you, Eddie, which club he represented because I promised on solemn oath I wouldn't. He didn't want the publicity, he said. He said as soon as he could get back to his manager and talk to him they'd be ready to sign Mildred up, or it might be he'd have to bring his manager down here on account of they wouldn't believe him. He wanted me to sign an option that I wouldn't deal with nobody else.

"I said I couldn't sign no option for Mildred, her not bein' my wife or anything, and he said he'd like to go over and talk to her. I went with him. Mildred said she wouldn't be a bit interested in playing baseball for anybody except the Clarkton team, and she didn't even like that much, but she'd promised. Mr. Keeley asked me if he couldn't talk to Rufe, and I said Rufe was out to the Compton's place helpin' plough, and we went out there and got Rufe, and he got Mildred somehow, and we all come back here. Then this Mr. Keeley mentioned some figures, and Rufe turned white as a sheet, and even Mildred looked surprised for the first time and said, 'Who do you think you're kiddin'?' But this Mr. Keeley wasn't kidding, and he said he knew his manager wouldn't hesitate once he saw Mildred, and he offered to write out a check for a thousand dollars right then on his own responsibility. But Mildred said she'd have to think it over, and that's all she'd say except to say that over again. So Mr. Keeley left, saying he'd be back shortly, and Rufe went back to ploughin' and Mildred went home, and I went back to thinkin'.

"I was feelin' kind of low because it didn't seem likely that even Mildred would stay stubborn in the face of all that money, and there went my pitcher and my ball team and my championship. But the more I thought the more

I cheered up. I know even from little business that when somebody wants something bad enough you can get most any price for it, and I saw right then, like a picture, that if Rufe and I got together, we could put it so's this ball club would have to hire us if they hired Mildred. They could find something for us to do even if only to keep score, and we could see all the games we wanted for nothin' and not have to bother with farmin' or hardware any more at all.

"The next day was Tuesday. I come down to the store and sat there thinkin' about who I'd sell out to and that I'd have to take a inventory, which is a job, but worth it in this case, and wonderin', but only a little, about how my wife would like the idea of movin' away. Old Mrs. Travers called up and said a pane of glass was gone out of her parlor window and she was cold, and would I bring up another one right away and put it in? So I cut a pane and I was takin' it up to Mrs. Travers when, just as I went by Doc Wilson's office, I met Mildred comin' out. I stared at her an' she smiled at me as cheerful as could be, and I felt so weak in the knees I put Mrs. Travers' pane of glass down on the grass and leaned against a lamppost. 'Mildred,' I said, 'you been in to see Doc Wilson?'

"'I sure have,' she says.

"'About your shoulder?' I said when I could swallow.

"'No, not about my shoulder,' she said. 'About something else. I'm going to have a baby,' she says, 'and I'm so happy I could kiss somebody, and it might as well be you,' so she kisses me on the cheek and she says, 'So no more baseball,' she says, just like that, and goes off down the street.

"I forgot the pane of glass—just left it there—and went back to the store. But there wasn't any use thinkin' about this one. I could tell that as soon as I began. So I sent a wire to Mr. Keeley, and I took Bart's suit of armor down to the blacksmith's to get the dents taken out of it, and I took it back to old man Bowers and paid him the ten dollars, and then I come back here and went on waitin' on customers.

"Mr. Keeley turned up in great state two days later and said he'd told the manager all about it before my wire come, and now he was the laughin' stock of the club which I could well believe. But then Mr. Keeley had lived long enough and been around far enough to have an eye to the future, and he said after all this was only one baseball season and by this time next year the baby might be big enough to be left, and he'd take Mildred down himself to show her to the manager, and he went away and left me thinkin'.

"We was at the bottom of the league that season, and the next February Mildred's baby was born. She went all the way over to the Barrows hospital to have it. Rufe drove me over there one day. Rufe was happier than he'd been even when Mildred was clinkin' those balls off Bart's iron suit. I said all the things there are to say about a baby, which ain't many, and I asked Mildred how she felt. She said she felt fine. I said, kind of cautious, 'Along about May you ought to be rarin' to throw some of them fast ones of yours,' and she said, just like she wasn't changin' her whole future(and mine) 'Oh, no. It slipped back, I think, Fred. I was reaching for the bellpull over my head, and I felt something. Besides, he wouldn't want his mother to be a ballplayer.'

"I wasn't so sure of that, but I

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couldn't ask him. I didn't b'lieve what she'd said because I didn't want to b'lieve it. When she got home and was strong enough I got her to come out in the yard, and I gave her a baseball. Rufe was there, too, but he wasn't nearly as interested now. He'd got something else to be interested in. Well, Mildred took the ball, and I told her to hit the shed which had got a new board where the old one was busted. Her arm come up over her shoulder, and she twisted her whole body around with it the way all women do, and the ball made a silly little arc and come down with a plop in the grass about four feet away.

"'That the best you can do?' I says.

"'That's the best I can do,' she says. 'I told you. Go on home now.'

"I went home and wrote a letter to Mr. Keeley and put in a big order to the wholesalers for I saw where my future lay, as you might say, and it wasn't in any big-league ball parks.

"Good gorry, Eddie, it must be almost suppertime. I guess I been payin' you overtime for half an hour."

The two of them got up slowly and got their coats and opened the front door. In the light of the street lamp the small boy was still playing in the lake.

"Benny!" said Fred severely. "It's late, go on home. Your mama wants you."

Benny stuck out his tongue.

"You want your hind side paddled?" said Fred. "Go on home. Shoo." He pushed the little boy in the direction of his house. Benny moved off slowly. Fred and Eddie walked in the opposite direction. They had gone some yards when a stone whistled past Fred's ear. They stopped and turned.

"Benny!" said Eddie sharply. "It musta been Benny. Ain't nobody else in sight."

"D'you throw that, Benny?" asked Fred gently.

"N'yah!" said Benny.

"C'm here, Benny," said Fred. "I ain't mad. C'm here. I'll give you a stick of gum." He held out the gum, and Benny approached with caution. Fred picked up a good-sized stone from the gutter. He handed it to the boy.

"See that street light—the second one from the corner?" he said. "Let's see you hit it."

The stone broke the globe on the second street light from the corner. Benny ran away fast from the tinkle of falling glass. Fred and Eddie looked at each other.

"He ain't only four years old?" said Eddie.

"That's right," said Fred. "Four years old last February." His jaw worked up and down several times.

"You go on home to supper, Eddie," he said finally. "I'm goin' back to the store. I've got some tough thinkin' to do."

THE END

Movie Citations *(Continued from page 13)*

called "Alphabet Soup" or "The Society for the Prevention of Local Widowers" when it comes your way, go see it. It is definitely the best love story for June, that much-too- rare young love story, such as "Seventh Heaven" was with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

I have searched my memory (and I've got a memory like a museum, you know, with a little bit of everything stored up in it), but I cannot recall any other movie with this same heart-touching mixture of innocence, tenderness and romantic radiance. Gilbert and Garbo were always too worldly to be in this class. The early, dashing Ronald Colman and beautiful Vilma Banky were too luxuriously romantic.

Yet, Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell bring the greatest conviction to the simple, all-too-possible story of "Your Red Wagon" just because they look so normal. Perhaps you remember Farley from small roles in "North Star" and "The Purple Heart" which he did before he went to the Pacific for three years' service with our Navy. He is only twenty-three years old now, but from this role of "Bowie" on in, he is a star of major magnitude, believe you me.

Where he gets the technical resourcefulness to portray a boy, fleeing from prison, learning through first love to forget fear and hate and substitute gentleness and laughter and courage, I can't imagine. But Farley has the skill combined with sincerity, charm and an almost terrifying tension.

As for very young Cathy O'Donnell, whom you surely recall from "The Best Years of Our Lives," where she played the sweetheart of the handless veteran, she matches Farley's performance with a simplicity of spirit that practically tore the heart out of me.

Cathy, in fact, is much better than she was in "The Best Years of Our Lives," because she has made no attempt toward glamour. When you see her first as the lonely little Keechie, helping her worthless father run a roadside gas station, you see her with her hair scratched up on her head, her little figure pushed into old dungarees. And they are not trick dungarees, cut by some artful Adrian, with oil stains carefully added where they will be the most flattering. Cathy's dungarees are just as bunchy and unbecoming as cheap slacks are to any girl who is more than skin and bones.

Never once does "Your Red Wagon" become trite in action, dialogue or performances. Cathy says to Farley, as they are becoming acquainted, "Do you like your old man?" "Not much," says Farley. "I don't like mine much, neither," says Cathy. But she sticks by her Pa, even though he's a fence for criminals. Cathy's home, an out-of-the-way shack, is used as a hide-out for Farley and his two much older prison-break companions. And she sticks by Farley, when love has happened to them, even though she is aware of what must inevitably result when the law catches them.

That overworked phrase "juvenile delinquency" is never used. But "Your Red Wagon" is a poignantly accurate study of this most pitiable of contemporary problems.

The young lovers, trying to escape their mutually sordid backgrounds, can live only through the underworld. A shyster justice is the only one they can get to marry them, and he fleeces them on the price of a get-away car. A killer's wife is the only person they can trust to lodge them, and she betrays them in order to spring her own man out of jail.

John Houseman produced "Your Red Wagon." Nicholas Ray directed it and Edward Anderson wrote the original novel, which was called "Thieves Like Us."

I discover, upon investigation, that these three friends have worked together on Broadway, notably in the production of "Lute Song," but this is their introduction to Hollywood as a creative trio. Houseman has been in and about Hollywood for some time, and his work has always been distinguished. For instance, he produced one of my pet Cosmopolitan Citation pictures, "The Blue Dahlia." But Messrs. Anderson and Ray directing, are absolutely new to movies. Ray, almost as young as the stars he has here put through their paces, comes from radio, where much new talent is being unearthed these days.

My good and battling friend, Samuel Goldwyn, owns the contracts of Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell, a guarantee that he will get richer and that they will be carefully handled, career wise.

I bestow nosegays on every one connected with this picture to which I most happily give the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best love story of the month.

"The Emperor Waltz" is unlike "Your Red Wagon" in every way. It cost a fortune—better than four million dollars. It stars two terrific established stars, Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine. It kids the pants off love—by way of the dog pants of a mongrel pup and an aristocratic poodle. It is done in swoon-making color, against the background of Vienna of 1901, with songs by Bing, and music and laughter by everyone. Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder wrote it, Charlie produced it and Billy directed it, which assures its originality—since they are the pair who were first to laugh at the Reds, years ago, with "Ninotchka"; to go on record against the Nazis with "Arise, My Love" and to take apart an alcoholic (and win themselves an Academy Award) with "The Lost Weekend."

You can't call "The Emperor Waltz" a musical comedy, since it hasn't any big production numbers or a chorus. It certainly isn't an operetta. It's light as whipped cream, gay as a teen-ager's giggles, heady as vintage champagne.

Its amiable male star strolls through it, as the original Victrola salesman, invading the palace of Franz Joseph, trying to sell him his talking machine. He has brought with him from America his gum-chewing mutt, Buttons, who carefully poses, on demand, as the pooch registering "His Master's Voice" after the copy of the old ads.

Joan Fontaine, looking gorgeous in her turn-of-the-century gowns and pompadour, is Johanna Augusta Franziska, the Countess Von Stolzenberg-Stolzenberg, owner of the very haughty, extra-blue-blooded poodle Scheherezade. It is

Buttons and Scheherezade, who originally get together , creating a scandal in dogdom—and several astounding puppies. And then—well, you know, don't you?

I loved every giddy, frivolous moment of "The Emperor Waltz." Bing has never been in more persuasive voice, and since his songs are worked logically into the script they are an utter delight. There is, for example, the magical moment when the clouds lift over the mountains, and Bing lifts his voice into song which the hills echo back to him.

There are a score more scenes that will delight your eyes and evoke your laughter. The "Emperor Waltz" scent in Franz Joseph's palace is magical, and Richard Haydn as the royal old boy is superb. But I guess the mood of this saucy production is best expressed in its forward, and I quote:

"On the night of December 17, 1900, His Majesty Franz Joseph, I, Emperor of Austria, Apostolic King of Hungary, King of Bohemia, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, Galicia, etc., etc., was giving a Little Clambake at his Palace in Vienna."

With royalty being pushed around like that right at the start, you know funny things have got to happen. "Emperor Waltz" in its ironic, romatic merriment offers just as distinctive, unique entertainment as "Your Red Wagon." So I refuse to say either is "the best." I'm settling by giving "The Emperor Waltz" a Cosmopolitan Citation as the best musical production of the month, and I'm urging you to experience this gorgeous fluff of rainbow-hued melodious pleasure.

This is a month of pleasant variety, which includes a war drama, "Homecoming."

Here you have Clark Gable, the darling of the femme hearts, and Lana Turner, ditto in the affections of the males. Clark is a society doctor happily married to a charming woman (not Lana). Then comes the war.

You may have the feeling that you have seen too much war in the movies—most of us get that idea. Yet, this is such an adult story you forget any antipathy you may have for booming guns and roaring tanks in the interest of watching the growing romance of the doctor and Lana, a nurse.

The Gable character here projected has never gone in for disreputable medical practices, but he has been a shade sharp, sticking close to the petty ailments of rich old dowagers and rarely giving much time to the really sick poor.

Lana is a widow left with a little boy to bring up. Even without the benefit of beauty parlors and in some scenes looking actually unkempt, she never loses that glamour that is so much her stock in trade.

Miss Turner, too, never lets down in any acting opportunity given her. That I know after seeing her in every picture she has ever made.

Meeting Clark on a troopship she senses the doctor's basic superficiality. She doesn't mean to fall in love with him any more that he means to fall in love with her, and they resist each

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other's lure through shot and shell.

There are moments, of course, that are unreal; when you know it would have been humanly impossible for two people as madly in love as Clark and Lana, together in a remote part of the world, in the midst of disaster, to have resisted each other. Yet, they kept to the code of the Johnston office.

Well, without wishing to tell the end, let me say there is a scene when Clark returns home that, in my opinion, lifts the picture into great distinction.

You wonder how Clark, who has left a wife worthy of his love at home, is going to adjust their lives together when the war is over.

There is an actress in this fine sequence who is a notorious scene stealer. That's Anne Baxter, and she is the very embodiment of so many girls we all knew during the war. She is the wife who has been left behind, with nothing but great empty stretches of time on her hands, and her heart haunted by the fear that she is losing her husband.

It is when Gable reaches home, and Anne starts trying to recapture his love, that "Homecoming" grows truly engrossing and very real. Anne, aided and abetted by her real-life husband, John Hodiak, and the always flawless Gladys Cooper, makes the final half of "Homecoming" something you must see. Spurred on by her, Clark rises to heights, too, at the end. So, naturally, I give Anne Baxter the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best supporting performance of the month of June. She most richly deserves it.

I want also to bestow a most enthusiastic accolade on Mervyn LeRoy for his direction. Mervyn is always good. But "Homecoming" is one of his most distinguished jobs.

It is no accident that "State of the Union" which is entirely concerned with politics is coming out this summer when most of us are very concerned with that same subject.

"State of the Union" was a smash-hit play which opened on Broadway in 1945, got the Pulitzer Prize in 1946, and now has come to the screen by way of M-G-M and Producer-Director Frank Capra. It has a star-packed cast, headed by Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Van Johnson and Angela Lansbury.

When I first got the news of that casting I groaned over all of it, with the exception of Spence. To me he can do no wrong as an actor and it sounded quite perfect to give him the role of a business executive who rather naively, but most sincerely, enters politics, aiming at nothing less than the Presidency. And he is perfect, too, in his finished portrayal.

But I didn't go for the thought of Katharine Hepburn as his small-town wife, deserted until politics make her co-operation necessary to her husband's final victory. I couldn't conceive of Van-boy getting away with the characterization of a Washington big-time political reporter; and least of all did I expect anything except farce from the casting of Angela Lansbury as a very slick lady publisher.

Now, after seeing the picture, I eat my doubts regarding all the performances except that of Kate Hepburn. Her astringent, nervous style is too taut for her ever to make me believe her as a simple, devoted, small-town girl.

In contrast, Angela Lansbury plays "the other woman" with a spirit and a loveliness that knocked the critical breath out of me. Hers is a ruthless role that could have been very unattractive. But she does it so brilliantly that you hate to see her lose out in the end. As for Van, this proves he is an actor, as well as the bobby-soxers' delight.

It is Van who really has the best lines—the ones with the real "bite" in them—and the strength of "State of the Union" is that it says biting things with both punch and humor.

Frank Capra has always had a missionary spirit which he has put into his pictures, right from the earliest "flicker" days up to date. He loves people, and he loves idealism, and he never shoots any film that doesn't let him prove this attitude. I know without asking that one of the reasons he wanted to bring this particular story to the screen was because he feels bound to awaken people to a sense of political responsibility.

It will do that—and for his own outstanding job in directing it, I give him the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best direction of the month of June. The simple truth is Frank is more than apt to garner all such awards any month he has a picture released.

THE END

U. C. L. A. *(Continued from Page 61)*

says. "There should be more films made to serve as visual textbooks."

One of these, already in the working stage at U. C. L. A., is a technicolor movie on the geological-historical geographical-social evolution of Palm Springs from the Indians to Lana Turner. It's Albert Burke's original idea for a Master's thesis which will also be the classwork and homework for Macgowan's students. They'll help photograph it, plan special effects, put in animation to show historical sequences, edit the film down to fit a classroom hour and then try to find out how they could have improved it.

There already is much talk in the industry that maybe this U. C. L. A. group can be an experimental outlet for Hollywood talent. Macgowan is full of plans for the future. Now being designed is a building expressly for the Theater Arts, with central staging and everything.

Macgowan has other projects on tap, including films on art perspective and freshmen orientation. And requests from the university's different schools have started pouring in. Eventually he hopes to produce U. C. L. A. movies for the state and federal government, too.

"By the time they graduate," Macgowan says, "our students will do more varied film work than they could ordinarily do in five years in a Hollywood studio."

The university makes a lot of money for its Student Loan Fund by renting the campus to movie studios for a hundred dollars a day. Students are no longer surprised to see Betty Grable sitting in front of a log cabin in the middle of the campus Quad; or to find a sign reading "Centerville High School" over the Chemistry Building in preparation for a new Henry Aldrich picture; or to see a wedding going on for "The Spirit of West Point."

"We've had everything on campus but an elephant," a coed says. She is immediately corrected. Several years ago, there was an elephant on campus. But the university decided that was too much; no more animals.

U. C. L. A.'s most devoted Hollywood fan is Joe E. Brown, who sent two sons there. The university has named its baseball stadium after him, and it has a special room full of Joe's sports-war trophies. It includes a cigarette holder belonging to John L. Sullivan; the bat Babe Ruth used to set his record of sixty home runs in 1927; the horseshoes made by Bob Fitzsimmons five days before he fought James Corbett, and a GI knife issued to Joe on his first trip to the Pacific.

Some of U. C. L. A.'s paraplegic students, veterans who are paralyzed from the waist down, remember Joe's USO junkets. U. C. L. A. has twenty-four paraplegic students, probably more than any other American university, most of which have shunned the paraplegic problem as being too tough. U. C. L. A. built special ramps to the buildings, has even started plans for a separate library room to assure them seats and service at all times.

Some of the boys' wives are now taking the same courses, and it's working out fine.

U. C. L. A. engineering research is also busy on something for amputees—new artificial arms which can even hold a soupspoon level. Dr. Craig Taylor is the chief researcher. His laboratory, which is always cluttered with long woolen underwear, hanging up to dry, is concerned with another research item—the hot box.

How hot can you get? Volunteer students so far have been shut up in Taylor's box for fifteen minutes at two hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, thirty-eight degrees above the boiling point of water. "Most people can stand more heat than they think they can, but we always have some cool towels and a bucket of water around, just in case," explained Dr. Taylor.

The whole project is classified under supersonic flying research, but student volunteer Sidney Friedlander is enthusiastic about it for another reason—"It really cures a hang-over."

Also researching for the Army, engineer George Tauxe and his assistants are busy planning how to best solidify soil so it can support airplanes. The project hasn't yet passed the paper stage, although Tauxe knows he can solidify soil by freezing, heating, and by electrokinetics. But his daydream is that someday a plane will be able to drop micro-organisms which will open soil pores to absorb a second spray of chemicals. Then several hours later the plane can land on hard earth.

You may have heard of the famous "Think Tank," more scientifically known as the Differential Analyzer. Thirty-two feet long, this mechanical brain figures out in twenty minutes mathematical problems which would

take human brains several months. "Of course it may take a couple of days to set the machine exactly so," commented the assistant, "but once the machine knows what you're talking about, and the gears start meshing, then you just stop thinking and let the machine do the work."

Professor Jakob Bjerknes, one of the world's foremost meteorologists, thinks you can do something similar with weather forecasting. If you can collect enough statistics and facts about weather, work them into a mathematical formula, then, he believes, you can put your formula into one of these Think Machines and produce a weather prediction.

Oceanography has a separate campus at La Jolla, but there is a constant trekking of students and faculty to and from U. C. L. A. Besides using helicopters and radar to count the passing parade of supposedly extinct gray whales (thirty-four were counted passing the station one day), they're also concerned with smaller marine life, like the lowly sardines. The state legislature gave these oceanographers three hundred thousand dollars to find out why there was a drastic drop in the sardine catch last year.

"Then we always have fascinating subjects like Amazon Molly," added Dr. Carl Hubbs. "It's the only backbone fish in the world that exists in a single sex, always female. We've raised twenty generations of them, and they always do the same thing: borrow the male species of any fish for reproduction purposes only. And the offspring is always a female Amazon."

Another side line was the study of monoplane and biplane flying fish to determine whether they soar or actually flap their wings when they fly. "They soar," concluded Hubbs, "and if plane designers had studied flying fish instead of birds, aviation would be advanced by ten years."

Whenever the weather is warm enough (it was eighty-nine degrees last Christmas), students grab swim suits, towels, books, pile into somebody's car, and fifteen minutes later are lounging on beautiful Sorrento beach. The students use their textbooks as pillows.

"Every bunch has a favorite meeting place out there," says Mary Carlin, political science student. "Our gang meets at Agony Hall which is named after a hot-dog stand. You don't cut classes much, but everybody tries to arrange their schedules so they can get out early at least twice a week. And you can always tell a real student around here—he's not as tanned as everybody else."

On Catalina Day, twelve hundred Juniors rent water taxis (which hold forty people) to make the two-and-a-half-hour trip for a full day's picnic at Catalina. U. C. L. A. holds regular Stag or Drag dances called, "Recs," and special ones like "Sloppycana" ("Dress as sloppy as you can"). But the group trying most desperately to punch some get-together spirit into this go-home college is Bruin Host. It's an organization of extrovert students, like lovely Carol Graham, who plan parties in different L. A. neighborhoods and invite students from that area, usually strangers to each other.

These parties are specifically aimed at people like Howard Randolph, a red-headed freshman who wants to be a math teacher. He complains, "I never get outside of school, so I hardly have time to find out what U. C. L. A. is

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America's Luxury Cigarette

Plain Ends
Ivory Tips
Beauty Tips (red)

Merely a Penny or Two More!

really like."

For too many students like Randolph, the noon hour is "eat-and-meet" time, the only time most of them have together. They sprawl all over the grassy campus, eating their lunch out of paper bags. You seldom see anybody wear a tie; sport clothes are suitable all year long. Informality is the order of the day. Typical is the case history of student Abdullatif Succar, a tall, reticent Arab who came to the Freshman Reception formally dressed in his full-flowing white robes. The next time U. C. L. A. Provost Clarence Dykstra saw him was at a dinner. The Arab was wearing an Argyle sweater, slacks and saddle shoes. "It was a difficult break to make, but I'm glad I made it," Abdullatif Succar confided to Mrs. Dykstra. "Call me Al."

The thing Joe and Josephine "Bruin" have an inferiority complex about is their newness. "We're so tradition hungry," one admitted, "that anything that happens twice is automatically a tradition." An early tradition is that students aren't supposed to walk on the state seal on the library floor. Writing to "Grins and Growls," the letters to-the-editor column of the campus newspaper, a girl commended "some courteous clean-cut fellows for voluntarily guarding the seal." A more cynical student then wrote in, "If the library seal is not to be tramped upon, why didn't they put it on the wall?"

Some attempted traditions don't quite come off. On Sadie Hawkins Day, they pick a Li'l Abner and a Daisy Mae, but nothing much really happens except a lot of publicity pictures. During Men's Week, men students grow beards and women "once more take their place as household ornaments." That, too, might possibly die out if it weren't for the Trolls, a carefully selected group of female characters on campus who have luncheons on garbage-can lids (new) and call themselves a "disorganization."

They tried, unsuccessfully, to persuade the traditional twelve women not to carry the Men's Week "King of Men" to class on a sedan chair and not to shine men's shoes on the Quad. They hijacked the delivery truck so men couldn't read the Daily Bruin first—also a Men's Week custom—and the men had to storm the Powder Room to get their papers. The Trolls tried to capture the Men's President with two pairs of handcuffs, but they forgot he was a football player. Their compromise then was to drown his office in unmanly perfume and frilly flowers. The last phase of Mess-up-Men's-Week was to charge into the Co-Op Store when women weren't supposed to be there. Waiting for them was a barrage of water from paper cups, thrown by men who had anticipated the move.

But a Growl letter still complained, "What has happened to the small amount of school spirit that was once manifest? Yesterday, when the King was crowned, there were no more than fifty men in attendance . . . later when a movement by three or four men was begun to oust the matron—a lowly woman—from the Men's Lounge, the multitudes sat stupidly reclining in their seats and less than two, namely one, rose to help."

A similar apathy in spirit applies to student politics. Lashing out at it, student leader Steve Muller wrote, "You are too lazy to participate in student democracy, too dumb to know you never had it so good . . . It's a minor tragedy that one of the greatest student governments in the country (on paper) is corroding for lack of participation by a membership whose morale has become rotten."

Muller wasn't exaggerating about the student government. Here is one of the few student governments in the country which not only controls clubs, lunchrooms, publications and the bookstore but actually controls athletics to the point of hiring and firing coaches.

"And yet last spring," said a student editorial, "less than one third of more than thirteen thousand regularly enrolled students took the time to cast their votes for a slate of student-body officers who this year will spend, directly or indirectly, some $115,000 of the students' funds."

Associated Students of U. C. L. A. is one of the organizations borrowed from the older California University at Berkeley. There it started back in 1902 when a star football player was barred from a game because he had broken some faculty rule. Reaction was so long and loud that the president finally said, "I will let a committee of seniors decide." It grew from that.

Now the students decide how much money to spend for parking lots, what kind of rooters' caps to have, where to get more storage space for textbooks, and what to do about a new basketball coach.

"Here's what the university administration thinks of us," says A. S. U. C. L. A. president, Kenneth Gallagher. "Before they finally selected the new Dean of Men, they called us in to interview him. How about that?"

A. S. U. C. L. A. is mostly supported by football receipts. To run the business end of things, the students hired graduate manager Bill Ackerman. Their financial condition is now so healthy that they have set aside $300,000 toward a new five-million-dollar student union. But during the depression business was so poor that they went broke to the tune of eighteen thousand dollars. The Board of Regents loaned them the money on condition that the Board be given a financial veto, seldom exercised.

Stories about student apathy don't impress Ackerman much. "When they get really excited, they do something. When the university was considering selling some land for a department-store site, the students kicked up such a fuss, wrote so many letters and petitions that the whole project was dropped. You can't call that apathy."

Ackerman knows his U. C. L. A.; he's been here for twenty-seven years, and he's held a variety of jobs including that of tennis coach.

Tennis is one of the Bruin's big sports because the weather is so perfect. There were only nine days last year when they couldn't play outside. The golf team is good but doesn't rate with Stanford's. Neither does the swimming team.

But U. C. L. A. does have a crackerjack water-polo team, which won the first championship to come to U. C. L. A. in any sport.

A minor sport, which is becoming more and more major, is skiing. Less than two hours from campus, there's a ski hut on top of Mt. Baldy, built by the students themselves. "It's probably one of the few places in the world where you can ski down a slope right onto the desert and fall on a piece of cactus," says ski coach Wolfgang Lert.

This is one school where students play at being football players instead of vice versa. No matter how good a high-school football player is, he still needs a B average to get in here. That's what makes Jackie Robinson's story all the more spectacular. Jackie earned his four varsity letters in a single year. He's U. C. L. A.'s most celebrated athlete, especially since he won the Rookie-of-the-Year award with the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1947.

In college, Jackie was hottest in the traditional games with U. S. C. and Berkeley. The U. S. C. games usually involve a paint job on the seat of U. S. C.'s Trojan statue. Bruin students who were caught prematurely setting off the U. S. C. bonfire had their heads shaved and painted green, and were then exhibited in cages on the U. S. C. campus for several days.

As for the U. C. L. A. Bruin-Berkeley Bear game, an alumnus overheard this conversation:

"It ought to be a good game."

"What do you mean a good game? This is the Civil War!"

U. C. L. A. is one of the subtropical horticulture centers of the world. Its specialty is research on and commercial development of minor fruits like the avocado. Twenty-five years ago, the avocado was commercially nonexistent in California; today it's a twenty-five-million-dollar industry.

They are trying to do the same thing with the loquat, a Chinese plumlike fruit, and the heart-shaped cherimoya, delicate custard apple, and feijor pineapple guava, passion fruit, the puckerless Oriental persimmon and lots more.

Dr. Robert Hodgson recently saw one of his former Ag students sitting on a throne in an old palace, in India. He has the title of Director of Agriculture of one of the princely states. "To pep up the sale of fruit trees, he's almost giving them away. He's even had special songs written about how wonderful fruit trees are, and they're sung all over the country. Something like our singing commercial."

There's a feeling among certain faculty members that "U. C. L. A. has been playing second fiddle in the California University orchestra long enough." But there's little talk of breaking off immediately, although eventually the umbilical cord probably will be cut—especially if Southern California keeps growing at its present rate.

U. C. L. A. still has much to gain right now if it stays part of the federated campus of eight. There are still the advantages of generous research allocations, faculty exchanges, complementary education, the distinguished reputation of the university as a whole. What's more, the state is generous with building funds, and the Board of Regents doesn't interfere ("knock on wood," was how one professor put it).

But some faculty members complain of being buried in budgets, wasting too much time working on administrative detail and committees when they should be doing their own writing and research. Many also feel that as overall president, Robert Sproul is a crackerjack general, but that he doesn't delegate enough authority to his provosts. Decisions that could be made in an afternoon by the local provost go to Berkeley and sometimes take weeks.

If you talk to U. C. L. A.'s friendly, intelligent provost, Clarence Dykstra—Selective Service's first director and former president of the University of Wisconsin—he'll tell you, "Well, after all, U. C. L. A. was the first child of Berkeley. But we're getting rid of our inferiority complex. We're going to be better than the old lady." **THE END**

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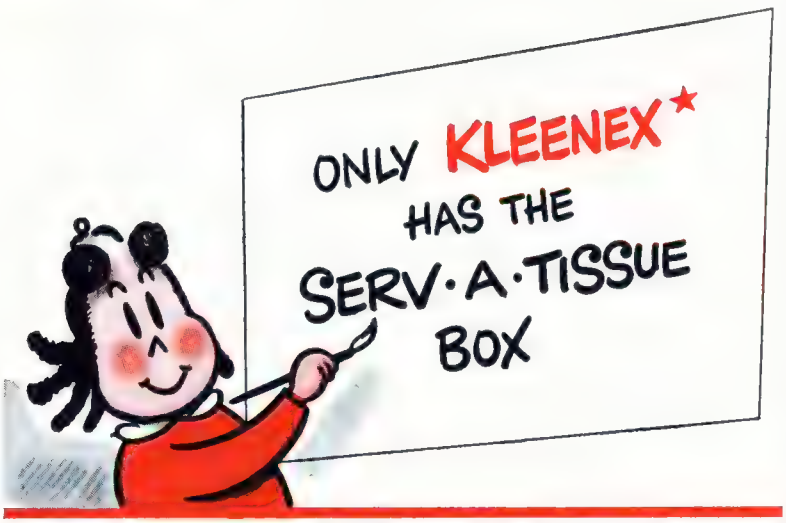

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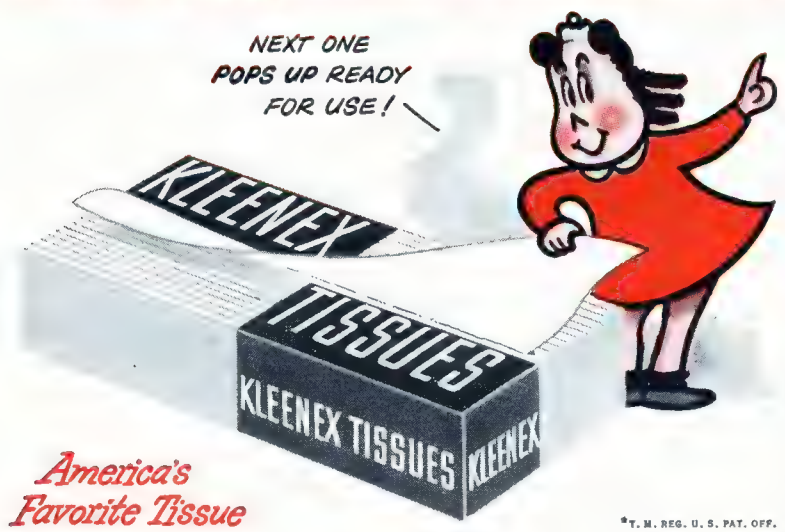

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Lesson in Love

(Continued from page 65)

limp toward the nearest easy chair. One sandal had been cutting into her instep all day.

"Well, tell us—how was it? Was it a nice wedding? Didn't Anne look lovely? Who all was there?" Thin, both of them, dressed carefully, looking fashionable and reserved, they had been down to the church in the morning, their eyes alert for people they knew or recognized. Now, in more comfortable clothes, they wanted to hear the rest of the story in every tiny detail: And what did she have on? Who was that with her? What table were they at? Did you find out what they gave for a present?

Head lolling against the back of the chair, sometimes with her eyes closed, Madeleine talked and talked, but her jaws ached with the effort. She had had too many drinks; she had smoked too many cigarettes; she had talked too much.

"Do you mean to say they didn't have canapes and cocktails first?" her aunt cried out at one point in tones of amazement.

"Oh, yes, I forgot. We had canapes and cocktails first in a big reception room, and then they opened the doors and we all went inside, and first we had—oh— fruit cup with mint ice . . . Yes, and lemon sole, I think it was . . . chicken and broccoli and . . . green salad . . . ice cream in molds . . . Yes, champagne and Scotch, and——Yes . . . No . . . look, darling! No, that was his aunt; his mother was the one in beige . . . Very quiet, but they say she's lovely . . . Yes, they were there; they were asking for you. So were the Fairfields . . ."

"Madeleine"—there was an edge in her mother's voice—"who was that who brought you home?"

"Oh! That was Dick Hartley. He was one of the ushers."

"But whatever happened to Paul?" In the cry Madeleine heard echoes: Whatever happened to Jim Lansing? To Pete Holloway? Bill Anderson? To Dave Maunton? To all the boys who had tarried for a while only to slip through her fingers . . .

"Oh, well—well, Paul was going to stay on, but I was so tired—I was simply exhausted! And it was so hot there . . . " Before their glances, patient, resigned and sorrowing, she dropped her eyes. "I was wilting," her voice said unsteadily. Sitting there with her eyes closed, tears ready to fall, she was relieved to hear a car door slam at the curb. Her young brother's voice laughed, bidding someone good-by. A moment later, the front door opened.

"Jack Wylie!" her mother cried. "You never—you didn't come through the streets like that, I hope!"

"Like——" From the hall his voice sounded startled; then carrying his tennis racket, he came into the parlor in sneakers that squeaked on the parquet floor. He wore white shorts, and a T shirt, and had the arms of a green sweater knotted loosely about his neck.

"You mean this——" He laughed. "No, I got a lift home with Duke." He looked

around at Madeleine. "You back already?"

"Yes, and I'm—worn out!"

"D'you have a good time?" His brown eyes were friendly. "Are you all right?" they asked. "Is everything——" Or did she only imagine this solicitude?

"Marvelous, thanks." She smiled. Her glance resting on him was soft, was fond, but something made her heart ache. Another generation had grown up, reminding her that her own first youth had passed. He was eighteen, home from his last year at prep school where he had grown tall and had filled out; his features had assembled themselves, and had proven even better than hers. He was sunburned. He was going to be a heartbreaker. And so nice, she thought, comparing him with Dick Hartley, so decent. No frustrations to mar him, no failures . . .

"I see you copped the bride's bouquet," he said, unsure whether it was tactful to mention this or not.

"Yes, it bounced out of I don't know how many hands, and finally landed in mine." She was almost beginning to believe this herself. Actually though, embarrassingly, Anne had leaned far over the banister and virtually placed the bouquet in Madeleine's hands.

"Well, I have a heavy date for tonight," Jack was saying. "I'd better go up and——"

"Oh, aren't we getting important!" she cried, to ward off the rush of tears. "Oh, boy!"

"Jack, before I forget!" Aunt Tess slapped her hand to her forehead. "I meant to tell you—a girl called you up last night. Sally something. Sally—Boardman? Anyway I told her you'd call her back."

"Thanks! Nothing like getting your messages on time!" He laughed and raced upstairs to shower.

"Well, I suppose I'd better start the dinner." Her mother put away the wedding, and rose with a sigh. Her daughter was a failure, the last unmarried girl of her crowd.

"Want to take the flowers?" Madeleine asked as her aunt passed by.

"Yes, let me have them. Oh, wouldn't I make a lovely bride! Mm! Here comes the bride; all step aside; Ta-ta-ta-TEE-ta from side to-hoo side . . ."

Madeleine was left alone. Her mother's voice, diminishing, floated back from the well of the staircase. "Madeleine, you'd better take that dress off right away. No use getting it all mussed."

Madeleine could see herself dancing in it some night this summer. With a new young man, remembering to keep smiling and bright-eyed, to be entertaining, to dance lightly, not to lean on her partner's arm. Unwilling to face the prospect of beginning all over again, she heaved herself out of the chair, bent over, stepped out of the shoe that pinched, and then walked lopsidedly into the back parlor. There she took a cigarette from an opened pack on the mantel, lit it and blew forth a fan of smoke. She looked carefully at the ash, then glancing away, she thought: There's no use. I might as well face it. I've lost Paul. Oh, no, Paul, please; I

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didn't mean—Paul, give me another chance.

Restless, keyed-up, flicking the ashes on the bare floor, she began to pace back and forth, aware of the extent of her defeat yet unable clearly to see the cause of it. Not only had she lost Paul—and Dick Hartley—but there were all those others too. Why? What brought her to this, time and again?

Today, up to a certain point, everything had gone along smoothly: the wedding, the reception, the dancing. She could see herself behaving as usual, talking a little too excitedly, being a little too busy, pressing too many hands. We'll let that pass, she thought generously, for there was nothing she could do about that. Outside the house, she was an entirely different Madeleine. The real trouble, she thought, didn't start till the crowd of us rode down in the elevator with Anne and Bill in their going-away clothes. Paul had stayed inside dancing; I should have stayed with him, but no, I'm a show-off; I always have to be in the center of things . . .

Coming out of the elevator, she had been surprised to see that it was still afternoon. A faint summery breeze blew through the quiet lobby, moving the leaves of the plants. The bridal party moved in a shrill flying wedge to the side door. Just then, below them, Madeleine saw Dick Hartley coming across the street, scowling in the sunlight, swinging the key's to Bill's car on a chain around his fingers. The sunlight blazed off the blue-black curls of his hair. He came in, and despite his powerful weight, bounded lightly up the carpeted stairs, and was surprised to find them waiting. And suddenly, too suddenly, it was good-by.

"Good-by! Good-by, Anne! 'By, Bill! Good luck! Take it easy now! By. Good luck!" Madeleine felt Anne's quick kiss. "You'll be next!" Anne whispered encouragingly, then the bride and groom were running down the steps in a snowstorm of rice.

Madeleine Wylie stood where she was, a girl turning slowly to stone. From eyes as blind as a marble statue's, she stared out at the glaring sidewalk where everyday people passed by. The car with Anne's white glove waving and waving, drove away. Behind Madeleine, a man's deep voice said, "And so another poor Indian bites the dust."

"Why so bitter, my friend?"

"Why?" He shrugged his heavy shoulders. "I had my reception right here at this hotel."

A light exploded in her mind; of course—now she remembered the pictures in the papers: Naval Hero Takes Bride. Lt. Commander Richard Lewis Hartley . . .

"Oh! Then this whole . . . You poor boy! Why this whole thing must have been awful for you!"

"'Memories that bless and burn.' On the strength of which, how about letting me buy you a drink?" They started walking toward the elevators.

"Surely! But why buy one when there's enough upstairs to float a——"

"I'm not going back up there again."

"Oh." She thought of Paul dancing with that cute girl in the green print dress; and a sensible inward voice advised her to forget Dick Hartley, to go on back to Paul. The back of her neck felt rigid. Then, almost in dread, she turned and looked up at the face that for years she had loved in secret . . .

The cocktail lounge was dim and cool; a few couples sat far off from them across the empty, gleaming black tables. "Let's see," he said, trying to place her, "you—you used to go around with Jim Lansing, didn't you?"

It pained her that Dick had never been able to remember her distinctly. "Y-yes. Oh, for a long while, Jim and I were real pals!"

"And what do you do all day long?"

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"Oh," she said, shredding matches into the ash tray, "I have a beastly job."

"That's what I have too. A beastly job." She could tell it was not an adjective he ordinarily used. Hunched over the table, he smiled a little. "And I can remember when I thought I had the world by the tail."

"Don't you now?" She struck a match. In the ash tray there was a pallid flare. He stared at it.

"No," he said as the flame died down, "not now. Not any more."

"Dick! You're going to make me cry if you keep on talking that way! I always thought you were the—well—I remember so many wonderful things about you." Tears stung her eyes, but she smiled. "Oh, I remember the Tulane game you played in in your senior year . . . I was hoarse from cheering you on."

"How the—how'd you ever remember that?" For the first time his face cleared and came alive.

"You'd be surprised. I have ways of remembering things I want to remember." She smiled mysteriously.

"Well, tell me"—he hitched his chair nearer, "tell me what else you remember about me."

By the time they had finished their first drink, he was telling her, on request, about his naval career. Not that she didn't know. Like everyone else, she had read of it in the newspapers, but she listened as if absorbed, her eyes fastened attentively on his face, noting the action of his black eyebrows, mourning a little that his face had lost its clear outlines. "No!" she cried from time to time, while part of her mind wondered what had happened between him and his wife. The war, people said vaguely. "Never! With all the Jap planes coming right . . . Dick, how did you ever keep your senses? I would have died!"

A half hour later their heads were close together.

". . . makes me want to get away from all this," he was saying.

"Oh, I know! I know just how you feel! It's—"

"Maybe someplace in Maine. I'd like to—to build a place, all modern. Like a ship . . ."

"Yes. Marvelous! Marvelous, Dick! Then you'd get exactly what you wanted!" But Maine? "Oh, I know so well what you mean! It's always been one of my life's ambitions to get away . . . Oh, why don't you do it?"

"Lie out in the sun, and swim . . . never see anyone."

A shock, like a dash of ice water, struck her enthusiasm, then her smile flashed back bravely.

"Dick, I can't tell you how much I'm enjoying this! To run into someone with the same ideas, someone who knows and understands and appreciates all"—had she pronounced that word correctly? Appre-appreshe—"I mean it's a shame we only run into each other at a wedding, or during the holidays at a big cocktail party, and then it's always: 'Hello, how're you? Nice to see you again!' I mean it's so—Oh, I don't know. It's sad, really."

Sad . . . Sad . . . The moment she said the word she could have wept. His forehead brushed against hers.

"We got do something about that. No more this 'Hello, good-by.' Tell me one thing—and I mean, be honest—is there someone you——"

Once more, but dimly, the memory of Paul arose, a small young man, hesitant, light-haired and pale. Not nearly as glamorous as Dick Hartley, not as decisive, as wild . . . She felt Dick studying her profile, and after a long while, she said, "No, there's really no one."

"Then come on," Dick said. "Let's get out of here. Get off someplace by ourselves."

They rode up in the elevator to retrieve Madeleine's possessions. At the entrance to the ballroom, she said, "Darling, listen; you'd better wait for me here. I'll have to finesse this." It was one of her expressions. The music stopped, and when the dance floor cleared, she saw Paul standing with a little group: another of the ushers, a bridesmaid, and the girl Paul had been dancing with. Madeleine crossed the shining dance floor.

"Paul," she said, "I——" She smiled a belated apology for bursting into the midst of someone's story; the group opened to admit her. Her eyes in one glance took in the girl standing beside Paul. His arm was still lightly about her. She was one of those girls to be found at every wedding: agreeable, pretty, a stranger to everyone. Nineteen, Madeleine thought, and with a beauti-

ful figure. Black hair, blue-green eyes, a suntan, a fresh bright mouth . . .

"Well, look who's here," Paul was saying. "Where have you been all my life?"

"Paul, I've—I've developed the—the most blinding headache. I hope you won't mind if I leave."

"No! Gosh, I'm—I'll be right with you!" His arm dropped from the girl's waist.

"No, no, no! I wouldn't think of dragging you away. It's sweet of you, and I love you dearly for it, but—no, Paul, please! Now I—it's all arranged' Dick Hartley's going to take me. I- Dick's an old family friend," she explained to the group, "and we always call on him in state emergencies—in great emergencies . . . I seem to be getting all mixed up here." She must have gestured, for they all turned to look at Dick, scowling in the doorway.

"So I—I'll be running along if you'll excuse me. 'Byee! 'By, everyone!"

Conscious that she had not finessed it at all, she sailed perilously across the slippery floor. Stopping only long enough to pick up her hat, bag and the white bouquet, she went up the steps where Dick Hartley was waiting. Without pausing, she clasped her hand in his and drew him out to the elevators.

"Any trouble?" he asked.

"Uh-uh." She shook her head. But a shiver went through her. She had just thrown away four good months of promising spadework on Paul Seton. From the ballroom she heard:

It was just one of those things,
Just one of those crazy things,
Just one of those bells that now and then rings . . .

"Dick"—she smiled and waited for him to glance at her—"Where are we going?"

"What? Where do you want to go?"

Her heart contracted. Something was about to go wrong. "Oh, I don't care. Any place as long as we can be to—as long as we can talk."

"I'd like to pick up a cab and ride around for a while—see if I could cool off a little."

"Oh! W-well yes! Yes, let's do that. Let's just ride around." Anything to ward off the evil for a while. "Do you know, Dick, I'm still amazed at you? When I think of you on that ship with those Jap planes coming. in . . ." The choice was unfortunate; he was tired of talking about it.

Outside the hotel, waiting for the doorman to flag a taxi, the sun beat upon them. In the glare, Dick's eyes were bloodshot; he seemed stupid, bull-like, his mind working on some problem apart from her. Playfully she fanned his face with her large hat brim, but he became embarrassed and asked her to stop.

The taxi was filled with dusty sunlight; the leather upholstery felt as if it would burst into flame. As soon as they started, a hot breeze blew in upon them.

"Well—well, Dick," she said, struggling to revive their earlier feeling of closeness, "couldn't you arrange to get away and go to Maine? I mean when you want to do a thing so badly, it seems such a shame not to be able—"

"Ah, I'll never get away. I'm stuck with this lousy job. Sometimes I'd like to wake up and find myself away off some—no, just find myself. The way I used to be. Before everything got all kicked to hell for me."

"Oh, Dick! Things can't be that bad! You break my heart when you talk that way!" She was back at that familiar impasse, talking vainly against someone's fading interest, making the advances, thinking up the topics. "Dick, tell me about your job. Go ahead, please. Maybe I could——"

"Hell, I don't even want to think about it!" He mopped his face, squirmed, tugged at his collar. A short while later he said, "Look—I don't know about you, but this heat has me bushed. Do you mind if I go home and take a cold shower and get this hot monkey suit off?"

"W-why—why, no! Not at all! I——" But did he expect her to wait in his apartment while he changed?

"Driver, wait a minute." He slid forward, then turned to Madeleine. "What block do you live on? I'll drop you off. It's just too hot to bother about anything."

What a mistake it was ever to have left the wedding! Walking the length of the back parlor, she wrung her hands, turned, paused. How was Paul to know that she wasn't out whirling all over the town with Dick Hartley? You could never expect him to believe that story about the headache, though now she discovered she had one that was almost blinding. Oh, Paul! A sudden idea sent her out into the hall, where she snapped on the light and began to flick through the pages of the telephone directory.

"Hello?" she was saying a few moments later into the telephone. "Will you connect me, please, with the wedding party upstairs in the Crystal Room?" While she waited, she held her hand across her hot forehead: Paul, did I leave my compact with you? I'm home now, and just as I was going to lie down, I discovered . . . "Hello? Yes? Is—is this the headwaiter at the . . . Oh . . . Yes . . . Well I . . . I've just left the wedding, and I'd like to speak to one of the guests. It's very important. Would you have him called to the phone, please? . . . Mr. Seton . . . No, Se-ton. S-E-T-O . . . Yes . . . Thank you." She drew a long breath: If I ever get out of this, she promised herself, I'll never again so long as I live . . .

"Madeleine, can you come down now?" her mother called. "Dinner is almost ready."

"In a few minutes. I—I'm phoning!"

"Tess wants to know what you want done with these flowers."

"Oh—throw them away," she wanted to say. Instead, she answered, "Can't —you put them in water or someth—— Hello? . . . Yes, I've . . . He what? . . . Oh. He left some time ago . . . Oh, well thank you."

She put down the phone. Oh, damn. Damn! And now what?

She could see him out somewhere with that girl in the green print dress, saying to her, "What are you doing tomorrow?" The girl would reply smilingly, "Why, nothing that I know of . . ."

Suddenly another thought, more hopeful in tone, held Madeleine's attention for a moment. Wasn't it just barely possible that by luck her reckless act might produce a good result rather than a bad one? Mightn't it open Paul's eyes a little? Make him jealous of Dick Hartley? Mightn't it prove just that added little push that Paul needed?

"Treat them badly," Anne had once said to her, "and they'll come running. But I tell you, Madeleine, the moment they think you're out gunning for them, they take to the hills, they vanish."

That was all very well for Anne who never had to lift her finger to be surrounded, Madeleine thought, but I can't afford to take the chance. Before I know it that girl in the green dress will move in. Somehow Paul's got to know that I came straight home!

Frowning with distaste, she began to dial his apartment. Oh, pray, she thought, pray that he's home and that I don't have to speak to that pest Jerry again. But luck was not with her; Paul's roommate had answered.

"Jerry? Jerry, this is Madeleine."

"Yes, Madeleine. What's troubling you today?"

"Why there's nothing troubling me!" Really! He had the nastiest way . . . "I just called to see if Paul got back yet . . . He didn't . . . He didn't call up or anything?"

"There has been no word so far from the great man."

"Well, would you have him call me the minute he comes in?"

"Roger. Will-co."

"What?"

"I said 'Roger.' The minute he comes in. Have him call." In the background she heard the radio playing a symphony.

"Yes, you see I—I got in rather a fix. We got our signals crossed, and now I——"

"I'll have him call you, Madeleine."

In the ordinary affairs of life stupidity is much more tiresome than wickedness. You can mend the vicious, but what in Heaven's name are you to do with the foolish?

W. Somerset Maugham.

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"No, wait, Jerry! Don't ring off! Here's what I wanted you to tell him! You see I was at the wedding with Paul, and when Anne was going away, she asked me if I'd—if I'd take care of a friend of ours. This boy is—well, he's had a terrible time in the war, and then when he came home, his wife up and divorced him, and—well it was one of those things. It was really too bad; you'd feel awfully sorry for him. And so I said yes, and—hello! hello? Are you there, Jerry?"

"Yes," came the patient, martyred voice, "I'm still here."

"Where was I? Oh . . . So—so I thought I'd better get this boy home, you see, because he seemed to be in bad shape, but I was perfectly furious that I had to leave, and of course, you see I couldn't very well explain to Paul in front of all the people standing there, but I want him to know I wouldn't——"

"Madeleine, forgive me, but all this sounds more involved than usual. Hadn't I better have Paul call you?"

"Yes, well will you be sure to do that? Tell him how I happened to leave, and that I wouldn't really do a thing like that if I could help it. And tell him I'm home now. I got in about a half hour ago."

"Yes, I'll tell him. I'll tell him."

"You won't forget now?" For often he did forget to deliver her messages, and she had to call again and again.

"No, I wont forget. Good-by, Madeleine."

Click!

What an unsatisfactory person Jerry was to talk to on the phone! She put the receiver down slowly.

"Can't she come down?" she overheard her aunt asking in the dining room.

". . . phoning someone. Paul I think."

Their voices were lowered, worried.

". . . something could have gone wrong?"

"I don't know . . . She seems——" The rest was lost in whispering.

"Well it's a shame," her aunt declared at length. "A nice girl like that. And when you see some of the ones who can land the husbands . . ." Leaning over the banister, Madeleine grew red with embarrassment. People aren't supposed to feel that way any more, she wept. It's no disgrace not to be married! In the world today there were plenty of attractive girls . . . But then why was she crying? Why did she mind so?

Drying her eyes, she returned aimlessly to the back parlor, sniffed, and drew a long fluttering sigh. A mirror between the two windows gave back her reflection. There was a forlorn slender grace to her figure; her arms were milky against the spreading pink dress. Even in tears she was—yes, she was pretty. Then why had she been left?

Time after time boys had called, interested, even ardent at first, and Madeleine tried her best to be pleasant and entertaining—tried ten times harder than other girls, only to see that slow flattening process begin. Then the roles were reversed: the pursued became pursuer. There's something—some step I

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don't know, she thought helplessly.

The telephone's sudden ring sent her spirits bounding. She rushed out to the hall.

"Hello," she said breathlessly. "Paul?"

"Hello?" It was a girl's small voice. "Is this Sargeant 5-5131?"

"Yes"—the light went out of Madeleine's face—"This is Sargeant——"

"Well, may I speak to Jack, please? This is Sally Boardman calling." It was a cute little voice, very much on its best behavior.

"Would you hold on just a moment?" Madeleine laid the receiver down and walked to the foot of the stairs. "Jack. Ja-ack, wanted on the telephone!"

Upstairs the bathroom door opened with a bang. "Who is it?" he called.

"It's your big date for tonight. It's Sally Boardman."

"Sally Board—she's not my—listen! I don't want to talk to her! Tell her I'm in the shower! No! Say I didn't get home yet!"

"What? . . . But I can't do that! She's waiting to speak to you! Jack, you've got to come down!"

"Tell her I'm out!" he cried.

"No. I won't! The least you could do is come down here and answer her!" In her excitement Madeleine had run part way up the stairs. "That's awful! That's the worst——"

"Can't you say I'm out? Say anything you want!" Jack slammed and locked the bathroom door.

Madeleine stood aghast. My brother! she thought. The moment seemed like a revelation, as if a blinding light had burst about her, the exact nature of which she couldn't understand. For a second or two she trembled on the edge of comprehension, but the thought of Sally waiting at the other end of the telephone sent her down the stairs, her sympathy overflowing. Oh, the poor thing, she thought, the poor little thing! Knowing so well how the girl felt, Madeleine hated to pick up the receiver.

"Hello?" she said softly. "I—I'm awfully sorry, but Jack isn't in just now."

"Oh. Well do—do you know if he's expected back later?" How light, how brave and graceful the little voice remained!

"I really couldn't say," Madeleine replied, and for a moment she felt as if she were holding a conversation with herself. "This is his sister Madeleine speaking." She wanted so badly to be kind to little Sally, to comfort her.

"Oh! Well, hello!" Sally Boardman had a cute young little laugh. "I didn't even know that Jack had a sister! I—I've been trying to reach him all week, but I guess he's been busy. I'd like to know if he could come to a party I'm having on the fifth. That's next Saturday."

"Oh, I should think he'd love it!"

"When—when he comes in, will you please tell him to give me a ring? He knows the number."

Surprisingly, two tears slipped down Madeleine's cheeks. "Y-yes, I'll — I'll surely tell him," she said with difficulty.

"If he calls any time up till—till about nine or ten o'clock I'll be in."

Yes, of course. Of course you will. I know. I know just how it is. Only—only it's no use, Sally. He won't answer. He's not going to call.

"Yes, I'll tell him," she said, and distantly she heard the echo of Jerry's voice saying, "Yes, I'll tell him."

She put down the phone, and after a moment her face crumpled, and she wept for poor little Sally, and for herself, and because her brother could be so heartless. Oh, how mean, how cruel everyone and everything could be!

Still crying, she turned and ran up the stairs. On her hurried way to her own room she passed her brother's. The door was open, and he stood barefooted before the bureau in his blue and white striped cotton robe; he was combing the wet tangle of his hair.

"What's the matter with you anyway?" she cried angrily. "Why didn't you come down to that phone?"

"Because I didn't want to be bothered talking to her, that's why! She's a pest!"

"She sounded like a perfectly nice little girl to me!" Madeleine was shaking in an inexplicable rage. "You've got to call her up!" she cried, not caring whether he saw her in tears or not. "I said you would, and you've got to do it! You can't treat people—"

"Listen. I can handle my own affairs. I don't need anyone telling me——"

"You boys are all the same! You're the most horrible——"

"You don't know what she's like!" he cried defensively. "She's a pest! Always chasing after you with some excuse or other, always writing letters up to school, and calling up when you come home . . . She ought to relax! Someone ought to tell her so! No one wants to have someone chasing after him all the while. You know that as well as I do, and if you don't . . ." He looked across the room at her. Her breath stopped. She felt herself pressing her hands tightly together, ready to receive the blow. The color had come up into his face; his voice thickened. "If you don't know it by now, y-you should!"

. . . . . .

In view of the volume of manuscripts now being received may we remind our contributors to attach a stamped, self-addressed envelope? Sending stamps only delays the return of manuscripts which are not suitable.

. . . . . .

In her own room, with the door shut, she sat down on the edge of the bed. The pink skirts rose in a cloud about her. Outside her windows the late sun hung like a burning mirror in the sky. Unconsciously she opened the fastener at the side of her dress, and then she sat still. ". . . always calling up, always chasing after you with some excuse or other . . . Someone ought to tell her . . . I tell you, Madeleine, the moment they think you're out gunning for them, they take to the hills, they vanish."

Of course, she thought slowly. Of course. That was it. She could see it all now. All the gay little notes she had written in her day—"cheerio, Madeleine." The invitations to alumnae dances. The two theater tickets that her "aunt couldn't use . . ." The telephone calls during business hours. To their homes. "Will you tell him Madeleine Wylie called?" Calling more frequently as the years went on. The countless flimsy excuses she invented to drop by at Paul's apartment. And Jerry sighing loudly, stamping out into the bedroom to read. Paul growing more and more hesitant, his polite smile more vague. "A pest! No one wants someone chasing after him all the while . . ." Her hands reached up, and unclasped her necklace; she sat with it forgotten in her lap. Of course. There was no use making the slightest fuss. No use even in being surprised. The only thing was, you wondered now why you hadn't known it long ago.

That was Saturday.

By Monday night, the first painful sharpness of realization was beginning to fade. Madeleine's disposition was hopeful, and she couldn't help thinking that she might still hear from Paul. And now that she knew precisely how to overcome her faults, she planned out how things would go from this point on. First of all, Paul was going to do the worrying and chasing for a change. Let him try the anxious seat, and see how much he liked it! While she would not go quite as far as Anne suggested, still, Paul was going to find an entirely different Madeleine, one who was restful and quiet, even rather distant; and if he didn't feel like calling again, well that was perfectly all right, he needn't. Paul wasn't the only fish in the sea.

Unforunately, he was the only one at present on her line; and by Tuesday night, she was wondering whether he could be busy all this time, or whether or not Jerry ever gave him her telephone message. You couldn't be the least bit sure about Jerry. Look how often he had forgotten in the past! And if he forgot in this particular case, why . . . She took a turn about the parlor. The telephone suddenly turned into a magnet, exerting a pull right through the wall. She could feel excitement gathering within her; her heart started to beat too rapidly. The telephone was drawing her against her will . . . "No," she cried, "I don't care what happens; I simply will not call him again!"

But Wednesday night she was alone in the house. Jack had gone out with his girl for a last date before he went away as counsellor at a camp; her mother and aunt had gone to a funeral in the neighborhood. Cars flowed by in the warm summer darkness, and across the street on one of the stoops, someone was exploding pre-Fourth of July firecrackers. The parlor was warm. She had not turned on the lamps. She felt restless, emotional, her heart going out—that heart that was always so full of love. She wanted someone to come and save her before it was too late.

She sat down on a straight-backed chair and spread her handkerchief on her knee. Of course, it wasn't—well it wasn't the same thing as chasing after someone if you were planning a little Sunday night supper, now was it? It

wasn't the same thing at all! And if you were going to have a few people in—three or four young married couples, herself and Paul—why naturally you had to invite them. You could either write, or you could phone, but there was no point in doing either unless you were certain of Paul. Here it was Wednesday night; if you wanted to have it for this Sunday, that wasn't giving people very much time . . .

It was nine o'clock when she went downstairs to the kitchen for a glass of ice water. She emptied the ice trays, refilling them with water—doing everything methodically, to make time pass. Oh, if only she could get over this one big hurdle! And how was she ever to do that if Jerry never gave Paul the message to call her? She came upstairs again, and sat in the dimness with her back to the front windows, her knees crossed, one foot swinging. What could Paul be doing? Why didn't he call her up? She took a sip of the ice water, set the glass down and gripped her hands between her knees. Heartlessly from an open window came a radio duet:

Someday my happy arms will hold you,
And someday, I'll know that moment divine
When all the things you are . . .

Oh, Paul, please, wherever you are, call me. Before I know it Mother and Aunt Tess will be back, and then I won't be able to call you till tomor . . . She brought herself up sharply, shocked.

But when your future is at stake, it is foolish to depend on anyone as careless and uninterested as Jerry to deliver an important message!

Unable to sit still any longer, she jumped up and roamed nervously about the room. The street lamp cast a faint light onto the ceiling and into the mirror; she saw her dark reflection passing quickly back and forth. She came to a halt, to a decision. Actually, she said to herself, it's better, it's far better to know. It's just cowardly not to know! And, buoyed up by that thought, quickly, quickly, before she could stop herself, like someone parched, she was out at the telephone. Trembling with eagerness, her finger swung the dial through his number. And there was the familiar, purring ring . . .

"Hello? Hello?" she said breathlessly. "Jerry? This is Madeleine! Is Paul there?"

THE END

White House Diary

(Continued from page 51)

of her time was scheduled; ten minutes upstairs for this, the next fifteen minutes downstairs for that. She even had conferences at breakfast. One day she could only spare me three minutes for our morning session. Still the memos and notes and letters from her poured in on me, no matter where she was. I saved quite a few of them and the other day I brought them out and looked at them.

"Dear Mrs. Nesbitt: There are twelve to fourteen for lunch. Eight for tea and dinner. See you at ten. ER."

"Will you please have my brown leather lunch kit, including box and

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bottle, in the ushers' office? Also will you tell whoever cooked the peas tonight that they were as hard as bullets, although they were small and should have been very nice?"

"The President of Iceland will breakfast at nine in his room."

And I have notes from her secretary, Malvina Thompson:

"Will you please send Mrs. R. a check for five hundred dollars?"

"Wire from Mrs. R. No laundry has come. Cannot understand reason."

A typical letter is this one which Mrs. Roosevelt sent me long ago from Hyde Park:

"Dear Mrs. Nesbitt:

"I will be back either late on Thursday or early Friday morning. The President gets in Friday morning. I am lunching out on Friday but at four P.M. I am receiving the wives of a textile group. Will you get definite information about this from Mrs. Helm if you haven't it? In the afternoon on Friday, just in time for dinner, some girls from the Todhunter School and Miss Dickerman, Miss Cook and Miss Goodman will arrive. The President says Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt may come up with him. If they do they can go into the little Blue Room. Three girls can go into the Pink Room, two in the big room and one in the little room, and I think we will have an extra cot in that room. Three girls can go into the boys' room, three girls can go into the Lincoln Room and the little room off that. Two girls in the Yellow Room. Miss Dickerman, Miss Cook and Miss Goodman can go into Sistie's and Buzzie's old rooms."

That gives you a fair idea of the master hand she was at shuffling guests.

The parade of war and official dignitaries kept on. Among other affairs was a stag dinner in honor of the President of Iceland.

Maybe it was he who sent the ptarmigans. The Secret Service men passed them, and when I went in to the kitchen to see about fixing them, I was amazed—they were so cute. They weren't like birds at all, in their little feather panties and feather boots, like snowshoes, and all white.

The President was getting some curious food gifts this year. After his Teheran trip, teal ducks came from the King of Egypt. Crown Princess Martha of Norway brought a large jar of crayfish to be used as a course. While the President was running for the fourth time Mr. Jesse Jones sent in six pheasant. Mr. Roosevelt had one for dinner the night he came back after election.

We really felt the pinch of rationing that December.

Even chicken, our stand-by, was scarce by this time. I put over what I thought was a masterly deal, buying three dozen chickens from a farmer. But it didn't work out after all, because the chickens weren't frozen properly, and weren't much good after all.

Fruitcakes were out this year. The ingredients were too hard to get and too high when you found them.

But I made my mind up, there would be a plum pudding on the Christmas table! That was the supreme moment of the Roosevelt year, when the pudding came in on its silver tray, set in holly, with the blue flame of the brandy lighting up the circle of old and young faces. No matter what President Roosevelt's worries were, he looked his happiest then.

So I made the plum pudding.

This is the old English way, the one my mother-in-law taught me, and the Roosevelt's liked it best.

One and a half pounds each of grated bread crumbs (use bread a day or two old), seeded raisins, currants, brown and white sugar (half-and-half). One pound kidney suet chopped fine. One half-pound each mixed orange and lemon peel and cut walnuts. One teaspoon each nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon cloves, and twelve eggs.

I beat my sugar and eggs to a cream,

I suppose it's difficult for the young to realize that one may be old without being a fool.

——W. Somerset Maugham.

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mix in the suet and bread crumbs, then blend in everything; moisten with sherry, grape juice or brandy, and steam in molds for three hours.

The Christmas pudding looked fine that year, and I'm still glad I made that particular one.

Just before the fourth inauguration the President came downstairs. He wanted me to go into the vault and find his family Bible. This was an heirloom, printed in Dutch, that had come from Holland with his family, and he always used it in taking his oath of office.

He waited while I searched, but it wasn't there.

He sat waiting in his chair, withdrawn and so quiet, I found myself holding my breath, not to intrude. Usually I found him overpowering—not in manner, for he made everyone around him feel of equal importance—but because I felt I had nothing to offer by way of talk. My ideas were so insignificant compared to all he was going through.

Now I looked at him, the massive head, the fine proud features graying. He looked drawn, not as badly as the newspaper pictures showed him, but tired to the point of an inhuman loneliness.

Sitting there, with his head sunk down and thoughtful, he seemed like a beast in a field, losing its blood. The whole world was pulling him down.

"I'm sorry," I said. "But the Bible isn't here."

He looked up, slow and surprised, thinking I was upset about the book. "Don't worry about it," he said kindly, "it must be some other place."

He was drawing near the end. We all felt it. We prayed for its coming, thinking it would be the war's end—not his.

President Roosevelt wanted chicken a la king for his inaugural luncheon, but I had to say, "No, you can't keep that dish hot for two thousand guests."

So Mrs. Roosevelt said, "We'll pare to the bone," and we compromised with the President, and planned for chicken salad, rolls without butter—I hoped the salad would be rich enough to make them forget the butter—unfrosted cake, and coffee.

That called for two hundred chickens, one hundred and ninety dozen rolls, one hundred and sixty-five cakes, and one hundred gallons of coffee. Three buffet tables, one in the East Room, one in the State Dining Room, another downstairs on the lower floor, and one hundred extra waiters for those who couldn't reach the tables.

Two thousand for lunch was really too many, but I didn't say anything.

This was one inaugural I was determined not to miss. I had everything taken care of in advance and went outside under the south portico and saw it all.

The other inaugurals had been spectacular. This was quiet. Family prayers inside the White House; then outside, the oath taking, and the band playing "Hail to the Chief," and the closing prayer.

No parades this year, no military crushes, no crowds to jam traffic, no balls. The gray pressure of war cut these away. Just a semi-private backporch talk of about twenty minutes.

I thought back over the other inaugurals. To the first, when frightened millions had heard him launch his war against fear. To 1937, when the streets were jammed in the rain, and 1941, when Pennsylvania Avenue shook to the tanks and guns and marching lines, and planes droned savagely over the city, and we knew America was wakening.

This, the quietest, was the most impressive of all.

Suddenly I realized a mild-looking little man was taking oath of office; it was Mr. Harry S. Truman, who had been elected vice-president. I didn't take much notice of him, because I had to skip back into the house; the ceremony was ending, and two thousand people would soon be stampeding inside for lunch.

The toughest stretch, as usual, was the interlude between two and four that afternoon, when we cleaned up in preparation for the tea at four thirty. Eighteen hundred new guests came in then to find the tables spruced up and set over, with tea, cookies and cake. Two hundred dozen cookies, very small ones, and one hundred unfrosted marble cakes did for the tea and reception for the electors and Democratic Party leaders. That night for the family inaugural dinner I splurged all my ration points on a rib roast—their first in months.

Like everyone else who wasn't buying black market, we were doing the best we could.

January twenty-second, a note came

downstairs from Eleanor Roosevelt:

"I want to send you this little personal note to thank you and all who worked with you—particularly Fields and all the men in the pantry—and to tell you how grateful I am to you for handling so efficiently the very large crowd which we had on Inauguration Day. Everything went off smoothly, and I know it meant a great deal of work for everyone.

"Please thank them all for me."

On that same day I find a list in my diary:

Twenty-four dozen eggs
Caviar
Oranges
Two cases of Scotch
One case gin
One case Old Grand Dad
Bottled waters

I didn't write in that these were for the President, that he was taking them with him to Yalta.

Several weeks later, in a palace near Yalta, Stalin, Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt made their plans for the final blasting of Germany.

The pictures taken at Yalta made me furious. Since Casablanca, when pictures of the President had been taken with Giraud, de Gaulle and Churchill, the photographs of him were calculated to make him look worn-out and old. He didn't look that poorly.

We were retaking the Philippines, that January. General MacArthur and his troops were rolling back toward Manila. Mr. Churchill in London was demanding the unconditional surrender of Germany. Our fourth inauguration had been carried out while a red-hot crusade was going on against the high priority plane ride given Blaze, Elliott's bull mastiff.

We had trouble with our White House dogs up to the end. The suite the Hopkinses had lived in for so long was just being restored to use again, with the rugs cleaned and mended where Susie, their dog, had done her teething.

March thirteenth, I wrote:

"Have twice as much work these days as in the days of yore. So much red tape. The points at times drive one nuts. I have turned this all over to my secretary."

March twenty-seventh:

"At the House here we have been entertaining royalty. First Princess Juliana, then the Earl of Athlone who, as Governor General of Canada, received full honors as head of that country. Princess Alice was with him. They had out the bands of honor from the Army, Navy and the Marines, with the Marine band playing the national anthems of both countries, first Canada's then ours, all standing meantime at salute out on the South Lawn. The President and Mrs. R. met them at the station."

Every year, I think on the fourth of March, the President had a private rededication communion service of his own, in St. John's across the way. I dropped in, as I often did, not knowing this was going on, and was surprised to find the President and his cabinet there.

Once inside I stayed for the service

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and marveled at the look of humbleness on the face of a great man asking for guidance.

There is just one item in my diary for April 12, 1945.

"Rep. and Mrs. James W. Trimble of Arkansas will come to lunch."

After that, empty pages . . .

Late in March, just before the President left the White House for a stay in Warm Springs, we had terrapin for dinner. It was one of his favorite dishes, and a man came in from one of the hotels and cooked it, in cream and in the shell, just as he liked it. I was pleased that we had terrapin and that it turned out just right.

Everything was turning our way. One thousand planes, in one day, had bombed Berlin. Our planes had bombed Tokyo. Our flag flew again on Corregidor, and the picture of its raising was enough to make any American cry like a child. Every day showed victory, on every side of the world.

The President looked weary but happy; of course, he was always eager to get to Warm Springs. When he was at the Foundation, he chatted with the polio patients, played with them in the pool, and taught them the exercises that had made him able to walk again. That cottage they called the Little White House was the place he loved next to Hyde Park. I was never there, but I know that going there, to him, was going home.

April twelfth, I wrote:

"The President has been away for some time, and I do hope he has had a fine rest. He always needs that.

"They tell me ('they' being Dr. McIntrye) that the President is feeling fine and looks well. I am so happy, for he did look weary when he left.

"We are all weary."

Mrs. Roosevelt looked tired out, but she carried on in the White House, entertaining more veterans than ever, including some servicemen who had been war prisoners.

April twelfth I got home from the White House and tuned in to catch the last of an evening broadcast. My hand was still on the dial when I heard the words ". . . the President died."

The president of some railroad, I thought to myself, then I said it out loud. But I must have known, because I stood by the radio as if I was frozen. I just stood still and couldn't take it in. Not even when another voice came on ". . . Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States, died this afternoon at Warm Springs . . . in his fourth term . . . age sixty-three . . . cerebral hemorrhage . . ."

I stood by the radio a long time. Not listening. Not even thinking. I was still standing there when my son Garven telephoned from the Pentagon Building. He confirmed the bad news and asked if I was all right. Then I called the ushers at the White House and talked over what had to be done.

When I went to the White House the next morning Mrs. Roosevelt had left for Warm Springs, and the flag was at half-mast. It was a house of death, but there was no pandemonium; all went smoothly as clockwork.

People were coming, so I made preparations. Food and meals must go on. Even death could not close those tall white doors.

I had to get things started.

But I felt paralyzed. This was worse than Dad's death because Dad had been just ours. I planned meals, but my mind felt fuzzed, and I couldn't think.

All traffic would be stopped when the cortege came, so I ordered deliveries made in advance.

Then they came, as any family would. They all had so much poise, but they were silenced by grief. Mrs. Roosevelt looked tall and slender among them; under the black veil her face was stricken. Even then, she was troubled by the grieving of others. The help were in tears—they were truly mourning; and now the House was paralyzed; I didn't see how I was ever to get it in motion again.

His train had come into Washington under guard. From the North Hall window I looked down on the flag-covered coffin, on the caisson coming so slowly through the North West Gate. All Washington seemed out in the streets, weeping to the sound of the half-dozen bands playing the slow terrible music, and there were entire companies of servicemen—Marines, Army and Navy.

They carried the coffin up the steps and into the White House, and it seemed like the end of the world—the world he'd hoped for.

Mrs. Roosevelt went right to her room.

Even then she had a million things to remember. She had so much on her mind. She sent for me, and when I went in she was calm and efficient with all plans made. I don't think anyone saw her cry. But I knew she did.

After leaving Mrs. Roosevelt I went in to the East Room and made my way between the flowers. The air was heavy-scented with the funeral pieces; they were stacked to the doors, and that room is eighty feet long. His body lay where the dead always lie in state, opposite the corridor door. The casket was shut, and a flag lay over it, and a soldier stood on guard by his side.

That was Saturday. Services were at four in the East Room. Interment would be Sunday, at Hyde Park. Mrs. Roosevelt sent down word she would like me to go.

It was a sad slow trip to the station, past all those weeping faces. In the Annapolis group that marched on guard beside the President's body I saw Bill, my young nephew, stiff as a ramrod in his uniform, his face white with grief.

We boarded the long train and went straight to our berths. When we got off at Hyde Park it was morning; when I saw the familiar station and faces I couldn't help but remember the other times he'd come home, with the cars and station wagons lined up waiting, and happy, familiar, welcoming faces.

The day was cold and windy, and I stood watching a freight car filled with flowers being unloaded. The rose petals kept blowing off in the wind.

It was all so familiar. The little church again, and our pastor, the Reverend Wilson, waiting, and the services at Hyde Park, and the funeral.

I'm not going to write about it . . . I don't want to think about it any more.

Monday morning I got down to the White House early and went right up to Mrs. Roosevelt's room for instructions, as if nothing had happened. We had come down from Hyde Park on the same train the night before, but I hadn't seen her. She had all her clothes out of the closets and was sorting them.

"I'll be out by Friday," she said.

I was thinking she'd never make it, with all there was to do, but at the same time I knew she would. We worked like beavers. There was an accumulation of thirteen years to go through. She wanted to give mementos of her husband to so many people, and we had to dig all these things out and and send them.

I got busy identifying the furniture. Their own furniture had to be sorted out and crated; his bed and hers and many of the tables were Val-Kill. There were things in the storeroom that belonged to the White House, among things that Mrs. Roosevelt had paid for; these had to be identified and packed. We had one stenographer making lists and another checking the packing. Books were kept on everything—inventories were made, and lists of the contents of all boxes and storerooms.

Six Army trucks had brought the Roosevelt furniture and mine from Hyde Park when we came to the White House in 1933. Now thirteen trucks left for Hyde Park, even though so much had been shipped in the third term.

The White House had looked bare when we moved in. Now it was not quite so bare, but it seemed empty.

I guess Mrs. Roosevelt's worst time came when she said good-by to the staff. That was on her last afternoon, April 20, 1945. She said good-by in the East Room to the office staff at three thirty and the house staff at four thirty.

Anna was with her, and Mrs. Helm and Tommy and I, and we were all in tears. There wasn't one who did not have some kindness to remember.

I stayed on until the Trumans got settled. Things seemed quieter in the White House. Three people can't fill up a big place like that, and they are a quiet family, anyway, and not much given to company.

I saw Mrs. Roosevelt once again while I was still at the White House. She had come back for some reason. One of the ushers called me and said she was waiting in the ushers' office. We shook hands. Nothing much was said. It was strange to have her waiting in an office on our corridor . . .

The White House was an official building again.

It had been a happy house. A brave and cheerful pair had lived there while the world was dark . . . **THE END**

"White House Diary" is to be published in book form by Doubleday and Company

Quebec

(Continued from page 27)

competitive rush. The welcome it extends to its visitors is benign and friendly, but not (even in this dollar-hungry world) excessively eager. Quebec is not a city which jumps up into your lap and licks your face. That's one of the things that make it interesting.

There are two kinds of tourists: those who like to see and do things without thinking much about them, and those who are interested in the mood and personality of a place. For the former, Quebec has certain attractions. With its historic forts, churches and magnificent setting high above the St. Lawrence, it is picturesque enough to satisfy the most confirmed camera addict. Tours of the city in a horse-drawn sleigh (winter) or Victoria (summer) make ordinary sight-seeing easy. Night life, in the American sense of the word, is virtually nonexistent, but there is some decorous dancing occasionally at the Chateau Frontenac (a justly famous hotel), and for those with an unquenchable thirst for gaiety there are said to be some night clubs—or rather, roadhouses—outside the city limits.

For winter sports enthusiasts, of course, there is a choice during half the year of the best skiing, ice skating, tobogganing, and curling in the world. A new ski center, Valcartier, is expected to rival if not surpass Sun Valley before many more seasons have passed.

But the ordinary tourist attractions (such as the best wax museum this side of Madame Tussaud's) seem relatively unimportant compared to Quebec's greatest asset, which is simply its differentness. A city's personality, they say, is based on geography, history and the state of mind of its inhabitants. On the first two counts, Quebec is richly endowed. It stands boldly on the north bank of the river, 180 miles donwstream from Montreal, but still about 500 miles from the sea.

The lower (and much older) town stands with its feet in the river, so to speak, watching the round-tailed ferries and the seagoing cargo vessels come and go. Three hundred feet above it is the new town, with the shops and residential areas. The two are connected by an elevator that rises almost perpendicularly up the cliff, a ride reminiscent of the cable cars in San Francisco.

As for its history, the first known white man to visit the site was Jacques Cartier, who, in 1535, found an Indian village flourishing there. The town itself was founded in 1608 by Champlain —one year after the first British settlement at Jamestown in Virginia. Quebec grew slowly, with the rigorous winters taking a heavy toll of its shifting population of fur-traders, officials and missionaries. But it was considered valuable enough for the British and French to fight over for the next century and a half. The British finally captured it in 1759, repelled an American assault led by Benedict Arnold in 1775, and have held it ever since.

The conquerors were careful, however, not to attempt to eradicate either

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only

COULD THIS MARRIAGE HAVE BEEN SAVED?

A. Yes . . . had the wife taken heed of her husband's increasing coolness, known the secret of thorough feminine hygiene, kept herself lovely to love.

Q. What does feminine hygiene have to do with married happiness?

A. Far more than some women realize . . . but the wise wife has the assurance of complete daintiness when she uses "Lysol" brand disinfectant regularly in the douche.

Q. But many women use a douche only now and then . . . Is regularity important?

A. Yes, indeed . . . it should be a routine procedure with every married woman, and always with "Lysol." Because it has marvelous deodorant properties due to its proven ability to kill germs instantly on contact.

Q. How about homemade solutions, such as salt and soda?

A. They are old-fashioned and ineffectual, not to be compared with "Lysol's" scientific formula. "Lysol" has tested efficiency in contact with organic matter. It is both effective and safe for delicate tissues when used as directed.

ALWAYS USE "LYSOL" in the douche for its efficiency in combating both germs and odors. It will help you feel you have perfect grooming, "romance appeal."

Check with your doctor

Many doctors recommend "Lysol" in proper solution for Feminine Hygiene, because it is non-caustic, gentle, efficient. Its clean, antiseptic odor quickly disappears, carrying away all other unpleasant odors. It is so highly concentrated that it is very economical to use. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution. Have it always handy in the bathroom.

For Feminine Hygiene—always use

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Concentrated Germicide

FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

NAME_____

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the language or the religion which were so deeply rooted then and which flourish so strongly today. As a result, the city's allegiance might be said to be oriented three ways: politically to England, culturally to France and spiritually toward Rome.

Superimposed on a frontier settlement, where the struggle for survival had been unusually bitter, this strange state of affairs was complicated still further by the gradual rise of Montreal as a business center and economic rival. No love is lost between the inhabitants of these two cities even today, with the Montrealers, on the one hand, showing disdain for the sleepy and reactionary natives of Quebec, who, in turn, regard the citizens of the industrial giant upstream as upstarts, devoid of tradition or cultural heritage. It is a relationship not unlike the one existing between Los Angeles and San Francisco, or (on a smaller scale) between Atlanta and the older town of Savannah down in Georgia.

In any case, Quebec remains a proud and unbending city, intensely orthodox and resistant to change. She has sent her sons out to two world wars in the last generation, and some of them have come back with new ways and new ideas. But so far, most of the change in Quebec is surface change only. The women may adopt the New Look if they like, but it still takes an Act of Parliament to obtain a divorce in Quebec.

To an American in search of something new and different in the way of environment, these crosscurrents can be fascinating. The cleavage between the primarily French-speaking and primarily English-speaking families—not antagonism, just a polite acceptance of an invisible barrier—is something so unfamiliar to the average inhabitant of an American Main Street that it makes him blink and wonder momentarily at the basic simplicity of being an American. Or, if that is too abstract, he can go and place himself in the hands of a French-Canadian barber, an unforgettable experience for the unwary.

Or, he can drink afternoon tea in the Chateau Frontenac while a bewigged orchestra clad in eighteenth century costumes plays chamber music, or—if his French is any good—he can go down to the market and listen to the housewives complain about the high cost of living just as they do at home—but with more expressive gestures.

In short, at the cost of very little time and effort, he can Get Away From It All to a remarkable degree in this ancient and beautiful city that once was undisputed queen of the continent. And, if he is lucky, he may bring some of the tranquillity of Quebec home with him. As one old native put it, "Our good times are not so very good, it's true; but then, you see, our bad times are never very bad." Which may be the most civilized way to have things, after all.

THE END

The Suitcase from Heaven *(Continued from page 45)*

into a poppy-seed roll.

"Who cares if your ancestor pushed pills into a king's mouth? Besides, Jaroslav, what happened to the king? He died."

"At a venerable age!" said Jaroslav. "He had it coming, entitled to it."

"What, I would like to know," said Zdenek, "has all this to do with our mama's trip to Chicago first class?"

Jaroslav put his big thumbs in the armholes of his vest and shouted at Zdenek. "As a lawyer of standing, a professional man of this community, you can overlook the importance of family dignity, prestige?"

Emile interrupted. "One of our ancestors ran the wrong way in the Thirty Years War. You forget that. Another was a sausage maker—an apprentice yet . . ."

"Distant relatives!" said Jaroslav. He turned back to Zdenek and said quietly, "First class you say?"

"Finest accommodations possible," said Zdenek. "I have connections. Only thing, she insists on packing a lunch. Chicken, cabbage rolls, everything. It will have to be pointed out to her that this is no longer done."

"Hmm!" said Jaroslav.

He was being very careful what he said. Lida could tell when Jaroslav's voice tiptoed that he was on thin ice.

"The ticket," he said, "is it paid for?"

Mama said of course it was paid for and what a shame Grandma didn't have a widow's lifetime railroad pass like Aunt Ludmila in North Dakota who could travel anywhere across the land because her husband long ago was a brakeman who neglected one dark night to stoop down for a low bridge. "An unfortunate oversight," Mama said.

"Not for Ludmila," said Emile.

"Nothing impresses so much as traveling with distinction," said Jaroslav. "The earmarks of culture. One can never tell, she may be on the same train as the Commissioner of Public Works who leaves this week on business. An important man. At the courthouse we often discuss together."

"In that case," said Zdenek, "you would not want him to see your mother carrying as luggage that square, cloth-covered box with strong leather straps which she refuses to leave behind."

Uncle Jaroslav's ears got white. "That cannot be. It is an antique."

"That is why we all decided to buy her a new suitcase," said Mama. "Everybody chip in."

"Everybody," said Zdenek, looking at Jaroslav.

"Personally," said Emile, "I think it is always a mistake to visit one's relatives looking prosperous. What happens? She arrives in Chicago with a forty-dollar suitcase——"

"Forty dollars!" said Jaroslav.

"On sale at Winpenny's Department Store," said Mama. "A bargain. A small rip in the lining, easily repaired."

"As I say," said Emile, "they will want to borrow money from her if she looks too prosperous. You watch. It is against my principles."

"Ha," said Zdenek without smiling. "One minute he can't hold up his head in the pool hall, the next he has principles. Fantastic."

"It is the new suitcase he objects to," said Jaroslav, "and I agree with him for once. Let her borrow Ilonka's."

"No," said Mama. "Our baby sister is still a bride, remember. That was a wedding present to her from her husband Ed. It would be deplorable taste to borrow her suitcase. He must not think he has married into a greedy family. He is new yet. Next year maybe."

"Well," said Jaroslav after a long silence, "you know what I am thinking."

Everybody knew. Even Lida. It was the same story every year. Every time someone wanted to borrow a suitcase they asked Aunt Amelia for hers, and she always said no.

"She is very touchy on the subject," Mama said. "We have all agreed not to mention it again."

"A fine family," said Jaroslav. "Our values have demoralized. We squander forty dollars and pamper the sentimental whim. It is time somebody in this family put his foot down."

"First put your cash down," said Zdenek. "Everybody chips in. Four dollars forty four cents each."

Pink in the face, Jaroslav put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his old leather purse. He also had a shiny wallet in his back pocket, Lida knew, but he only used that for special occasions, when he stopped at the cigar stand in the courthouse and bought the commissioner a good cigar. He unsnapped the purse, counted out the exact change and put it on the table.

"Extravagance," he said. "Sinful when one considers that suitcase of Amelia's."

"She keeps post cards in it," said one of the cousins.

"Never been used," somebody said.

Jaroslav's eyes lingered on his money which Zdenek was recounting. "Can she not be persuaded?"

Emile shook his head. "She bought it for her honeymoon."

Jaroslav was disgusted. "She's been married for years. Growing children."

"Still she wants a honeymoon," said Aunt Tilda with sympathy. "With her it is an obstruction."

"Obsession," Mama said. "And let's hear no more."

"Only last year she bought a sticker label and pasted it on," said Aunt Tilda. "Niagara Falls. That is where she and Josef wanted to go when they got married. Poor Amelia. All those children already and still no honeymoon."

"Like living backwards," somebody said.

"A shame," said Mama. "But not to be helped. Certainly no fault of Josef's he couldn't take a wedding trip. No fun to travel with a carbuncle."

"No fun to travel with Amelia," said Emile. "You remember, Zdenek, late on the wedding night, the big 'shivaree' we made with bells and dishpans beneath their dark bedroom window?" Emile started to shake and suddenly everybody, all the grownups at the ta-

ble, were laughing, rocking back and forth, wiping their eyes.

Even Mama, who didn't want to laugh at first, covered her mouth with her hand and said, "*Boze, boze*, will I ever forget!" Aunt Tilda choked on her coffee when one of the uncles mentioned the hat; oh, the big new hat and winter coat Aunt Amelia was wearing when the light was finally turned on and her face, very pink, popped out at the bedroom window. It was a joke Lida didn't understand, and nobody explained. It belonged to the mystery of why you got your teeth fixed before you took a trip and why you couldn't go to Niagara Falls with a carbuncle.

Papa hadn't heard the big laughter last night because the Business Men's Association was having its annual banquet at his restaurant and he said for a dollar-and-a-quarter a plate the businessmen were entitled to free entertainment and free beer. He saw to it personally.

He had come home just as most of the aunts and uncles and cousins were getting ready to leave, so they all sat down again to have coffee with him.

Papa sat back in his chair, blew smoke in the air, and said, "So now. Everything settled?"

"All arranged," said Mama. "Tomorrow the new suitcase is given to our mama."

"She will go to Chicago in style," said Aunt Tilda. "Everybody will say, 'Gee whizz, what style; her children are no slouches, you bet.'"

"Better expressed, Tilda," said Mama, "if one says she has a devoted family. Never mind the gee whizz."

"Forty dollars but I guess, after all, worth every cent," said Jaroslav.

Papa said nothing, just studied the end of his cigar.

Emile watched him through narrow eyes, then he said, "All right. Let's have it."

The chair squeaked as Papa shifted his weight. "You have all discussed this with your mama?" he said. "She is agreeable to the new luggage?"

"She has to be," said Tilda. "This time we take no argument."

"That is right," said Mama. "Kindly but positive is our policy from now on. It is for her own good. We say a new suitcase, then it is a new suitcase. No monkey business."

"I still say," said Emile, never taking his eyes off Papa, "what is up?"

"Mr. Winpenny of the department store took me aside tonight after the meeting," said Papa. "He wants to know once and for all your final decision. Are you buying your mama the forty-dollar suitcase or the fifty-dollar coat?"

"Coat!" everybody said. "What coat?"

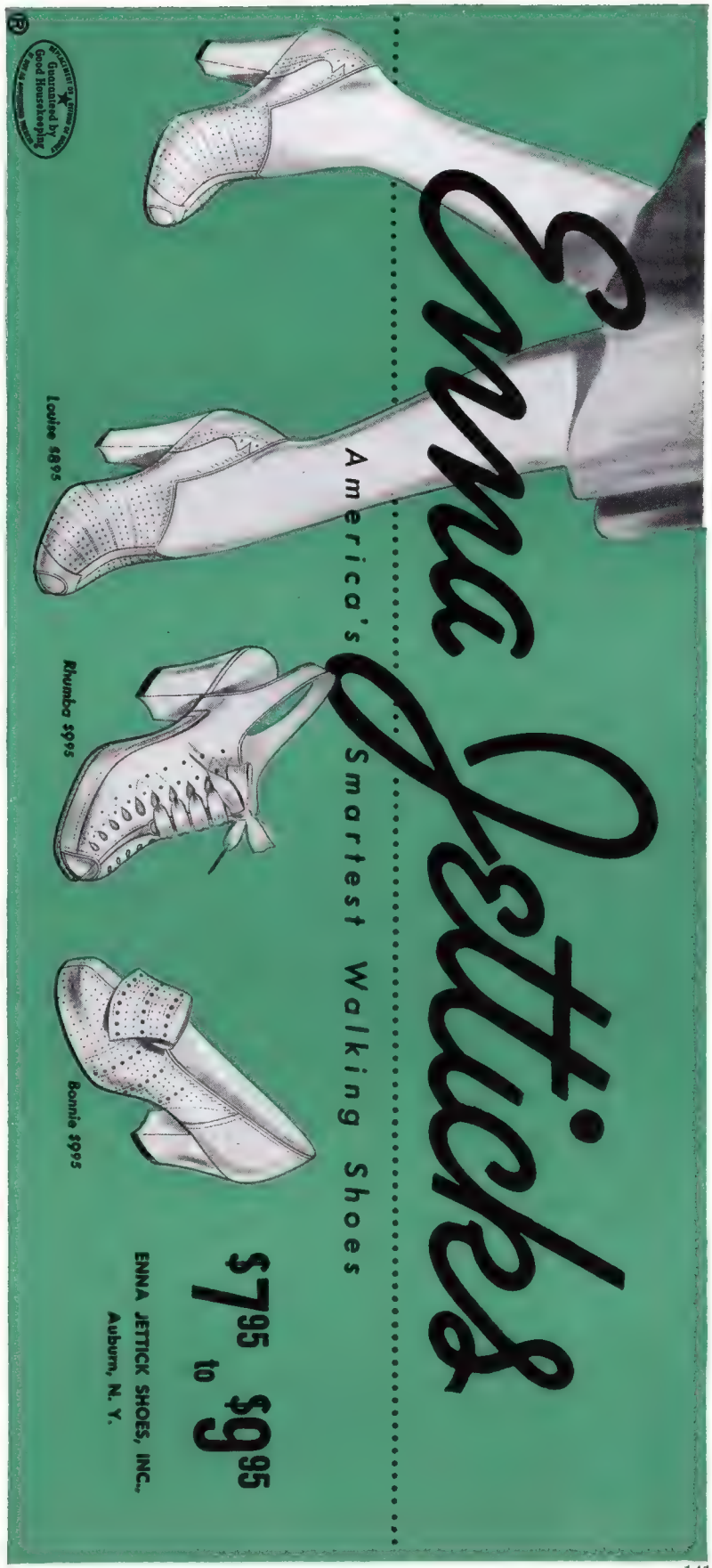
"Persian lamb on the edges," said Papa. "In the window. Very stylish."

Everybody looked at everybody and Lida looked down at her plate.

"Your mama," said Papa slowly, "was in to see Mr. Winpenny again this afternoon."

"I thought she went to the dentist," said Emile.

"That is another matter," said Papa. "She stopped in for a cup of tea and I



said, 'Well, Mama, how goes it with the dentist?' She said, 'Phooey.'"

Tilda sighed. "So little English she knows, and all of it inferior."

"You should talk," said Mama.

"She grabbed her teeth and shook, like this." Papa grabbed his front teeth with his thumb and finger and pushed and pulled on them hard. "I thought certainly something should come loose. She said, 'See? Teeth goot, strong. Vy I should go see dentist? Vy I sit in chair and let him bzzz-bzzz-bzzz!'" Papa relaxed and smoked again. "No, she has not been seeing the dentist. She says she never will. Going to wait until they all drop out, one by one."

"What a stubborn woman," said Zdenek. "How did our father ever live with her?"

"Be logical," said Emile. "Figure it out. You're a smart lawyer. Which one of them is dead?"

"She has her eye and her mind on that coat, nothing else, I warn you," said Papa. "Every afternoon she has been trying to make a deal with Winpenny. She wants he should take the money you send over for the suitcase, but deliver the coat instead."

"Brains like that should never be wasted on a woman," said Emile. "Napoleon could have used them."

Jaroslav was busy figuring. "But the coat costs ten dollars more."

"Sure. But to your mama, a small detail." Papa shrugged his shoulders. "She wants also a discount."

The red spots were beginning to grow in Mama's cheeks. "The vexation!" she said. "The humiliation with a fine substantial businessman like Mr. Winpenny. I'll call personally tomorrow morning, first thing, wear gloves. I'll explain our dear mama is a little headstrong. Show him that in spite of this he's dealing with respectable people, a family of dignity . . ."

"Tell him we come from a long line of reputable men, prominent . . ."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Jaroslav!" said Lida's mother. "Forget the king's pills and come back to the twentieth century, land of the free!"

"I wonder," Zdenek said, looking suspicious, "if somebody here at this table didn't know all the time what a fine scheme our mama was cooking with a new coat."

"What an idea!" everybody said at once. "Outrageous to think it. What would be the point, if you please?"

Lida made herself as small as possible. She shrank and shrank like Frantisek's wool pants put in hot water by mistake. "Grandma," she'd said all week, "if you don't want the suitcase and do want the coat, why don't you just tell them?"

"You crezzy?" Grandma said. "I no get nutting dat way. I'm be smart lady. I'm be fox. My children not so smart. I got li'l idea. You vatch and see. You no say nutting, hmmmm? You be nice, yo' gramma be nice you. Sometime." That made Lida think wonderful things. Maybe Grandma would take her on the trip after all.

So Lida had said nothing and now, sitting up in the back yard in the late sunshine, her sandwich finished and birds picking the crumbs off the branches, her ears burned bright just as they had last night when she'd looked up and seen Papa's eyes studying her through the cigar smoke. Like headlights in a fog.

No one had seen Grandma since the discussion last night and the aunts, even Amelia, were waiting for her in the house. Grandma, Lida feared, was going to be scolded. Furthermore, Mama had taken no chances. She'd taken the money into Winpenny's first thing this morning and carried the suitcase home herself. It was in the hall closet this very minute.

From somewhere near by came the purgatory screams of a car suddenly stopping. Lida skinned down the tree, ran around the house and down the street, feeling sure she'd see Grandma turn the corner any minute.

Whenever Papa heard a car's brakes and smelled tires scorching, he'd say, "Your grandma must be crossing a street." It was a great worry. Usually Mama insisted that one of the children go along to keep Grandma from walking across whenever she pleased, paying no attention at all to the signs.

Sure enough, there she came around the corner, neat, short, strong and fast. Her black hat sat on top of her head and Lida could tell by the swish of her long skirts she was annoyed.

"Grandma," said Lida, "they'll all be cross you didn't let one of us go with you to read the signs."

Grandma tossed her round, high-cheekboned face and made a grandma sound. She had lots of them but they all meant the same thing: Who cares?

"Chu chu-chu!" she said. "Signs. Lights. Green, red—phooey! Who's be make automobile? Meester Ford. Who's be make me? Gott. I'm goot holy voman. I'm valk across street wit Gott, neffer mind Meester Ford. So!"

"I know," said Lida, "but Uncle Emile says you should be more careful, traffic what it is even God stays on the curb."

"Don't be like yo' mama! Alla time scol', scol'." Her voice grew sweet, and she said like syrup, "You meet yo' gramma you should smile, see? Nice vetter ve haf, Missus, howsa yo' garden? Howsa yo' healt'. You say like dis? No! Jus' like yo' mama. Creb, creb, alla time creb."

"Grandma," said Lida, "they found out about the coat. Mr. Winpenny told."

"I'm know dis," she said, walking fast and very straight, her mouth tight again. "No smart dis Winpenny. Big jeckess."

"What are you going to do, Grandma?"

"You see," Grandma said, looking mysterious. "I'm be so nice, I'm be like anchel. Everybody say, 'Look, Mama is like anchel. Give her zootcase—right now.'"

"Then what?" said Lida. "What if you get the suitcase, right now?"

"You not very smart eit'er," said Grandma, holding her purse close to her chest and walking faster. "Vot you t'ink? I get zootcase. I take back to Mr. Winpenny tomorrow. He giff me forty dollar. I say, hokay, now I buy coat."

"Oh, Grandma!" Lida was worried. "Besides, the coat costs ten dollars more."

"Use brain," said Grandma. "Mr. Winpenny, he's gon' let me valk out of store vit nutting—huh?"

Then Grandma put on her angel smile because they were at the front gate. To Lida's great surprise by the time they reached the front door Grandma didn't look angry at all.

They walked into the dining room where Mama and the aunts were sewing fresh lace edges on the high collars of Grandma's dresses.

Grandma spoke to them in her beautiful Bohemian. How fine everybody looked, she told them, what fine daughters and daughters-in-law she had. She constantly thanked heaven for their unselfish devotion, fine women all of them, such good housekeepers, no waste, no dust, good Christian women.

This pleased Aunt Amelia. She smiled and looked around at the other aunts, waiting for them to smile too. They in turn waited for Mama. And it wasn't Mama's smiling day. She kept her eyes on her sewing and acted just as if Grandma wasn't Grandma at all but maybe old Mrs. Dubeck, who was not considered first-class.

Grandma sat down, smiled so sweetly that Lida thought surely no angel on an Easter card looked so holy.

"Shall we give Mama the beautiful present, the suitcase in the closet?" said Amelia, her eyes begging.

Grandma looked slyly at Lida's mother. Lida held her breath. This was magic, pure magic. Grandma was going to get that suitcase right now. And tomorrow she'd have her coat. Magic!

Lida's mother seemed to hesitate, and while she did, Grandma said in a weak voice, please, if it wasn't too much trouble could she have a cup of coffee

A person with a fixed idea has this advantage over common man—that he can persuade himself of the Almighty's approval for almost any goings on.

—W. Somerset Maugham.

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as she was so fatigued—an hour in the dentist's chair.

Oh-oh. That did it. Grandma shouldn't have mentioned the dentist! The magic was gone. Grandma had stuck a pin in the rosy balloon. Mama didn't hesitate now. She put down her sewing and faced Grandma, who was sipping coffee one of the aunts had quickly given her.

"Now, Mama," said Lida's mother. "We know you haven't seen the dentist. A bird told us."

Papa was a big bird, Lida thought.

"Tsa-tsa-tsa," said Grandma. She wasn't bothered at all.

"You got no pride, Mama?" said Aunt Tilda. "First you bother Mr. Winpenny. Now your teeth will fall out one by one—maybe in Chicago in front of everybody."

Lida had a sudden picture of the streets of Chicago—all bumpy every time Grandma opened her mouth. Like a hailstorm. Poor Grandma.

"Doody-dee-doo," said Grandma.

"No use beating the bushes when a situation was to be faced." Mama pushed back her chair and sat very straight. "The decision is this we have all decided: You go to Chicago with a respectable, decent, modern suitcase. The coat you're wearing is plenty good enough. Just to make sure, the suitcase stays right here, we pack it for you, and we even carry it to the train tomorrow afternoon." Mama looked at the other aunts and they all nodded.

Grandma's cheekbones got pink and shiny, and her eyes jumped from one to the other like bright brown beans.

But she controlled herself. "Not varm, dis coat." She gave a little shiver although the room was very hot.

"Not warm?" Mama said. "Fine wool, interlining, fur collar and not warm!"

"Listen, missus!" Grandma shook a finger at Lida's mother. "I'm say I'm col'—I be col'! I'm old leddy. T'in by da blood. Pretty soon die."

Aunt Amelia's lips began to shake. "Don't talk like that, Mama," she said.

"You!" Grandma turned on her. "Skinny voman, no eat nutting, you van' be stylish, look so fency, hm, hm, hm. Stay by fire all time. How you know is varm outside, is col'? You no go no place!"

That hit Amelia's tender spot. She began to cry and Mama scolded Grandma. "Shame," she said. "Poor Amelia. She works hard."

"Hootsy-tootsy!" said Grandma. "Hard! Helectric vashing machine, helectric stove, no chickens feed, no cow milk, no vood chop, justa sits like rich lady. She's vanta cook, votcha do? Pushem button. She vanta vash clothes, votcha do? Pushem button." Grandma stabbed the air with her finger. "Push, push, push. Alla time push. I'm—be—shame!"

Aunt Amelia wailed, and suddenly all the aunts and Mama were arguing with Grandma because she still thought it was a disgrace to get your work done so easily. When Aunt Ilonka had received an electric washing machine for a wedding present it was addressed to Grandma's house, but Grandma wouldn't let the truck driver unload it until after dark because the neighbors would see it and talk. They'd say she was getting lazy.

It was hard to tell who was winning and in the excitement nobody mentioned the suitcase, the coat or Grandma's teeth in the streets of Chicago. They were telling Grandma that in America it was no sin to push a button.

Lida sat on her footstool and listened.

Finally someone said for heaven's sake, time to cook supper, and Mama said, "Everything ready but dessert. No time to bake. Lida, you go to Papa's, get three pies."

Grandma sniffed. "Neffer in my house was restaurant pie!"

"And a spool of white thread, Lida, number fifty mercerized," one of the aunts called after her.

What surprising things happened when somebody was going away! All of a sudden here you were outside, running along through the evening shadows and the maple trees bent down and said, "Well, look who's out all by herself in this lavender time. My, my, only yesterday she was a child holding someone's hand when the stars were turned on early." And the wind whispered, "Whee! Without a sweater this fine evening! What goes on? Somebody forgot to say, 'Lida, be sure to put on your sweater.'" Everything, even the pavement which still smelled of sunshine, the baby grass only a few weeks old, the lazy smoke from the chimneys, everything knew this was not

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the same Lida who played hopscotch in the daytime. Oh, it was wonderful to feel so new and tall and grown-up. She must hurry.

After she bought the thread she pressed her nose against the window of Winpenny's Department Store and stared at the wax lady wearing the coat Grandma wanted. Marked down for the big inventory sale: "Fifty Dollars." Such a beautiful coat for Grandma. She would certainly have been the Queen of Chicago in that coat.

Lida sighed. There was nothing to be done. Grandma, she feared, had cooked her goose.

The store windows looked so different when you were alone and you carried a little sack with thread, mercerized, that you'd asked for all by yourself without reading from a slip of paper. The lights looked brighter, there was a tingle in the back of your neck at the sound of footsteps passing behind you and when the doors of the store swung open a breath of warm air came out, sweet with the smell of wool, paper, roasted peanuts, new leather shoes and from far back the tinkle of a piano where music was sold. And through all the voices of evening came the feeling that you were a lady window-shopping for your family. You were wondering if your children should have blue socks or those yellow ones. And in this window, how about those skates now, could you afford it? Or that toy train for your little boy . . .

A train.

From its tiny track it rushed straight through Lida's dream and left her standing there, seeing her reflection in the window, nine years old again. What a disappointment to see that train, one that would always go in circles, would never see the world. Just like herself. She would be another Amelia, staying home all her life pushing buttons while other ladies went to Niagara Falls. Worse than Amelia. Amelia at least had a suitcase of her own. Lida had none. Not even a small one like that beautiful red suitcase up there on the shelf by the dolls in the back of the window. Everything on the shelf was the same price. A big sign said so. Fifty-nine cents. That was a great deal of money. Still, if it would carry handkerchiefs and nightgown, then perhaps it was worth the price. But why sigh over a suitcase when you weren't going anywhere?

Heavy footsteps stopped beside her. For a man so much smaller than Papa, Mr. Winpenny had very big feet. But if Lida hadn't seen the feet she still would have known it was Mr. Winpenny stopping because of the peppermint smell. He kept a pocket full of little mints for his digestion. Papa said it was no reflection on his restaurant if Mr. Winpenny ate mints after his businessman's lunch, blue plate, sixty-five cents. It wasn't the food that bothered Mr. Winpenny. It was his overhead. Lida never could understand this. How could something over your head give you stomach trouble?

"Well," said Mr. Winpenny. "Going to buy out my store, Lida? I see you have your eye on a doll."

My, he was talking to her as if she had a purse full of money and was five feet tall. It made her forget to be shy.

"Not a doll," she said. "A suitcase."

The word suitcase made Mr. Winpenny look suddenly tired.

"You too," he said. "You like that one up there?"

"Oh, yes! But it's a very high price."

He laughed. "A real bargain."

Lida looked at the suitcase and then at him. "Is it a solid gold handle?"

"No-o."

"Will it last a long time?" she said.

He rubbed his chin. "Well now, that depends."

"Is it genuine alligator, Mr. Winpennny?"

"For fifty-nine cents, young lady, one doesn't buy real diamonds."

"But is it genuine?" Lida said.

Mr. Winpenny scowled. "No!"

"Oh," said Lida, very polite. "Just cardboard I suppose."

"Still, it's a bargain," said Mr. Winpenny.

"Not if it isn't genuine," said Lida. "Grandma always says . . ."

Even the peppermints seemed to taste bad to Mr. Winpenny. "Your grandma!" he said, and the skin under his jaws drooped like the old awning over the hardware store after a heavy rain. "So your grandma tells you how to buy?"

Lida nodded.

"Then," said Mr. Winpenny, "you come see me ten years from now, and I'll give you a good job. It's time some member of your family was on the right side of my business."

Lida watched him as he walked toward his car. Now that was very nice of him, she thought, to offer her a job. Of course she couldn't take it. She had a lifetime job, Papa told her, folding paper napkins in his restaurant on Saturdays. Fifteen cents a week.

When she reached the restaurant Papa and Emile were staring out the front window watching a long black car crawl along the middle of the street while cars all around honked for it to get out of the way. Mr. Virgil Posey, a new man just getting started in business, had both hands on the wheel, and anybody could see that he was wound up tight like a top. He was a very nervous man.

When the car had passed from sight Emile said, "Everybody will be happy when Posey gets the first five hundred miles on that new hearse."

"All week now he's been breaking it in," said Papa. "Mechanically a wise thing to do, I suppose. Psychologically, I have my doubts."

"Driving it slowly up one street and down another, day after day," said Emile. "It's getting on everybody's nerves."

"Everything gets on our nerves," said Papa, "if it sticks the conscience, turns the thoughts back to the inevitable."

Emile chuckled. "Look across the street now. It has turned Casey and his thoughts right back into the saloon."

"Unfortunate," said Papa. "On the other hand, Father Sebastian tells me

confessions have picked up this week."

Uncle Emile poured a cup of coffee and took it to the back booth where he always kept his cards for solitaire.

"Might as well sharpen my wits," he said, "until the smoke has cleared over at your house."

"Your grandma is there?" Papa asked Lida.

"Yes," she said. "But she didn't get the suitcase."

"This time for certain Mama has met her Waterloo," Emile called out from the booth, slapping down a card. "A unique occasion."

"Of that I would not be sure," said Papa. He wiped the counter with a big white cloth.

Lida sat on a stool and stared at herself in the shining metal coffee urn.

"So now," said Papa, "this contemplation. Is it something of importance?"

"Papa," said Lida, "do you think I'll ever take a trip on a train?"

"It is possible. Say your prayers right anything can happen. You try this?"

"Every night," said Lida. "But sometimes I wonder. Last year I said the prayers—but Frantisek got the trip."

Papa pulled on his mustache. "This I cannot answer," he said. "It is a problem for Solomon, and he is welcome to it."

"I was hoping Grandma would take me this time," said Lida. "I have a new pair of gloves I could wear. White, just like hers."

"Have you experimented with the direct approach?" said Papa. "Have you said, 'Grandma, I am old enough to take a trip. How about it?'"

"She says she's not been to Chicago for a long long time," Lida said. "She doesn't want the relatives to see what big grandchildren she has."

Papa was amazed. "Think of that once! A man gets full of age he hides it behind his wisdom. A woman advertises it by vanity. This I have never been able to understand."

"Everybody in the family has been someplace except me," said Lida. "I'm ignorant."

"You realize you can travel all over the big world and still be small in the mind, in the heart," said Papa. "Yet a man can sit and rock on his front porch all his life, never even go down the steps, and hold all the true knowledge of living right in his lap. You will know this someday."

"I'd like to go to Chicago first," said Lida, "and then rock on the front porch."

"Ya, ya," said Papa. "This is the ideal. Now then. What is it your mama wants this time: salad, beef, my right arm?"

"Pies," said Lida. "Everybody is staying for dinner."

The telephone rang, and Uncle Emile made a dash for it. It was the only time he ever hurried. He was always phoning from the restaurant, telling somebody to put something on a horse's nose, and then sitting down to play cards until the phone rang again.

Papa got the pies.

"Someday I will have to figure it out," he said to Lida. "Does the chef here bake pies for me or for your mama? Always I am wrapping up part of my profits and sending it home."

Uncle Emile came from the phone and said, "We take the pies and thread home, Lida. Your mama says you are to run quick, catch up with Grandma on her way home."

Lida slid off the stool. "To read the signs," she said. "I run fastest in the family."

"I thought everybody was staying for dinner," Papa said.

"Not Mama," said Emile. "She's too mad to eat."

Lida dashed out the back way, took the short cut across the vacant lot and ran hard, bringing her knees up high and wishing she had longer legs or wings. You needed everything you could get to catch up with Grandma.

Halfway on the hill Lida saw Grandma up ahead walking quickly into the lavender curtain of sky. If she hadn't known for sure that past the hill was Cherry Street, and when you got to Cherry Street the world was still there, it would have seemed to Lida that Grandma was walking right off this earth.

Lida called out and the solid dark shadow that was Grandma turned and waited beneath the street lamp.

"So, you!" said Grandma. "You got new chob. You spy now, huh? Go home."

Lida walked beside her, still breathing fast from her hard run. She didn't talk, but when they reached the crest of the hill and turned toward the intersection Lida held Grandma's sleeve and wouldn't let her go. The light turned green. Grandma fidgeted all the way across the street, but Lida held on. Safely on the other side, Lida let go and they walked down the quiet loneliness that was Cherry Street.

"Grandma," said Lida, "I'm sorry you aren't getting your coat, but you shouldn't stay mad."

Grandma muttered, "Dey be sorry!" Then her mouth clamped shut like her cellar door. She didn't look up, kept her eyes on the toes of her strong black shoes.

"Papa says no one should be in a hurry when he walks," said Lida. "You should breathe deep and look up at the stars, know you are alive."

"I'm know I alive! I got trouble!" said Grandma. "Stars—who's care stars? Shame yo' papa. Someday he's be valk on street, look up, say, 'oh, so putty dese stars, tvinkle-tvinkle,' and votcha happen? Stumble, break his neck!"

"See up there?" said Lida, pointing. "It's not very bright yet. It's called the big dipper. If you're lost at sea you can find the north star that way . . ."

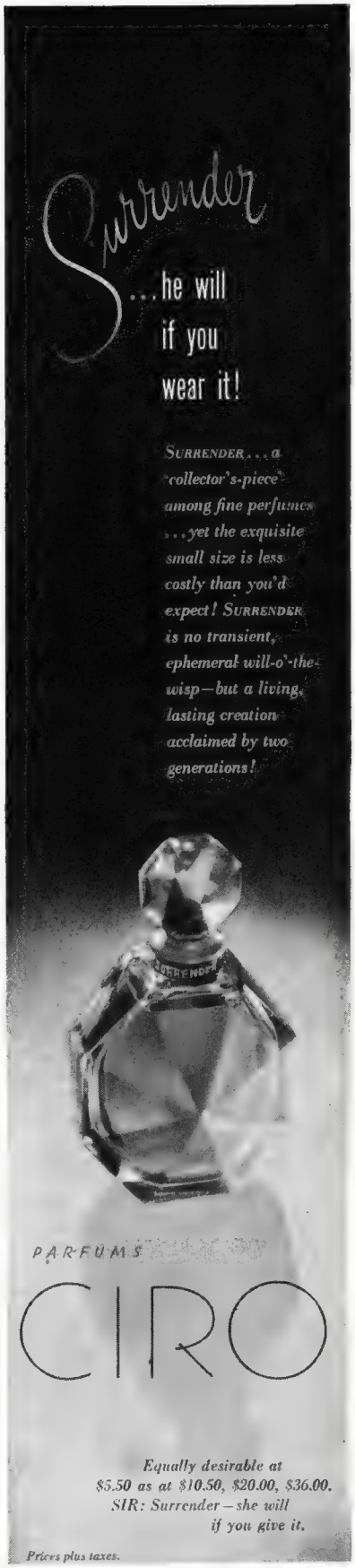
"Poo-poo-poo!" said Grandma, not looking at the sky.

They were almost at Grandma's house now, and the only sound coming toward them from the street was the soft muffled purr of Mr. Posey's hearse. Like a velvet eggbeater, Lida thought.

Grandma looked at the approaching car, and soon her steps grew slower and slower.

"You tired, Grandma?" said Lida.

Grandma didn't answer. She was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by Al Simon and Jack Manning

thinking hard. "Spek-oo-lation," she would call it. She was looking at Mr. Posey's fine new car and then examining the street. It was pretty dirty in spots. Grandma hurried along till she saw a clean place, then she stopped. Puzzled, Lida wondered why all of a sudden Grandma was looking so polite, so anxious.

"Missus," said Grandma in her syrup voice, "I van' to know all about stars."

"We can cross the street and sit on your steps," said Lida.

Grandma was impatient. "Listen, I van' know where is dis Big Supper, I van' know now."

"Well," said Lida, "it's up there." She pointed her finger without taking her eyes off Grandma.

Grandma took Lida's head and tilted it at the sky. "Look. Look hard. Vere is Sout' Star?"

"North," said Lida. "But we're not lost, Grandma."

"Chee-viss! said Grandma. "Whole family stupid." She wheedled again. "Qvick, show yo' gramma stars."

Lida peered hard at the sky and pointed, but Grandma couldn't understand at all, it seemed. She couldn't see the Big Supper. Where was it—where? Lida kept pointing and thought anybody should be able to see it now with the sky getting darker. Grandma couldn't be paying attention. She heard the velvet eggbeater come closer, grow loud, and then fade as it passed.

"Look good, Grandma," she said, and turned around to where Grandma should be standing. But Grandma wasn't there. She was lying neatly on the street, in the clean spot, with her hands folded over her chest, her eyes closed.

"Oh, Grandma, you're hurt!" It was the first time Lida had ever seen Grandma horizontal.

"Too loud!" Grandma whispered. "I don't van' neighbors should hear."

Mr. Posey, his eyes rolling behind his glasses, his coattails flying, came back and picked Grandma up.

"I had no idea," he sputtered. "I saw her on the curb, I can't imagine how . . ."

Grandma wriggled out of his grasp when they reached the front porch. She already had the key out, the door opened and the lights on before Lida got in, but when Mr. Posey stood shaking in the hallway Grandma sank on the stairway and looked very small and helpless. Oh, it was dreadful to see Grandma hurt. Confusing, too, when one minute she was helpless, and the next she was doing everything. Lida didn't know what to do. Mr. Posey wasn't much help. He kept wiping his face with his handkerchief, saying somebody ought to phone somebody and get help. So Lida ran into the next room and phoned her house.

Aunt Amelia answered.

"She's hurt!" Lida said. "Knocked down by a car——"

A sound came over the phone like the high wail of the five-o'clock shop whistle, and finally Aunt Amelia said, "Phone a doctor; get somebody, quick!"

"Mr. Posey the undertaker is already here," said Lida. "Hello . . . hello . . ."

Lida looked at Grandma who was now standing by the phone, listening.

"Votcha say?" said Grandma.

"It was Amelia," said Lida. "I heard a big noise. I think she fell down."

"Seely voman, Amelia," said Grandma.

Lida hung up and watched Grandma scurry around, taking off her things, running upstairs. From the top landing Grandma looked down at her.

"Grandma," said Lida, "are you really hurt?"

"Sure. Maybe die."

"Where's Mr. Posey?" said Lida.

"I say t'ank you very much; I send him home." Grandma disappeared into her bedroom.

Lida unlatched the front door and peeked out. Mr. Posey's long black car was parked in front of the house, and he was pacing up and down, biting his nails. A very nervous man in deed.

In no time at all Jaroslav's car pulled up, and then another, and the family spilled out, ran across the lawn and filled the house. Everybody so pale, whispering, "Keep calm; you heard what Mr. Posey said; perhaps nothing too serious . . ."

Aunt Tilda rushed up the stairs, saying, "A hard lesson for all of us, believe me." And Mama, hurrying to the bedroom, telling somebody for heaven's sake give Aunt Amelia a glass of water and try to keep her on her feet.

Oh, it was a nightmare time with Grandma lying so quiet in the big bed, her high-necked, long-sleeved nightgown snowy white. She looked very pretty. Her color was fine.

"A fever," said Tilda.

"Mama," said Lida's mother, "look Mama. You hear me?"

Zdenek said, "The doctor is taking his time all right."

Grandma's face got pinker. She moved her head from side to side. "I'm ole leddy," she murmured. "No got varm coat. Poor ole leddy. No money. No coat."

"Oooooh!" said Amelia, gulping tears.

Lida stood in a far corner of the room, in the shadow, and when Papa came slowly up the stairs and joined the group around the bed she felt better.

Mama looked around for Papa as she always did when things were bad.

"What shall we do?" she said. "Delirious. She keeps talking about the coat—says she has no money for a coat."

Papa looked down at Grandma and pulled on his lower lip "Does she always wear her gloves to bed?" he asked.

Aunt Amelia, blubbering, pulled off the gloves, then she fumbled in her purse and brought out a single bill. She slipped it into Grandma's hand.

"Here, Mama," said Aunt Amelia. "You got money, lots of money. You can buy your coat. You get well and buy your coat, Persian-lamb trim."

Papa was still looking very thoughtful. He said, "I suggest quiet. Let us all go out once—by tiptoes."

They all went out quietly and closed the door. Linda hadn't moved from her corner. Grandma sat up, crept out of bed and put her ear to the door.

"Grandma," said Lida, "you feel better now?"

"Sure," said Grandma cheerfully. "I get up soon—v'en coat comes."

"You mean like a miracle?" said Lida,

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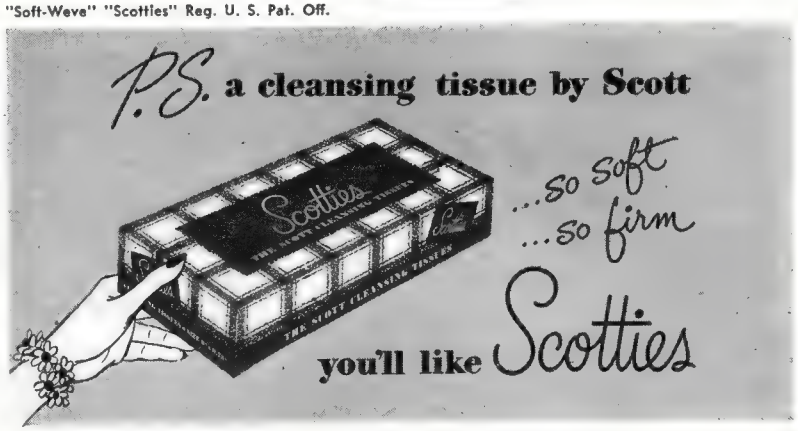

but Grandma didn't answer. She was staring at the bill Aunt Amelia had put in her hand.

"Vun dollar! Howya buy coat vun dollar! Dat Amelia—alvays cheap," she said.

Lida left the bedroom.

Everybody was sitting in the little upstairs room where Grandma used to keep the two-headed calf from Aunt Ludmila's farm in North Dakota. Stuffed.

'I still say," said Emile, "somebody should make coffee."

"A crisis in the family, and he wants coffee," said Zdenek.

"We have a dilemma," said Jaroslav. "You all now agree, Mama should see this coat as soon as possible, that it might speed her recovery?"

Everybody said yes, yes, there was no other thought in their minds. Take back the suitcase and get the coat!

"But," said Jaroslav, "if this occurs, she recovers, what does she take to Chicago for a suitcase?"

"Who cares?" said Emile. "Let her take her old box with the straps. A fine piece of luggage in its day."

"No!" said Jaroslav. He appealed to Lida's mother. "You understand this must not occur . . ."

Lida's mother bit her lips and wiped her eyes. "Personally," she said, "I say anything just so Mama gets well."

"That's right," said Zdenek. "One of us will have to part with a suitcase. She can borrow Emile's."

"Since when do I own a suitcase?" said Emile.

Aunt Tilda came up with the coffee. "Mine is shot up," she said.

"We are at an impasse," said Jaroslav. "Zdenek, you own a suitcase."

"The last time somebody borrowed it," Zdenek said, addressing a jury, "fate sent me unexpectedly to the state capital on an important case. McDonald vs. Janofsky. I had nothing to put my nightshirt in but my brief case."

Everybody was silent, worried. Mama kept listening for sounds from the bedroom.

Papa said nothing. He just rolled a fresh cigar around in his fingers.

Nobody looked at Amelia.

Everybody kept eyes off because, from the horrible gulping sounds she was making, it was clear that Amelia was having a great inner struggle.

"Mama takes my suitcase!" she said loudly at last.

"Now, now, Amelia," said Mama. "That won't be necessary. We think of something."

But Amelia insisted. "All I ask is she keeps the label on."

Jaroslav was doubtful about this. "It would look appropriate, an old lady with a Niagara Falls sticker?"

"Appropriate?" said Emile. "More respectable than Amelia going to Niagara Falls on a honeymoon with five children already."

"Why doesn't the doctor come?" somebody asked.

"I doubt we'll need a doctor," said Papa. "A temporary shock is all. Ya, ya." He stood up. "I'll call Mr. Winpenny. He'll meet me at his store. We'll have the coat here in twenty minutes."

Mama and the aunts went into the bedroom to stay with Grandma, and Emile said, "It strikes me peculiar Posey going so slow in the middle of the road could knock anyone down."

Papa gave him a look. "That is not for us to ponder," he said. "The point is, a person gets a present—should she get what she wants or what everybody thinks she should have? Ponder that. I go down to telephone."

When he came out of the dining room Lida was waiting. "Can I go too, Papa?"

Papa lit his cigar and said it might be a good thing.

They walked down the hill and Papa didn't look at the stars, he was smoking and thinking.

"What happened to Mr. Posey?" asked Lida.

"I calmed him down," Papa said. "He comes in my place tomorrow for a free dinner. He has it coming."

"Is Grandma hurt very bad?"

"Determined vanity leads to desperation, and desperation is a painful thing," said Papa. "But she'll recover."

They picked up the suitcase from the closet at home. It still had the price tag on it. Then Lida and Papa walked to Winpenny's and went in the side door. Mr. Winpenny himself let them in.

Mr. Winpenny had the coat all wrapped up in a nice big box. He was very upset.

"Dreadfully sorry to hear about the mother," he said. "So sorry. A superb cook I hear, and a sweet old lady."

Papa raised one eyebrow. "Indeed," he said. "A superb cook indeed. So now, we give you the suitcase and ten dollars which represents the difference in price, and take the coat."

"No, no," said Mr. Winpenny. "The forty-dollar price stands. A gesture of good will, shall we say?"

"But your overhead, Mr. Winpenny?" said Papa. "A businessman is entitled to his legitimate profit."

"Well, then," said Mr. Winpenny, "if you insist." He took the ten dollars.

When they were once more walking up the hill toward Cherry Street, Lida said, "Papa, that was your own ten dollars you gave him, wasn't it?"

"Nobody in this town can say I quibble over a fair price," he said. "If I bargained close with Winpenny he would take his appetite elsewhere. He would pass my place and eat across the street."

Grandma came downstairs in the new coat. She was dressed, even to gloves, just as she would be tomorrow afternoon at the train. She turned and preened like a peacock while everybody said it was a fine buy, a bargain for forty dollars. Papa winked at Lida.

Mama came over and put her hand in Papa's. "A beautiful coat I must say," she said. Then as she watched Grandma, proud and lively like a young girl, Mama began to wonder.

"Could it be possible?" she said with suspicion, almost to herself. "Would she do such a thing?"

"She would," said Papa, and added quickly. "Yet, no one is the loser, unless it is Amelia and her dream."

Mama thought about this. "That is true. Still a dream is a dream."

Grandma stood in the middle of the room, stroking the fur on the coat. "I'm be heppy. So stylish, so fine dis coat. Denk you, denk you efferybody!"

"Thank Amelia," said Mama flatly.

Grandma made a little bow to Amelia. "Denk you zootcase. You goot voman, vork hard. Say, Amelia, vy you no go Niakara Falls sometime?"

This was too much. "You know very well, Mama," said Lida's mother, "she has no one to leave all her children with. Who has room? Who has time?"

"Chu-chu-chu," said Grandma. "I got room. I got time. I come back from Chee-cago, Amelia, you go Niakara Falls, I'm take care yo' keeds."

Amelia couldn't believe her ears. Neither could anyone else.

"For heaven's sake, Mama!" said Lida's mother. "Why didn't you say this years ago?"

"Nobody esk me!" said Grandma.

Everybody was suddenly hungry, and after they had eaten Lida remembered a dream of falling asleep and being carried out to Uncle Jaroslav's car, then walking sleepily up to her room.

She took off her dress and sat on the edge of the bed in her petticoat. Then she took the new white gloves out of her bureau drawer, the traveling gloves just like Grandma's. She put them on and folded her hands in her lap, wondering if ever she would wear them on a trip.

There was a soft knock on the door, and Papa came in, his hands behind his back. "Well," he said, "have you said your prayers?"

"Only half," said Lida.

"That is no way," said Papa. "You want something genuine, you pay for it. Full price. You want a trip, you pray full time, no cut rate."

"I pray every night to go on a train," said Lida. "And I put my head on the pillow, and think I hear it rushing to pick me up." She sighed. "But it's only my heart beating."

"We have had a little talk with your Grandma," said Papa. "She is no longer afraid she will look old to the Chicago relatives if she is seen with a tall grandchild. The coat, we have convinced her, takes off fifteen years."

Lida's sleepy eyes opened wide with disbelief at what she saw. Papa was holding the little red suitcase in his hands, fifty-nine cents on sale.

He put it on the table near her bed and started to walk out. At the door he said, "Lucky for us Mr. Winpenny works late this night on his inventory. He says you should have a fine trip to Chicago. Sleep tight."

The door closed softly, and Lida sat with her hands folded, not daring to touch the suitcase. It might melt away.

There was something she had to do first, before she touched anything. She had to put her gloves together and finish her prayers and then—oh, then there was so much to do in the morning; such a hurry there would be, such a commotion— the hot bath, the talcum powder, the suitcase to air on the back porch, and her ticket . . . now for heaven's sake, where did she put her ticket . . . ?

THE END

Bedlam

(Continued from page 55)

until his will conquered the curse of his imagination. A stateless person, one of those thousands who turned to the U. N. for passports after the war. Drifting, beaten refugees, most of them. But among them, masked by them, were thieves and murderers—and the intelligence agents of every great power.

"How did he die?"

"Apparently natural. Heart. He was walking up Nob Hill to his hotel when he dropped." Pringle paused. Then he spoke with a jerky rapidity, "His room is on the top floor of the Renton, overlooking the heart of San Francisco. The best spot in the city to let one off if a man wanted to destroy the most——"

"Cut it, Pringle!"

His savagery killed the voice in his ears abruptly. Then, spacing his words, he said, "You made one mistake when you used the telephone to reach me. You are making a second by letting your imagination grab you. Shall I replace you, Steve?"

"No, sir." Pringle's voice came through, even and flat.

"Good. Let's move. Security?"

"All standard precautions taken. I've muzzled everybody who knows. The devil of it is, too many know."

"Name them."

"Two policemen. They made a routine check of the room after Meyer died. The bellboy who took them up. The assistant manager. They called him to the room after they found the stuff. The detective captain who got their report and called me."

"And," said Nicholas drily, "a dozen operators, no doubt. Go on."

"That's all, sir."

"Where are you now?"

"In the hotel room with the stuff."

"Can you move it?"

"Yes, sir."

Nichols looked at his watch. Twelve fifty, DST. That meant eight fifty in San Francisco. The city was just swinging into its day. But the scientists would be in their big radiation laboratory at the University of California, across the bay at Berkeley. They had discovered plutonium in that laboratory. They ought to recognize it quickly.

"All right, Steve. Take a car with a short-wave scrambler* in it. Hustle the stuff to the Berkeley lab for analysis, and call me from there. Put Funke to backtracking on the dead one. Assign Bruce to that Dutch ship. Tell both of them to report directly to me. And all of you use that scrambler. We can't risk public knowledge."

"Right, sir."

Nichols thrust the telephone swiftly toward its cradle, jerked it back. He heard Pringle's voice faintly saying, "Sir?"

"Yes, Pringle. Get on with it." His tone was curtly impatient.

Pringle droned dutifully. "It's spelled A-n-t-o-n M-e-y-e-r. Fifty to fifty-five. Five ten. Medium to heavy. Eyes blue-gray. Hair light brown and bushy. Hands and feet small. No distinguishing marks."

"On your way, Steve!"

Nichols looked up for Sally as he jabbed at the intercom. She was directly before him, questioning with her eyes.

"A first alert, Sally. Notify State, the Joint Chiefs and the Commission."

Identification's ready clerk snapped in

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his ear. He relayed the Meyer name and description, fighting down the impulse to tell Identification to rush it. Identification always hurried.

Cradling the phone, Nichols sent his mind racing around and around Pringle's discovery, reaching for the intangible feel of it, sniffing for the breath of death in it. Already the first alert was on its way, radiating from Central Control to every coast sector, every inland city, every border. In minutes his agents would be rechecking all ships in port, halting inbound vessels, boarding oceanic and border planes, swarming over border trains and trucks and automobiles. This was the automatic countermove, long ago spelled out and drilled to perfection. But the alarm, now that it had at last come, thrust before him a distinctive shape and substance. It fitted the expected only approximately. Somewhere in its substance pulsed a particular menace that was not predictable. He could feel it. But he could not give it a name.

If the discovery was really plutonium, it was almost certain that hundreds of other Anton Meyers had penetrated or were attempting to penetrate his defense. That was elementary. Any power which risked attack upon the United States must strike simultaneously at every large city. The first blow must shatter the nation. Any other course would be fatal to the attacker, for no power could withstand the counterblow of American atomic weapons.

But this could not be plutonium. Even as he flung his trained thousands into motion against the possibility, his inner mind refused to accept it. The same great brains that built the atomic bomb had labored beside him to set up his defense. Together he and the scientists had created an impenetrable barrier, rising instantly that day a year ago when the United Nations had collapsed utterly and finally. Not even a radium-dialed watch could pass through that barrier undetected.

The swift rush of his thoughts brought him to a sudden turning and abrupt halt. This could have been stolen from an American plutonium works. The Atomic Energy Commission would be furious even at the suggestion, for it, too, prided itself on the perfection of its security arm.

In a moment he pushed through a line to Gaynor at the Commission.

"We're riding the alert," Gaynor began. "Where's the——"

"No time," snapped Nichols. "You may have a theft. I want a new inventory on the hot stuff. Every microgram of it, all the way back to the ovens."

"Now see here——"

"Let me remind you," interrupted Nichols, "that a first alert has been sounded. The emergency act is now in effect, and I am answerable only to the President. I want that inventory."

Now he had it blocked out. All that was possible at this moment. Too many people knew in San Francisco. That was bad, but he could not yet tell how bad. No one understood the psychology of the human mass in the presence of a nuclear explosive. None of these things had ever got loose, thank God. The politicians said Americans would stand fast. But all mankind fears the Unknown.

His eyes swept his watch. Pringle should be out of the hotel, fighting the traffic to get across Market Street. Another five minutes, and he would roll eastward onto the great San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.

Nichols swung in long strides up and down the office, refusing to look again at his watch. Perhaps he should go below to Central Control, that deep and guarded chamber which was now the nation's brain center. But his mind worked better up here.

As he paced by Sally's desk he saw that her gaze was upon him, her mouth tight, her eyes large. Yes, there was terror in all people. Sally knew only too well that if this were an enemy attack, Washington was the target of targets. Even Sally, the most selfless automaton ever trained to serve a man, would desert him and flee if the visage of the Unknown were terrible enough.

He stopped before her, smiling. "Sally, how long has it been since you had time to shop for a hat? I mean really shop. Walk in and try on every hat that caught your eye?"

She tried to answer his smile. Her lips trembled, but no words came.

"Control yourself," he said harshly.

She steadied as he watched, locking her hands in her lap. Obedience to his voice, to any commanding voice, was strong in her. But fear was stronger. He ought to send her below now. But this alarm might dissipate quickly, as the others had.

He paced again. Was there fear, a predictable breaking point, in him too? No, not this kind of fear. He could face up to the Unknown indefinitely. There were other things men said of him. He was a dedicated man, an utterly ruthless man. His mind was a machine gun. The patriotism in his heart was white hot, but the patriotism in his head was deadly cold. So they said. Some of it was true. Perhaps all. He refused to look that deeply into himself. A man never knows before the event.

A light flashed on Sally's desk, sending her hands into startled motion. She listened a moment, then said, "Morse at Los Angeles."

He took the call at her desk. "Yes? Nichols!"

"An odd one, sir. A woman here called the Times to ask if that atomic bomb had gone off yet in San Francisco."

"Yes. Go on!"

"The paper thought she was a nut. She told them she knew because her son was a bellboy in a hotel up there, saw the bomb and telephoned her about it. The boy said the government was trying to rush the bomb out of town before it exploded. The paper kissed her off, but later somebody there got to thinking about it and called me."

"What did you tell them?"

"I denied it."

"Right. And the woman?"

"They didn't take her name. We have no way of tracing her."

"Forget it. It's done. How's the alert?"

"Moving smoothly. We've turned up nothing."

"All right. Keep it quiet. Talk is bad."

"Sir?" Morse's voice was hesitant.

"Yes."

"Was a bomb found up there?"

"Watch yourself. Of course not."

He handed the telephone to Sally and moved to his desk. This was dangerous. The woman would be on the telephone now, calling her friends. If the secret had leaped half the length of California to reach Los Angeles, it was spreading by word of mouth through San Francisco.

He could issue a soothing statement. But that would tip the enemy. He could not risk it. He must think of security first, the population second. The Joint Chiefs long ago decided that the population must stand and take it. Any mass flight would achieve the very paralysis the enemy sought.

Movement at the door beyond Sally caught his eye. He saw her slip to the door, take a tray and advance toward him. Even in the presence of fear she had remembered that he must eat. He had not heard her order the lunch. She was getting a grip on herself. Good!

She placed the tray at the side of his desk. He said, "Thank you, Sally."

Her eyes stared at him, large and vacant, and when she turned away to her desk he knew that she had not heard him at all.

A call came in as she sat down. She listened briefly, then raised her voice, "San Francisco again."

"Nichols," he growled.

"Sweeney, sir. Pringle left me in charge of the office. A radio news commentator has just called to ask if we succeeded in disarming the bomb."

Across the room he saw Sally's raised hand. Another call waiting. Then she raised two fingers. Two calls. This thing was piling up now, rushing to a head.

"Deny it. There is no bomb."

"I did, sir. He said he knew better. His father is a detective captain of San Francisco police and told him the whole story."

"His father is a fool and a liar and will not be a detective captain by tomorrow."

"Yes, sir. But I'm worried. This commentator sounded young. He talked about his duty to the public and said we had no right to endanger the lives of a million people with secrecy."

"Call his employer. Arrest the man for security. He must not broadcast."

"That's the authority I wanted, sir."

Nichols switched in the next waiting call. The voice came flat and dead through the scrambler, "Pringle, sir. It's—it's plutonium."

"On whose authority?"

"Hayes and Dorhmann. Checked by Marlowe himself. I have their written statement."

"Hold it." Nichols called across to Sally, "A second alert, please." He was glacier cold now. This was crisis, and he was ordained for crisis.

"Looks like we're in for it, Steve. I still can't believe they got through us so easily. But we must assume they have. I've sealed our borders and sent the high brass to shelters with a second alert. Get back to San Francisco. Watch for panic. Call me when you arrive."

He cut Pringle out and the next call in. "Bruce, sir, aboard this Dutchman. We've gone over her with the counters from bow to screw. She's clean. But..."

"Yes, man. Out with it."

"Her first and only berth here in San Francisco was in the Foreign Trade Zone. She unloaded mahogany logs, then anchored in stream."

Nichols felt the chill of desolation bite into him. The Foreign Trade Zone! The diplomatic no man's land that was beyond his reach, where foreign vessels unloaded cargo destined for transshipment to other countries. The one place, the only place that cargo could reach shore without passing the inspection of his agents and their Geiger counters. New York had one. And New Orleans. He had stormed at the Secretary of State and had even gone to the President to demand they be wiped out. But high diplomacy had overruled him. This country would not be the first to show fear or choke the highways of foreign trade. Damn them! And mahogany logs. Heavy mahogany that would not be

suspected for its weight. Mahogany that could be hollowed out to make a perfect vessel for hidden plutonium. An enemy cunning enough to concentrate plutonium in the Foreign Trade Zones would also be cunning enough to steal it out again and plant it across the continent.

"You know what this could mean."

"I do, sir."

"Does the captain of the ship seem anxious to sail?"

"No indication of it."

"Good. If he's one of them, that means they're not ready yet. Put every man aboard under security detention."

"I have, sir."

"Good man. Now get down to that zone with as many as you can. But wait at the zone gate until you hear from me. You understand?

"I understand, sir."

Nichols rose slowly to his feet, feeling suddenly as though every muscle in his body was bunched against an expected blow. He called across to Sally, "Get the White House."

"Yes, sir . . . I have Sweeney waiting again."

"Put him on . . . yes, Sweeney?"

"We were too late, sir." Nichols caught a sob in the man's voice. A sob of anger. Or of fear. "That fool made the broadcast. He said that several policemen and half the hotel staff have rushed out of the city with their families. And he repeated a rumor that underwater bombs have been planted off the coast to explode and roll a radioactive fog over the city. The other stations are taking it up. The town is going mad. People are pounding on our door, shouting that we've got to tell them the truth. There's a—hear that roar, sir?"

Nichols heard it. A growling beat of many and meaningless sounds. The aimless and ominous voice of panic.

"Fight it, Sweeney! Get the mayor and the police chief. Order them to put their men under your command. Take over every radio station. Broadcast the denial over and over. Repeat it, and repeat it. Alternate it with a declaration of curfew. Tell people to stay at their jobs and their homes. Block every road out of San Francisco."

"Yes sir. But——"

"You heard me. Get going!"

"Sir, I don't care about myself. But I've got a wife and two little girls. Just what did Pringle find at that hotel?"

Nichols fought down his fury. He lowered his voice to a corrosive monotone, "It was plutonium, Sweeney. The whole United States may be blown to hell and gone in the next five minutes. If it is, the seed of the Sweeneys blows too, and running is no good. That's the worst that can happen. The best depends upon you and the training I thought I gave you."

"Right, sir." Sweeney's voice was slightly steadier. Nichols rang off.

Morse in Los Angeles. Now Sweeney in San Francisco. Men with flaws. Hidden flaws, never detected in training, that widened into cracks in the moment of supreme need.

But he forgot them as his mind sped in pursuit of this new turning of crisis. It was out now. News-service wires and the radio were spreading it all over America. The news agencies must be fighting at this moment to get a line through to him. They would clamor at the Joint Chiefs and the Commission and the White House. They would discover that he had sent the nation's top officialdom into the great, sealed shelters. In the absence of facts they would

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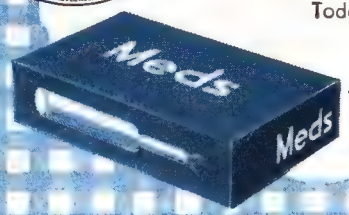

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load the wires and the air with rumors.

Should he make public the facts he now had? But they were frightening. They were yet ruled by the Unknown. They would break loose the madness in men's minds. No, he had to fight through to a cleanup. He had to know whether the enemy was within, and how far within. He must not be diverted. He must pit himself wholly against this shadow of an enemy and risk the madness. How much time did he have? An hour? Thirty minutes?

Sally stood before him. "The White House is waiting. And Identification has a report."

"Hold the White House, please." He flipped in Identification.

"A slim file on Meyer, sir. Estonian of German ancestry. Claimed in his passport application to have fled Siberia by way of China in 1950. Chemist. Lived by his wits. No criminal convictions."

Identification clicked off. No comfort there. Meyer could have been anything. Nichols thumbed the White House in. A familiar voice said, "Hello, Dave."

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. President."

"That's all right, Dave. Just clear it up and get me out of this shelter. How serious is it?"

"Very serious. I want authority to search all three Foreign Trade Zones."

"You have it as of now. What else can I do?"

"Issue a calming but noncommital statement. Tell every man to stay at his job. There may be panic in San Francisco. We're trying to control and localize it. If we fail I may ask you to broadcast an appeal for order."

"Don't do that, Dave, except as a last resort. It would be a confession of weakness to the world." The President paused. A faint uncertainty edged his voice, "I know the pressure you're under, and I won't hold you. But when you get a little time . . . it's hard, not knowing."

"I promise."

The President too. Even the President. The Unknown worked equally upon the minds of the high and the low. He barked orders to Central Control. Now Bruce could go smashing into the Foreign Trade Zone. He commanded the same sweep through the zones in New York and New Orleans.

Sally called to him, her voice tight with dread, "It's Pringle again, sir. They're——"

Before the receiver reached his ear he heard Pringle's wild chattering ". . . I've got to talk to him, Sally. Put me through to him, please! Oh, God, this is awful!"

"Steve!"

"They've gone crazy, sir. I can't get through. I'll never get back. It would be suicide."

"Steve, where are you?"

"At the east end of the bridge. They're pouring out of San Francisco. Six solid lanes of them. Thousands and thousands, as far up the bridge as I can see. They're driving as if the devil is after them. People hanging to fenders. Nobody's stopping at the toll gates. A minute ago a highway patrolman went out there with a rifle. They just ran over him. Ground him into the pavement. Hundreds of them, I tell you . . ."

"Get hold of yourself, Steve!"

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir. I'm all right. They're piling up now. A car hit a toll island and turned over. Then more cars ploughed into it. They're still piling up. They'll block the whole bridge. They'll—there goes a man running. He just jumped out of his wrecked car and ran right on. They're running everywhere. Running and crying . . . Wait a minute. No, you don't, you! . . . Are you still there, sir? A man ran up here and tried to pull me right out of my car. Blood streaming down his hands. I had to hit him with my pistol. His eyes . . . Oh. God, it's awful——"

Nichols broke the connection, setting his teeth against the sickness deep within him. "Sally!"

She was standing beside her desk, her mouth slack, her eyes distended and empty. No, not empty, but mercifully sightless in the presence of unbearable terror. The paralysis of terror. She hadn't heard Pringle. Damn. Why hadn't he sent her below in time?

He strode to her, roughly, "Go below!"

She stared at him. Still she did not answer. Her knees bent—slowly. She leaned forward at the waist. He reached to catch her just as she lost consciousness.

Then her head lifted up. Her eyes came into focus. They met his, and they were opaque with a defiance that was not aimed at him but at something behind him, above him, in all the world around him. "No," she whispered.

She looked down, found the red light on her box and reached to her telephone. She raised it painfully, carefully, as though fighting against a dead muscle in her arm. "Funke, sir," she said.

He strode to his telephone. "Funke! where have you been? No, never mind. Give it quickly."

"Meyer was clean when he came through, sir. I've checked every record and every move. There couldn't have been a slip. Did you know that ship put in at the Foreign Trade Zone?"

"Yes. I know."

"But what do you make of this, sir? The day after Meyer landed he flew to Seattle. Then drove an automobile back here. I'm trying now to check on his movements in Seattle."

Seattle. Hard by the great Hanford plutonium works. It could be . . .

"Good man. Push it hard, Funke."

"If I can, sir. Holy terror has broken loose here. I just saw a woman jump twenty stories to the street. And nobody even looked at her. People just run and stumble along and look at the sky. They don't know where they're going. Why should they look at the sky? You can't talk to them. They don't hear. It—it gets you, sir."

"Not you, Funke. You've got a job to do. Maybe we're in the clear!"

Nichols leaped to his feet, the sweet wine of hope spinning in his head. Seattle! Not an enemy thrust, but a theft from within. Terrible enough, if true. But yet salvation. Everything depended now on the Foreign Trade Zone . . . Bruce. Where was Bruce?

Sally stood before him, her face ashen, but her voice steady.

"It's started in Los Angeles. They're running east. Away from the ocean. A million people — two million — nobody knows. Morse told Central Control nothing can stop them."

Nichol's eyes glittered in their dark hollows. He had to have time. Just minutes now. Where was the President's calming statement? Had it reached the public? Had it failed of its purpose?

Sally raced back to her telephone and listened a moment. "Sweeney, sir."

He gestured impatiently. "I know. He failed. Maybe he never had a chance. Switch him back to Central Control.

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Tell him there'll be looting, and he's got to fight it."

She spoke quietly into the mouthpiece, then half turned to him again. "It's Bruce, sir."

"Yes, Bruce?"

"This zone is as clean as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, sir. Those logs are just logs. We went over every one——"

"Thank God! Now take over from Sweeney. Man, we're out of the woods!"

Once more he leaped to his feet and paced. Freedom from fear. Now he could attack the panic. No, he must wait until he heard from the New York and New Orleans zones. Be sure.

The Commission's inventory would reveal stolen plutonium. Meyer had found the flaw in the Commission's engirdling wall. Some trusted technician. Always there is a man with a price. Or a man with an ideological canker eating away his loyalty. But who was Meyer buying it for? All the big powers possessed atomic weapons. It had to be a second- or third-rate power hungering for the sun. Some little nation that needed a small quantity of plutonium to use for pump priming.

"New York zone clear!"

Good. He smiled at Sally. He laughed aloud. Now for New Orleans. He reached for the phone. Dictate the story of the incident, clearly and fully. Get it on the air quickly. Blanket the nation with it. That would stop the hysteria.

"Sir!"

He wheeled at something new in her voice. She lowered the receiver. She whispered, "It's—starting—in Portland."

All at once, then, he saw the full face of this dark enemy. He was not dealing with hysteria. Nor panic. This was bedlam. This was the eruption of ten years of suppressed and subconscious fears. Fears that had been building up since Hiroshima. This was the black tide of madness bursting at last through the thin levee of civilization. This was man in full flight before the Ultimate Terror. A few psychologists had predicted it. They said man's mind was not emancipated enough to withstand the threat indefinitely. And they had been ignored. Now here it was. Seattle would be next. And then the madness would race eastward, sweeping aside appeals to reason, engulfing every city large enough to consider itself an atomic target. It could even leap the Atlantic.

"New Orleans zone clear, sir."

He barely heard. He walked the length of the room and back. Radical surgery. That was the only sure remedy. Cut every line of communication at the Continental Divide. Split the nation. Isolate everything west of the Rockies as the surgeon blocks off a gangrenous leg before operating. Erect at the Divide an impenetrable wall of silence. Allow no man and no word to pass eastbound. Let the madness beat itself out against that wall. And, this side of the Divide, din sanity into the ears of the people. Put the President on the air. And the Joint Chiefs. And the Commission.

Split the nation. Did he dare? Men said he would destroy the rest of the world to save his own country. And he knew the words for an indictment and never admitted to himself their truth. Did he dare sever his own country to preserve it? Of course he did. Only he possessed sufficient facts to comprehend how irresistible this black tide was to weakling man. This was the end of the fable of man the immortal, man the rational, man the Possessor of Reason. Re-enter man the stumbling beast. It was a terrible judgment to pass upon his own species. But had he not always known that it was so.

Once more he grasped the telephone. Cut communications at the Divide first. That was the imperative step. From the receiver at his ear came the crisp, acknowledging voice, "Central Control, sir . . . Central Control, sir." He tried to speak and could not . . ."Are you there, sir?" Again he cradled the instrument and turned to pace, and a great shaft of despair shot through him. Was he breaking, too? Was he losing the power of decision?

But he was missing something. He knew it. It was there, dancing tantalizingly just above the whorls of his brain. He had to grasp it . . . A sweat of agony burst upon his forehead.

The consequences? He had already calculated them. But his mind raced over them, measuring them again. The President feared an admission of weakness to the world. How inconsequential that fear now. This was weakness of a magnitude nothing could hide. This was confession of vulnerability. This was an invitation to any aggressor to roll up a new flood of madness at any time with the certainty of success. But it cut both ways. This was a warning to the rulers of all nations that their peoples would not stand fast. The whole world lost by this catastrophe. But it gained more than it lost. This was a warning that mankind could not live under this intolerable threat and save its sanity.

Gradually he came to realize that he had stopped before Sally, that her eyes were meeting his questioningly. What had pulled him here? He tried to turn away and could not. The missing fact was here, the tremendous fact. And Sally offered it, if he could but reach it.

The terror came to her, and she did not flee. She bent, but she did not break. Somewhere within her was an impregnability that he, and she too, had never suspected. An essence of mind or spirit that remained, pure and unassailable, when all else was swept away. Call it divinity, call it plain stubborness. Or call it reason, after all. What matter? It was there.

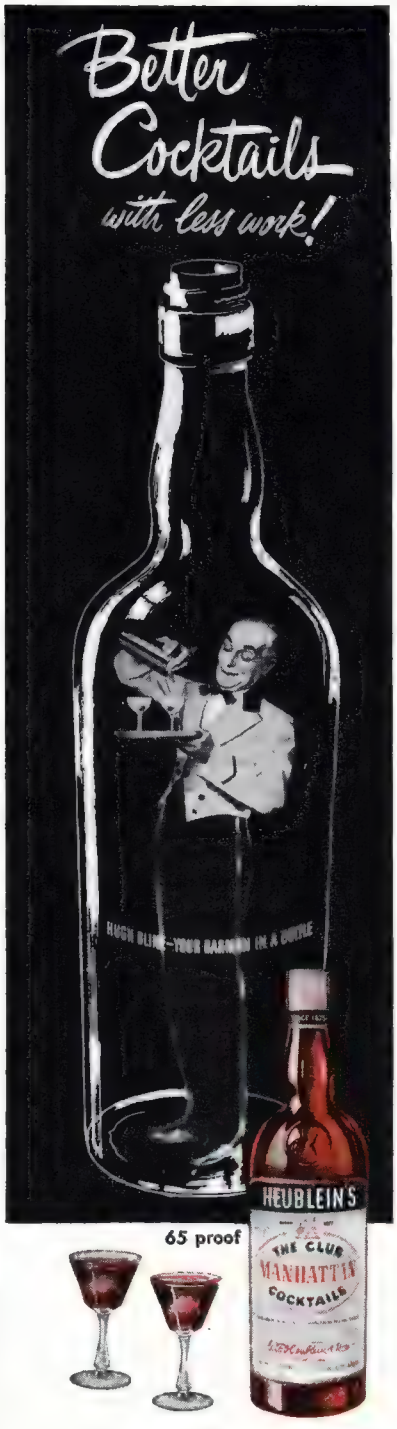
Then others must possess it too. Many, and yet not many when compared with the whole. All precious things are rare. That patrolman, trying to halt the onslaught with his puny rifle. He was one. And Funke and Bruce. Not Sweeney . . . Steve Pringle? Maybe. That was a pang. But there were enough others. Unsuspected others like Sally Borne. They held the eternal essence of man. They were the guardians, the vessels of its transmission. They stood fast out there now like rocky little islets, unable to stem the tide but forcing it to break around them. They would be there when the madness was spent, ready to lift up man, to place reason back on its throne, to fashion a mansion for man in which the deadly metronome would not beat.

This was what he had almost failed to see. He had been ready to cast down mankind with a scornful judgment. But it was himself, not mankind, that he would have destroyed. He would have flung away the essence of his own being by denying the existence of that essence in others. Now he could fight for the reason of other men, and know that he was fighting for his own too.

He smiled strangely down at Sally; she answered with an obedient smile.

"Bless you, Sal," he said, and her smile became puzzled.

He wheeled to his desk and transmitted swiftly orders that would turn back bedlam at the Divide. **THE END**



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One Night in Cincinnati *(Continued from page 40)*

to remember not to square my shoulders too suddenly." His mouth had interesting contours when he talked. His face remained grave, his eyes bright and searching.

He had that quality. Everything seemed to interest him.

They did not smile.

There was in reality very little to show him about the job. Anybody could do it. It required good sturdy legs and a stout back. People were always in a hurry to get to their seats, and if the picture was especially popular there were crowds every night.

Sarah and he had aisle No. 5. It was far to the left of center. Nobody wanted to sit there but kids who had come to stay to see the show two or three times hand running, and people in love. The lovers simply wanted to sit in the dark and hold hands. The picture did not matter in the least. They came in looking dreamy and dewy-eyed, and sometimes you had to remind them, the way you had to wake up the kids, that the last show was over. The housewives in top-heavy flowered hats and their stout husbands grumbled about the lovers. As if they themselves had never known about ecstasy or joy. It made Sarah angry. "Where else can they go to be alone?" Sarah would say heatedly. But the boy said nothing. He merely looked back at the grumblers unblinkingly, and his quietness shamed them.

He was quite clever, really. On rush nights, like Saturday, he worked out a system whereby Sarah stayed down at the foot of the aisle and watched for anybody to be ready to move. The instant someone stood up to go, Sarah signaled with her tiny flashlight, and the boy had people rushing down the aisle before the others, departing, got to the door. It worked beautifully.

"You're a funny boy," Sarah remarked.

"You think so?" he said, not turning his head.

They were watching the picture during a lull. They almost never got to see a complete picture. They saw bits and assorted pieces of it, but never the whole thing. They were standing now on either side of the open glass doors. People strained behind them, to get in, to see. The air was stuffy, and the outer lobby was hung with a kind of smoky haze from the April damp and smog of a Cincinnati night. Sarah liked to watch this boy's earnest face. It was alive now with the magic of the gunman's fire on the screen.

"How'm I funny?" the boy asked.

"Well," Sarah hesitated. His quietness disturbed her. She did not understand him. She wanted to know more about him. "Well, like now, you're standing there holding these people back when I should be there on that side of the door holding 'em back."

"Why?" he said.

She tossed her head. "I'm here longest. I'm supposed to stay at the door. But no, you give me the easy part. You"—Sarah caught her breath. She was not sure that she dared say this—"You treat me as if I were something fragile like a—like a butterfly, maybe."

"Aren't girls as important as butterflies?" he said.

He wasn't teasing. He meant it. "No one ever said that to me before," Sarah answered. "I mean about being important."

Abruptly he turned and smiled at her.

His name was Roy Bradlee. She found that out from his pay envelope; Bradlee, it was, with two e's. Even his name had to be different.

She kept throwing out hints that she would like to go someplace with him, and Roy ignored her. He pretended not to understand.

Sarah wondered if he were bashful. But of course he was not bashful. She could not have that balm for her pride.

She even went out two evenings in a row, on her quarter-hour rest period, with the smooth, redheaded usher on the next aisle. She wanted to make Roy jealous. Roy didn't even mention the fact.

She was baffled. He was something beyond her reach. Sarah began to feel warm and joyous when Roy Bradlee was near and wretched when she had to leave him. And the most perplexing part was that he looked after her gravely, constantly, as if she were a child. He sent her home very often before two o'clock, insisting that he could handle the situation himself. Mr. Sonnett would not know. Mr. Sonnett left after midnight, promptly, when the moneybag was locked securely in the safe. Roy seemed to know instinctively the days when she had ironed her father's shirts at home and felt especially weary.

"You shouldn't work so hard on Saturdays," Roy scolded mildly. "Gosh, it's bad enough here Saturday nights."

She was wan and pale and ten minutes late. "I know. But I'm off from school Saturdays, and I have to do the washing by myself if Pops feels too bad."

"Just you two?" questioned Roy.

"Yes."

"There are six of us at home."

"Oh!" Her heart flipped over. He had never told her anything about himself before. "Six!"

"But at least I don't have to do the washing," Roy Bradlee teased.

They laughed soundlessly at the little joke. They were aware of the figures flickering distantly on the screen and the crowd pushing at their backs. They exchanged a brief, wide-eyed look, and it was for a moment as if time stopped, as if an ancient magic made them whole and alone and knowing.

Roy said, "I'm in school, too. This is my first year at the university."

"You must be awfully smart," Sarah gasped. "The examinations are terrible. I know. I sort of wanted to try them myself next year." Sarah sighed softly. "This is my last year in high."

He looked at her with understanding. He knew clearly that she was doing it all herself, that nobody was helping her, as nobody was helping him. Nobody really encouraged them. They had only the desire and the will. Education was for them a way to better things. They worked nights. They went to school days. They gave up fun and dancing. They were serious and intense. They were filled with the eternal dream of wanting to be better than they were.

"Maybe we'll be in school together next year," Roy said.

Then the feature ended. Lights came up, glaring and practical. People began streaming out. Sarah, trying to keep order in the chaos, was shoved this way and that. She did not mind. She had discovered something . . . She was in love.

Her feet raced lightly up and down the aisle. Heaviness deserted her. Un-

certainty deserted her. She knew at last why she had not been able to sleep nights. She understood why even chocolate pie had tasted like sawdust.

She wanted suddenly to be very beautiful, to be innocently, marvelously pretty. She longed to possess a dress of some fine, airy material that would make her into a goddess, like Mabel Lanning, the ticket girl, so that Roy would really notice her for once. She wanted passionately to be Mabel Lanning, or Betty Grable, or anybody, any poised, lovely woman worthy to be noticed by Roy Bradlee.

Fascinated, she began to watch the screen. On the screen everything looked so easy. You just fought with a boy, and he fell into your arms. You had money and beautiful clothes, and he loved you. Conversely, you were poor and the ranch was heavily in debt, and he loved you anyway, debt and all. For the first time in her life Sarah began to doubt what she saw on the screen.

How could you fight with a boy like Roy? You couldn't. Again, Roy made her go home as soon as Mabel Lanning and Mr. Sonnett left that night.

"You're tired."

"So are you," Sarah countered. Her eyes flashed. "You're so bossy, Roy Bradlee. You act as if you own the world."

He was watching the picture absently. "Maybe I do."

Sarah stamped her foot. "I hate you. I do, I do. I wish I worked with somebody else, anywhere else . . ."

"Go home," said Roy wisely. "And let your old man cook breakfast for a change. You need some rest."

She went home. She rode homeward in the almost empty bus, defeated. She got off at the block where she lived.

She lay awake a long while, listening for her father to come home. The room was inky dark. She felt lonely in the familiar room and abandoned and starkly frightened. The fear kept her awake, fear without shape and motionless.

Her father was a night watchman. He came home with the gray, poking finger of dawn, tiptoeing across the kitchen to his room so as not to wake her. Years before he had fallen down an elevator shaft, and he still limped from the fall. Aware of his comforting nearness, Sarah stirred uneasily in her warm bed. I will ask him, she thought suddenly, and her tension collapsed. "I'll ask Pops," she told herself sleepily.

She slept dreamlessly. She woke at noon, and pale spring sunlight was at the window. She remembered happily that it was Sunday.

Pattering to the door in her bare feet, Sarah Hathaway took in the milk and the newspaper. Singing softly to herself she had a bath, slipped into a faded blue seersucker housecoat and began to rattle pots and pans.

Her father yawned noisily awake at last and called for the papers. "Good morning, Snooks," he said mildly, when she brought them in to him on a tray with a cheerful yellow pot of coffee.

Competently Sarah puffed a pillow for his head. "Good afternoon," Sarah mocked lightly. "You need a shave. Steak for dinner, Pops."

"Well," he grumbled; then he suddenly grinned—"if I must."

He was slight. His hair was wispy brown. He had his friends down at the plant where he worked nights. Since his wife's death he had been interested chiefly in the political news and an occasional glass of beer. Sarah knew him hardly at all.

He came to dinner with his wispy hair slicked down and a clean white shirt buttoned modestly at his throat.

"Hummm," commented Mr. Hathaway, "smells good, Snooks."

"Pops"—Sarah leaned forward soberly, elbows on the table, round chin propped in her slender hands. She waited until he had tasted the steak—"Pops, do you get what you want? Do you? I mean," Sarah floundered. Faint cerise touched her cheeks. "Life isn't like the movies, is it Pops?"

He sensed her urgency. For a moment he was completely at a loss. Carefully he did not look at her. "Well, now"—he chewed reflectively—"do you mean people or things, Sarah?"

She gulped. "P-People," she said.

"Things are easier to handle," said Mr. Hathaway honestly. "But you'd better ask your Aunt Jessica. Or your Aunt Margaret. They understand girls."

The answer made her feel doubly frightened, doubly disappointed. She could not ask her Aunt Jessica, and she obviously could not ask her Aunt Margaret; they considered her stubborn and snobbish. Aunt Margaret especially considered her foolish. They thought she should go to work in the factory where they worked and start making a place for herself in the world. They would not understand her need in the least.

But swiftly, then, out of her helplessness, another thought struck Sarah. The thought grew and Sarah smiled radiantly at her father. Quite unconsciously he had given her a clue to the way out of her dilemma.

She would ask Mabel Lanning. Mabel knew all about men, and she was friendly into the bargain. Sarah saw her sometimes in the dressing room, and she always offered to lend Sarah makeup tissue or to pin a broken strap. Mabel was so poised. Everybody adored Mabel. Even Mr. Sonnett was a little in awe of her.

Taking Sarah's smile as his natural due, Mr. Hathaway grinned back. The day was very fine. Mr. Hathaway felt entirely successful.

"Have another potato, Pops," Sarah urged gayly. "You don't eat enough vegetables, honestly, Pops."

The next two days tried her soul and her patience. She could not manage to get Mabel Lanning alone. And of course Sarah would not ask her question with the dressing room full of chattering staring girls.

Finally on Wednesday evening Sarah arrived early, and there was Mabel, redoing her lips, and no one else was in sight.

Breathless, Sarah collapsed on the green dressing-room bench. Courage fluttered in her throat like a wounded bird's wings.

"You tired, Hon?" asked Mabel Lanning sympathetically. "You go to school daytimes, don't you, Hon?"

Mutely Sarah nodded. She looked worshipfully at Mabel's reflection in the square glass, while Mabel deftly spread the scarlet color over her lips. Mabel's complexion was creamy. Her hair was the spun gold of pale honey, done delicately in Grecian scrolls and whirls. Tonight there was a pearl comb in the highest whirl and a starlike pearl pin at the throat of the fitted black dress.

"Mabel," said Sarah desperately, "Mabel, I want to ask you a question."

"Of course, Hon. Anything."

"How do you make a boy like you, Mabel?" Sarah said, all in a rush, the courage no longer fluttering in her

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throat, the courage out in the open at last. "I mean"—Sarah blushed, and and looked demurely down at her hands —"how do I make a boy like me?"

Fortunately Mabel Lanning was not surprised, or if she was surprised she did not let it show. She was rather earthy, Mabel was. She did not pretend that life was any more complex than it had to be. "Just any boy, Hon," Mabel said matter-of-factly, "or some special boy?"

The answer came faintly, "A special boy."

"Oh." Mabel tapped her slim, high-heel slippered foot thoughtfully. "Now, let's see, Hon." Mabel swung round from the mirror and looked Sarah over from head to foot. "You've just got to want a thing, Hon. You've got to want it and want it, and then, somehow, something will come out of yourself to make it possible."

Sarah's voice gained confidence. "Is that the way you do it?"

The other laughed heartily. "Hon, I'm still wanting. This hair of mine—sometimes I hate it!"

"Oh, no. Oh, Mabel, it's beautiful! If I were beautiful . . ."

Mabel waved that aside. "You've got a cute tipped-up nose and in your usherette's uniform you look almost like an air-line hostess. You'll do, Hon . . .No," Mabel shook her head sadly. "Sometimes I hate my hair. It attracts all kinds of wolves and fast guys. I'm tired of dancing, Hon, and staying up late. What I want is a comforting, steady guy, maybe somebody who smokes a pipe . . ." Her face softened, and a wistful smile tucked up the corners of her mouth. "See, Hon. I'm still wanting. It's like that with the world. Nothing ever happens until a lot of people want it to happen. The dream comes first."

Sarah doubted. "Lots of people want peace," she said, remembering reality.

"Wait until enough of 'em want it," said Mabel largely. "Until they want it so that it hurts them, makes them ache."

Sarah whispered swiftly, not caring about the world, wanting very much to believe what was being said to her, "He makes me ache. I want to know him. I only want to talk to him and be near him a little. I wonder," Sarah said, meeting Mabel's candid eyes, "if he's as nice as I think he is."

The cold wind of logic made her shiver. She could have imagined Roy's qualities. He might be reticent only because he had nothing to say. He might be kind simply because he was very young.

Gently Mabel tilted Sarah's chin. "He's nice, Hon. If he's that Bradlee boy." She laughed riotously at Sarah's stunned face. "Isn't that the one, Hon?"

"How could you know?" gasped Sarah.

At which instant Mr. Sonnett's knock thundered on the dressing-room door. "Mabel, you in there? You're late. The other girl wants out of the ticket cage."

Mabel gave her dress skirt a tug. "Coming," she sang out. She gave Sarah a last, impish glance, and departed.

Trembling and eager within, Sarah Hathaway changed her things. The other girls arrived and chattered loudly and chewed gum; and her hope stayed like a bright, secret banner inside her. She went out, and Roy was at his usual place.

"Hello," Sarah said. Her face glowed. Her face must tell him something.

He gazed at her, baffled. "Gosh, you're happy tonight, Sarah."

"Aren't you?"

"I'm dog-tired, Sarah." He frowned distractedly at the woeful screams coming from the screen. The picture tonight was a mystery thriller.

She stood deliciously still in front of him, her violet eyes sparkling into his darker ones, her hands clasped tightly behind her. "Roy?"

"Yes."

"What do you want to be? When you're old?" Sarah asked. "When you're thirty?"

He laughed. It was the first time he had ever laughed for her. "Old isn't thirty, Sarah. Old is eighty."

"All right. When you're eighty."

His mouth hardened with resolve. His mouth conveyed so much more than his words. His wide, angular mouth constantly intrigued her. "I want to be a chemist," Roy Bradlee said.

"How nice," Sarah said politely.

Some people appeared, and Roy had to go off down the aisle with them to seat them. His flashlight beam came hurrying back. "I'm not so sure chemistry is nice," Roy objected quickly, as if their conversation had not been interrupted. "They're finding out new things every day. All the old rules are gone. They might even discover the secret of the universe."

That was her trouble. All the rules were gone. She had no rules to go by. Sarah sighed to herself; her grandmother had had rules, her mother.

Oh, she was such an infant. She had been such a boob. Mabel was wrong. Roy stood there, and she wanted him to see her, and he wasn't seeing her. His thought was turned inward. He didn't know she existed, and she could not go on alone. The dream faded. She supposed she was growing up. "I want to be a teacher," Sarah said hopefully.

He did not answer. He was engrossed again with the picture. Sarah watched the rapt emotion in his face. The movement on the screen was like an opiate. It made him forget himself and his earnestness. After a while Sarah swallowed the tears that threatened to spill over and looked at the movie also.

The scene was a London park, filled with fog. Pigeons fluttered near a tall fountain.

"It looks like Fountain Square," Roy said unexpectedly.

Sarah nodded. Her hair made a mist about her piquaint face. "I've always wanted to stop there after work, just around the corner," Sarah murmured. "I've seen it covered with snow and wanted to stand there and read the lighted headlines flashing on the building across the street with the sound of the splashing water in the background. But Pops says it's a dangerous place for me alone so late."

A silence widened between them. Roy cleared his throat. "I could go with you. If you really want to go."

She could not believe her ears. She looked so startled, and he looked even more startled.

Sarah chanted, "I'm sure. I'm sure."

"Saturday," Roy planned busily. He towered over her. He seemed taller. He seemed a thousand years older. .."You usually stay Saturdays anyway because of the rush. It will work out fine. It won't take ten minutes, hardly. You can tell your father you won't be more than ten minutes late."

"Yes, Roy." Her heart pounded.

"And, Sarah?"

"Yes, Roy?" Her excited voice was barely audible.

He made four people wait. He eyed Sarah sternly. "Wear something warm,"

Roy admonished. His voice was stern.

"Oh, yes." She smiled tremulously. Perhaps she was not alone. Perhaps . . .

Importantly she planned what she would wear. He had seen her only in a uniform. She must look her best. She thought recklessly of buying a new dress, but he would not see the dress under her coat. Impulsively Sarah decided upon a hat.

The hat must be something special, of course. It must make her look like an angel, because when she thought of Roy she felt rather like a wax angel, meltingly gay. Her coat was blue, a worn, practical royal blue. Sarah brushed it and pressed it with great energy. Then, wearing it with her head held very high, and with four dollars borrowed from the grocery money in her purse, Sarah went shopping. Nothing suited her.

When she was ready to give up, when she had decided to wear the tam she wore to church, quite unexpectedly, there it was. The very thing! Sarah went timidly into the little hat shop on the side street. Suppose the tiny circle of white feathers was too much? Suppose she couldn't afford it? The sheer whiteness framed her hair curling about her ears and her face. It was five dollars. She could manage that.

"You look like an angel," the saleslady said.

"Do I?" giggled Sarah. "Do I, really?"

She imagined that Roy would say that, too. She imagined all sorts of things. She was giddy and irrational and failed a history test at school to the bewilderment of her teacher. But then, Saturday came. Saturday was today, and not tomorrow.

Carrying the precious hat in a bag, Sarah arrived that evening . . . now was the time. Her fingers felt icy, buttoning her usherette's jacket.

People were packed around Roy. He looked harassed and unusually strained.

"Gosh, it's started early tonight. Westerner," commented Roy wryly.

Sarah nodded, speechless. She wanted him to smile. She wanted some sign that he remembered tonight was special. The sketchiest smile would do.

"It's nice out," Sarah said. "Cold and dry—with stars," she added. "It almost smells like the sea. Spring always smells like the sea, doesn't it?"

Absently he nodded. "Not like this." Roy blinked distastefully at the murky, blurred fog-choked lobby.

Mr. Sonnett came up to them importantly. "Excuse, please. Excuse," he huffed. "Such a crush, such a crush." Mr. Sonnett rolled his eyes heavenward and lowered his voice. "Let them go halfway down the aisle, Sarah. The picture is soon over." Without meeting her startled eyes Mr. Sonnett went over to the next aisle.

Sarah and Roy exchanged glances.

This was what they knew about together. This was their job, and they could be easy and intimate and wordlessly disapproving.

It was against the fire laws to permit waiting in the aisles. With people standing halfway down the aisle, the exits carefully marked in red were blocked off. But Mr. Sonnett's cleverness brushed such a silly safety rule aside occasionally; he liked to get more people into his theater.

Roy shrugged, and together they led the crowd a quarter of the way down the aisle. That was as far as Roy would go. The people were delighted. They could see, without straining to peep through the folds of the heavy gray curtains covering the glass partitioning wall at the doors.

Minutes dragged. Never was time so endless. Sarah's knees began to hurt from having to stand so still, so long, with the crowd pushing incessantly at her back. "Ah, kid, let us down a little further," teased the people behind her.

"Quiet," said Sarah. "Or everybody will go out."

Presently their faces relaxed. They were enchanted with the story unfolding on the screen. Sarah wished that she could be enchanted herself.

She tensed. Something troubled her subconsciously.

"Smoke," Roy said.

He barely moved his cautious lips. His eyes were frightened. Swiftly he turned his head; he was tall; he actually saw the flicker of bright flame licking at the gray curtains just by the door behind the last row of seats. Beads of sweat glistened on his upper lip in the bluish theater light. He drew a convulsive breath.

Sarah sensed the urgent need and the fear in his face. "I'll go," Sarah said.

"No." He tried to catch her hand. He gave her a look of anguish.

Sarah whispered, "Yes. They'll let a girl through quicker." She remembered that look afterwards.

It all happened in a matter of seconds. She prayed that no one else had seen the yellow flicker of fire. She pushed her way back, back. The eerie fluttering shadow shone dimly through the shadowy black forest of legs.

It was an empty popcorn box burning atop the merest shred of exposed wiring. The popcorn box had been kicked inside the door, probably. Striking a dried tape on the short extension running to the sign "Quiet Please," it had flared up wickedly. It was actually in flames now. Sarah pulled the extension plug from the connection in the floor. The wire cord stopped hissing. The heavy drapery was just catching fire. Sarah yanked at it with all her might. It came down with a ripping sound. Sarah stamped the last wisp of smoke out with her foot.

It was over. The danger was at an end. Not another single person in the theater sensed anything. Even the man and woman sitting directly in front of the fire were too engrossed with the movie to turn and see what Sarah was doing.

Numbly Sarah floundered back to Roy, "S-suppose somebody h-had yelled fire." Her lips trembled.

"Sarah, Sarah, Steady."

"I'm fine."

He said, "You're trembling."

She could not stop it. It went on and on; the reaction made her teeth chatter. The feature ended at last. The theater crowd cleared somewhat. Mr. Sonnett was informed of the damage. To do him credit, he turned quite white and, seeing Sarah still trembling, generously wanted to send her home.

"It will not be deducted from your pay, kid," he offered humbly. "Go home."

"Your eyebrows are singed. You've a streak across your nose," Roy said.

She looked from one to the other. "No. Oh, No! Oh, Roy. You promised." Her voice pleaded. She begged. She remembered suddenly how fine the night was to have been.

Embarrassed, Roy said, "I'll take you some other time."

"Tonight," she insisted. "Roy, Roy." She wanted to weep; because now the joy and the glory of being with him would be nothing, would be ashes and dust in her mouth. He was humoring

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her. Sarah made her back very straight. "I'm fine," Sarah said.

"All right," Roy agreed. "But at least go to the dressing room and rest."

Obediently, she went. She scrubbed her face and used some of her small store of perfume to take the odor of smoke away. She changed her clothes and put on the angelic hat, and sat demurely waiting.

Finally the other girls came to change to go home. They admired her, and she was not aware of what they said. They went away. Still Sarah waited.

"Sarah," Roy knocked doubtfully at the dressing-room door.

She went out to him; and he had changed his clothes, too. He was in a dark blue suit, with his wrists showing below the sleeves which were too short. He eyed her quizzically. "Are you sure you want to go?"

Sarah swallowed audibly. The world was hushed. They were alone. "Please," Sarah said.

They walked out into the night. The streets were mostly deserted. The lights burned brightly all along the way to the public square where the fountain splashed and pigeons roosted in the trees.

They climbed the steps to the fountain. Impulsively Sarah reached out to feel the swish of water. She lost her balance slightly. Roy caught her wrist.

He did not release it. He pulled her unsteadily against him and kissed her. He was very shy at first, but then it was all right. It was necessary, and it had happened.

"I've been wanting to do this," Roy said. Tears were spilling down her cheeks, and he seemed to know that she had to cry with joy. "I've been skipping lunches trying to save up to take you to a really good movie. One with Ingrid Bergman, maybe."

He made her sit on the fountain wall, then, and read the news bulletins, leaning against him, and they were very young and everything was beautiful.

The news bulletin flashed: Car production at postwar high . . . Savage storm rages in Caribbean . . . Lions that Pittsburg Steelers in night . . .

"Roy," she said. "Will we be together like this? Roy, so many things can hurt us. So many things can come between us. Roy, I might not pass the exams. I might never get to be a teacher." Sarah held his arm. "I might not be able to keep up with you. Oh, Roy."

He kissed her dainty tipped-up nose. "Don't think," Roy said into her ear, and the hat tickled him; he laughed.

And it came to her that the whole meaning was in the seeking, the searching, the endless longing, and not the finding, not the fulfillment, never the end. Always the enchantment and the mercy of life were in the means—and the beginning. "Roy," Sarah said softly, wanting to say his name. "Oh, Roy."

THE END

The Vacation

(Continued from page 52)

"Porpoises don't sneeze. They blow air—the way a whale does," David Reid explained. "And we're not after porpoises today. They won't take an ordinary bait. Have to harpoon 'em. You know what that means, don't you?"

"Yes," Davey said. "But they can swim faster than the boat goes."

"Any fish can do that. We're not going very fast. About ten knots. That's only about twelve miles an hour, Davey. Now, let's have no more talk about the porpoises, eh? We're after tarpon today. The big, silver fish—like the one I showed you yesterday mounted on the hotel wall. You'd like to catch one of those, wouldn't you, Son?"

Davey stood silently beside his father, his small blond head downcast. He was thinking about the porpoise—it had been so gay, so pleased with its swimming.

"Wouldn't you, Son?" David Reid repeated sternly.

"Yes, Father," the boy answered.

"Look—I've been fixing up this rod for you. I'm going to let you fish all by yourself. Just like a real grownup. See this reel? It's about the best there is: It's got a gadget here that puts automatic tension on the line. Just try pulling the line away from the reel."

Davey took the thin green line.

"Now pull," his father said. "Pull as hard as you can, while I hold the reel."

Davey tugged at the unbudging line.

"I can't," he said. "I can't move it."

"Hell, there isn't that much tension. Pull harder."

Davey's face reddened with effort, his fingers slipped off the end of the line.

"Oh, stop playing games," Florence Reid said. "Can't you see he can't pull the line? You keep thinking he's as strong as you are."

David Reid was offended. "I only had the drag on a little way. I was merely illustrating the principle of the tension."

She shrugged her shoulders and picked up her book again—a woman immaculately dressed in a white sharkskin sport suit, with a white visored hat pulled down above the dark glasses she wore.

"Davey," she said. "You'd better put on your shirt. I don't want you sick with sunburn. And your hat, too."

He obeyed her, as he had obeyed his father, without questioning. He wriggled into his red and white striped T-shirt. He put on his linen hat lined with green underneath the brim. He watched his father's strong hand ease away from the reel, pulling the line slowly with it.

David Reid squinted at his son. "See?" he said. "I didn't have the tension set all the way. It's not hard. When we go after tarpon, though, I'll really set the drag. And we'll give the fish a run for his money, eh?"

"Yes," Davey said.

"I'll tell you something else, Davey. We're after a special fish today and for a special reason. The first fish of the season. Tarpon don't bite much this time of year. But Bradon says they're in the pass all right. Plenty of 'em." His eyes narrowed further. "And here's the thing. A couple down here named Emery. They've caught the first fish for the past ten years. They're out every day, rain or shine. They think they have a damn monopoly on that first fish. And I mean to upset their applecart this year."

He glanced sidewise at his wife. "I mean to take Bradon for every day of the week we're here—even if no one else wants to come with me. Maybe the fish won't bite, but if they do I intend to be on hand." He looked at Davey. "That makes sense to you, doesn't it, Son?"

Davey nodded, trying to grasp the meaning of his father's words.

Mr. Reid was preparing another reel, winding in from a spool between his feet on the deck of the launch. Davey watched the spool leap and turn as the line ran away from it—like a spider who couldn't climb his own web.

Lewis was saying, "How about you steering the boat awhile?"

Davey grabbed the wheel firmly.

"Just aim for the lower end of that island," Lewis directed. "See—where that big clump of palms is. That's where we'll have lunch."

"Is it a desert island?" Davey asked.

"Well, I guess that's just what it is. No one lives there."

The launch crossed the lower end of the pass. The palm trees grew bigger.

Then Lewis was saying, "Better let me take over now," and Davey went back to his perch on the bow to watch their landing on the island.

He stood on the launch's bow. The roar of the engine ceased, and in the sudden silence Davey braced his feet and felt the boat's prow dig into the shore. He jumped down into the wet cushion of sand near the water's edge, raced ahead to escape the curling waves thrown up by the boat's landing.

Lewis was hooking a ladder over the boat's side, helping the senior Reids down to the beach.

"It's a desert island. A real desert island," Davey said, excitedly facing his parents. "Lewis says no one lives here. Not a single person."

Mrs. Reid's mouth smiled.

Mr. Reid said, "It's pretty close to civilization to be a desert island, Davey."

"I'm going to explore it," Davey persisted. "I'm going way up the beach there and look all around."

"All right, you can go a little way, but stay within sight of us, David," Florence Reid said. "And don't go in swimming by yourself."

"I can swim," Davey said. "I can swim by myself. I can swim like a porpuss."

"No swimming unless we're with you," Mrs. Reid said with finality. "You can go off and play if you want, but remember, stay where we can see you."

Davey nodded. He was running then, skipping over the sand, listening to the quiet swish of the sea near by, his eyes focused on the tip of the island, which seemed to him miles and miles away . . .

Florence Reid watched her husband shake out the canvas tarpaulin on which they would rest while lunch was being prepared. He spread it on the ground, and both of them sat down.

David Reid offered his wife a cigarette, took one himself.

"You know, Florrie. I think you're wrong about Davey. Not letting him swim by himself, I mean. He's old enough to take care of himself." David Reid fumbled in his pockets until he found a packet of matches and held the flame across to his wife. "When I was his age——"

"When you were his age, you were stronger and bigger. He's a delicate child."

"That's just it. That's why he's so damn delicate. What he needs is self-reliance. He's afraid of things. That's what makes him so shy and scrawny."

"I suppose you'd like to see him drown," she said.

"Nonsense. You know he wouldn't drown. Why, there's no surf here. It's as safe as a swimming pool. Suppose he did get a mouthful of water. Do him a lot more good than having us hovering over him all the time."

She watched him stuffing the packet of matches back into his pocket.

"We've sent him away to boarding school this year," she said evenly. "That was a concession on my part——"

"Concession!" he laughed. "The way you complained about having to take care of him all the time around the house doesn't make it sound much like a concession to me."

She frowned at him. It was the truth. She couldn't refute it. She had been secretly glad, relieved, the day Davey had departed for boarding school.

"Maybe I did complain once or twice," she said. "Anybody would who has a big house to run with almost no help—and outside responsibilities as well."

"You mean bridge clubs," he joked ponderously. "Bridge clubs. Women's teas."

"If you're hinting that I've spent too much time gaining the social standing I have in the community—you owe a lot to that standing. Don't forget that——"

"Oh, hell," he said. "Let's skip the whole business. We're supposed to be on vacation, you know."

"Yes," she said coolly. "So it seems." She picked up her book and made a pretense of reading, the bitterness of their argument, the endless, inarticulate part of the bitterness still in her mind.

That was the way their arguments always went, she reflected—always ending on the shoals, skirting the deeper water. And yet what was deeper? Her husband had a good job. He was an executive for a big steel company in Pittsburgh. Everyone among her friends said how lucky she was to have such a handsome husband, a man who had worked his way up from the very foundations of the steel industry. Everyone envied their Florida vacation. Everyone envied the elegance of their house and the way she kept it almost singlehanded. And no one else noticed the way David Reid fumbled through his pockets for a box of matches. In her own unanalytical way, Florence sensed that because of the fumbling she could control her husband. The brutal strength, occasionally manifest behind the fumbling, was always quickly dissipated—either through a fit of sudden rage or in more intimate, personal ways, which Florence never discussed, even with herself. Out of the corners of her eyes she watched her husband lie back and put another cigarette in his mouth . . .

And David Reid, lying beside his wife, watched the sunlight filter down through the palm branches overhead. There was strength in the sun and strength in the furnace blast—like the strength of the anger he could feel imprisoned within his chest. His head was turned, so that he could see his wife's profile beneath the black lashes of his nearly closed eyelids. How could she read at a time like this, he wondered. How could she be so detached from life?

Here on this fishing trip—on this deserted island—she looked as immaculate as at the cocktail party they had given the day before their departure for the South. Beneath his eyelids, David Reid pictured the envious glances of the other male guests toward Florence. And then, suddenly, he was seeing Davey in a white linen suit, passing a silver tray of star- and moon-shaped canapes—the ones Florence had been preparing all the previous morning—Davey holding the silver tray and walking silently among the guests.

Abruptly, he raised himself and looked in the direction Davey had gone. He could still visualize the little boy with the tray of delicately cut canapes. A mother's boy, spindle-legged and alone.

Florence Reid's voice was sharp in her husband's ear. "It's all right," she said. "I'm keeping an eye on him."

In the open sunlight halfway down the beach from the fringe of palm trees, Lewis Bradon listened to the sounds of the Reids' voices. He sat on his squat haunches, poking into the brush fire he had built, stirring the pot of fish chowder over the hot flames. He could hear the pecking bitterness of the

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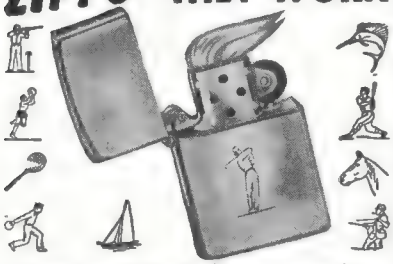

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brief argument, the silence following it.

Well, it was all in a day's work. None of his business. Still, you shouldn't treat a little boy like that. If you were lucky enough to be married and have a child, you ought to try to understand.

Lewis looked beyond the smoke of the fire. One boat had already come into the pass. The Emerys. Sure as anything. Not much chance this time of day. Better at sunset. Still you never could tell about tarpon this time of year. There was the Emerys' boat, though, drifting out with the tide. That was a nice job Frank Frolich had guiding the Emerys. They'd be out there night and day until they caught that first fish again. Might be a week or two weeks even. They'd sit there if there wasn't a fish in the whole damn pass. And this Reid. Nice tackle. Probably a good fisherman. But not much of a man. All in a day's work.

And Lewis turned his eyes back to the thin little boy playing by himself up on the beach . . .

But Davey was no longer conscious of Lewis Bradon or of his parents. He was leaning over, picking up a scallop shell, holding it in his hands, turning it over, admiring the opalescent sheen on the curved underside—then throwing it sidearm away from the beach, seeing the shell skip and settle beneath the water's surface. Then he was running to where the bunch of mangrove trees came down to the water's edge. He was standing beside the long, tubular branches fingering into the water. He was climbing over the huge, multiple-twisted roots of the mangroves—then away again to pick up a coconut, to shake it against his ear for the sound of the milk his father had told him was inside.

Davey was far up the beach when he remembered his mother's admonition. He turned quickly to see how great a distance he had gone. He was surprised that he could still see his parents and Lewis there by the fire. His mother was waving her hand, waving for him to come back. His legs felt a little tired now as he moved them, but he purposely lengthened his stride, feeling the warm sand spilling over his sneakers . . .

Near his parents once more, inside the circle of their tether, Davey took off his sneakers. He arose and stripped off his T-shirt and waded out into the water.

He knew that his father had come down to the beach edge to watch. He plunged forward, flailing with his arms and legs, trying to catch the lost image of the porpoise over the picture of his father standing there in bathing trunks.

He heard his father calling—"That's it, Son. Kick with your feet! Slower! Don't try so hard! Put your head down more!"

Mr. Reid splashed in beside his son. He held Davey under the stomach. His father was laughing, and Davey squirmed away, his feet groping for the solidity of the sea bottom, his lungs straining for breath.

"You'll never swim that way," David Reid said. "You've got to learn to relax. Watch me. See how I float without moving my arms and legs at all. It's easy."

Davey tried to imitate his father, but he felt himself sinking and he struck out again violently, straining the muscles of his neck to keep his head above water. He looked desperately at his father for some sign of approval.

"It's a little better, but you still make entirely too much fuss. Slow down. Relax." Davey stood up panting. He turned wide eyes toward Lewis. Mercifully the guide was concerned with his cooking. He had not seen the little boy's failure. Davey waded ashore. Only when he was drying himself with a towel, did he notice that his body was trembling.

They ate lunch under the shade of the palms, Lewis bringing the plates of fish chowder and setting them down on the tarpaulin. Davey ate slowly, looking up the beach where he had been a little while before and then down to the water where he had tried too hard to swim. He heard his father say, "The best part of the day is still ahead of us." And then, "Say! Isn't that a boat out there in the pass?" And when he learned it was the Emerys' boat—"Dammit all, you might know they'd beat us there. Come on, we've got to hurry."

Davey stood in the stern of the launch beside his mother and father as they went toward the pass. Over the foam-flare of the wake, he could see the island shore receding until the beach was only a white ribbon beneath the dark palms.

Then the motor was switched off and they were drifting. Lewis came back and patted Davey's shoulder.

"We're here," he said. "Here's where the big ones are."

Davey raised his head to look at Lewis and at the same time he felt the rod poked against his hand.

"It's all yours, Davey," his father said. Davey took the rod and held it tightly while Lewis cut a piece of mullet in the shape of a small fish and put the hook through it.

"Here, Davey," his father said. "You sit down here on this camp chair. Now just press this gadget. See that lets the reel run free——" The sinker plunged downward; the line spun out.

"Don't let it run too fast. Keep your thumb on the leather guard . . . that's it."

Davey could feel the straining press of the line through the leather thumb guard, and the weight of the sinker going down.

"Now," his father said. "Press the lever back. See that white string there near the water? That's your marker. Keep the white string level with the surface. That means your bait's at the proper depth. Seven fathoms. Forty-two feet deep."

Davey lowered the tip of the rod so the white marker touched the water.

"Fine," his father said. "Just right. Isn't it, Bradon?"

"Perfect," Lewis said.

David Reid turned toward his wife. "You want to fish, dear?" he asked. "Or are you going to keep on reading?"

"I might as well fish," she said. "That's what we came for, isn't it?"

Davey saw his mother lower her line and his father sit down in the swivel chair next to her. His father baited his own hook and spat on the piece of fish cut in the shape of a minnow. "That's for good luck," he announced. "All good fishermen spit on their bait."

Davey half-closed his eyes as the boat drifted parallel to the beach. There was a barely perceptible ground swell.

Through the quiet a boat engine coughed, exploded, caught. Davey jerked his head around to see a launch like their own, kicking up spray in a wide turn.

"That's the Emerys," his father was saying. "Just look at 'em. You'd think they owned the whole damn ocean."

The Emerys' launch passed close by, going fast.

Florence Reid laughed. "Just look at the hat she's wearing—an old-fashioned straw bonnet."

Davey waved at the passing launch—at the woman in the straw bonnet and the man beside her. The man wore a

hat with a long green visor sticking out, almost touching the end of his black cigar. He lowered the tip of his rod, acknowledging Davey's greeting.

Lewis's eyes were intent on the bend of Frank Frolich's back over the steering wheel of the Emerys' boat and on the forward thrust of the other guide's head.

"Frank must have seen something out there," Lewis said quickly. "Reel in an' we'll go after him."

"You ought to keep your own eyes open. That's what I'm paying you for," Mr. Reid muttered. He raised his voice. "Come on, Davey. Reel in, son. Reel in."

The Emerys had gone perhaps a mile offshore, where the waters of the pass described a huge funnel into the Gulf of Mexico. The tide was coming in, and the two boats drifted evenly, a few hundred yards apart.

Davey sat perfectly quiet, the toes of his sneakers hooked around the legs of his folding chair. The water slapped against the boat's side, gurgled in the hollow of the exhaust pipe below the drop of the stern.

And then, in the shimmer of sunlight, just beyond his rod-tip, Davey saw the three tarpon roll—the sudden gray cutting of sea by the streamer dorsal fins, the shine of silver underneath and the impression of something big and fast-moving angled down toward his line.

"Hold tight!" Mr. Reid shouted, and Davey clenched his fingers around the bamboo wrappings at the base of his rod. He was conscious of the pounding of his heart and the tension in his hands and legs. He waited without daring to breathe.

Lewis spoke. "They're just playing—just having a little fun. They aren't often hungry when they roll that way."

Davey swallowed and looked at the guide. "Like a porpoise?" he asked.

"Just like a porpoise," Lewis said.

All at once, across the entrance to the gulf, tarpon were rolling, splashing the water, swirling geysers of spray.

"Boy! Look at that one. Just look at that one!" Mr. Reid's voice was shrill, his right arm pointing. "He must have been over a hundred pounds!"

Florence said nothing. She held her rod stiffly, the lacquer of her nails bright against the polished bamboo.

Davey was staring down through the water, through the deepening layers of sunlight, trying to see where the silver fish had gone. Then the surface was still again, and the two boats drifted in toward the land.

The sun was low above the horizon when the incoming tide slackened. Both boats were still parallel with each other. Florence Reid had produced the only catch of the day—a two-foot red grouper, fat and ugly with huge inflamed eyes. Lewis had lifted the grouper over the side and thrown it inside the live-well, up ahead of the engine box. Occasionally the grouper sloshed about. Davey felt sorry for the fish there inside the live-well—even though it was ugly, even though Lewis said it was fine to eat.

No one had hooked a tarpon. They had stopped rolling. Davey had an idea that the tarpon had all disappeared to somewhere remote, far out to sea.

"How much longer do we have to stay here?" Florence Reid asked, interrupting a long silence inside the launch.

"We'll stay as long as the Emerys do," her husband answered emphatically.

"They may be here till after dark," she objected. "It's not good for Davey to be out so long. He didn't even have his nap today. He'll be exhausted."

"When I was a boy," David Reid said angrily, "I used to spend all day fishing—and I never got tired. I never took a damn nap."

Davey only half-heard his parents' talk. It seemed they were speaking from a distance. The gentle rocking of the boat made him drowsy. He was following his own thoughts down the slope of his line, into the blue depths of the sea. How cool it looked down there! How cool and quiet.

Mr. Reid was saying, "All right, damn it, we'll go in another hour," when Davey's rod was almost jerked from his hands. It banged hard against the gunwale of the launch—and suddenly the reel was alive and hissing, and the line was being torn away from it.

"It's him, boy! It's him!" Lewis shouted. Mr. Reid had jumped out of his swivel chair. His wife's head was turned, transfixed in surprise. Davey felt himself dragged forward. The tip of the rod was whipping down, jerking powerfully, like a snake's head striking.

Davey was aware of his father's voice unnaturally loud. "Get up, Davey. Stand up for heaven's sake! Here, Get back to my chair. That's it. Slowly. Don't loose your grip. Hold tight. Now sit down. Get the butt end of your rod into that leather socket. That's the stuff. Now—Florence. Get up. Give the boy room!"

The launch engine churned over. A shredding cloud of vapor crossed Davey's face from the exhaust, and through it he could see the bent tip of his rod and the line racing up the bamboo, through the shiny metal guides.

The boat's engine throttled down. The line was stretching away from the swirlings of the propeller—out and upward.

"Here he comes!" It sounded like Lewis's voice.

There behind the boat the tarpon broke water, leaping high in the air, turning, shaking the silver silhouette of its head. Silver and spray came together, and Davey felt the line suddenly slack and then alive with strength again. The tarpon jumped a second time, twisting, ponderously suspended, crashing down. Davey's feet were set hard against the stern planking of the launch—knees outstretched. He gritted his teeth and held on, the vision of the fish jumping, tremendous, almost overwhelming, in his mind.

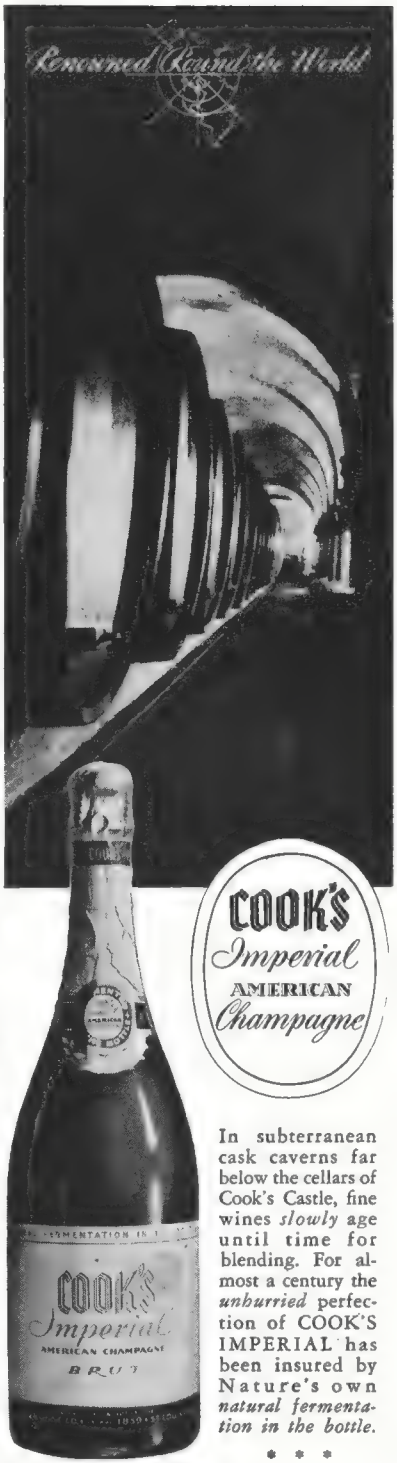
"He's hooked!" David Reid shouted. "He's hooked. He's still on!"

Davey did not hear his father's words—just the noise of his voice. Above the angle of his line he caught a glimpse of the Emerys' boat. Bradon's boat went past the Emerys', out into the gulf.

Davey could not see his mother reach from behind as if to help him hold the rod. He could not see his father strike Florence Reid's arm aside—nor the expression on his father's face, the eyes narrowed, the heavy lips pressed together, the jaw set—nor the way his mother moved aside, glaring at her husband, knowing the impossibility of trying to reason with him now.

Davey could see none of these things. He knew only the fish at the end of the line, and in a sense he became the tarpon pulling the line away from the boat—the fish swiftly swimming, twisting and turning in the air. He sensed the aliveness, the reality of the contest without being aware of adversaries. He was the great silver fish, the water-knight in armor, and the little boy braced against the tarpon's rush—all at the same time. He was as strong as the fish, and there was no differentiation in his mind between the ends of the line.

Davey obeyed his father's instructions



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automatically. "Pump the rod up . . . Reel in as you lower the rod-tip . . . Here he comes again! Keep the tip of your rod up. High! Don't give him slack! Boy, what a beauty! I'll bet he weighs more than you do."

I'll bet he weighs the same, just the same, Davey thought—gradually regaining the line the fish had taken.

Close beside them, the tarpon made a final jump for freedom, leaping straight up this time. For the first time Davey saw the hook in the bony roof of the tarpon's mouth, the long undershot jaw wide open and the big eyes staring wildly. He stared back at the fish, unbelieving, his face wet with the foam-lash. "He's afraid of me, Dad. He's afraid of me." The words tumbled out unbidden, words catching in his throat, momentary words like the fragments of spray thrown up by the tarpon's last leap. And then Lewis was grasping the wire leader, hooking the gaff through the fish's gills. Lewis slipped a rope through the tarpon's gills and dropped the silvered head back into the water. The tarpon lay white belly up, fanning the water with the four yellow-pink fins, its great V-shaped tail.

"He's a real fish," Lewis said quietly. "He'll go seventy pounds."

Davey felt his father's hand pounding his back. "The first fish of the season," David Reid was shouting. "and you did it all by yourself, Davey. You handled him like a veteran. I'm proud of you."

Davey reached down to touch the fish. His fingers were numb. He saw that they were still crooked the way they had been around the rod. He was thinking: I weigh sixty-nine pounds and the tarpon seventy. That's what Lewis had said. And the fish, he's not frightened any more. He's just as tired as I am. He could no longer see the tarpon's eyes.

"See the way he moves his fins, Dad. See, they're yellow and pink. See how white his stomach is——"

It was all over. Florence Reid was pushing her son forward, rubbing the soreness in his arms and legs. Lewis was putting up the spray hood against a freshening evening breeze, and they were heading away from the pass.

Davey submitted to his mother's massaging, heard his father's loud description of the battle.

"Won't we open everyone's eyes when we get back to the dock?" Mr. Reid was fumbling with a camera, putting in a film. "This'll be a real picture, Davey and the first fish of the season."

The spray came over the bow, falling on the canvas, the way rain might sound on the roof of a tent. Davey found himself wondering about the tarpon being dragged along behind the boat. It wouldn't be very pleasant. Still he was a fish. He was in the water, but the boat was going much too quickly . . .

When they arrived at the dock, Davey was helped ashore and his hand shaken by many people. Everyone was laughing and shouting and running up to him. Among the strangers, Davey tried to turn his head to see the tarpon. Then his father was there, smiling and backing his son toward the edge of the dock, and Davey saw the tall iron frame and the rope taut from its top and the tarpon being hoisted up from below—first the head, then the silver side, then the tail dripping water. The tarpon's upward motion ceased. The fish hung above the dock, revolving slowly, so that the white belly was turned toward the little boy.

"Now," Mr. Reid said. "Just stand over there, Son, beside your fish." He bent his head over his camera.

Davey stepped close to the hanging tarpon. Suddenly it was all unreal. The fish wasn't moving. When he touched the tarpon's side, the scales were cold and slimy—and the fins, they were quiet, motionless. And the eyes, the big staring eyes, were no longer clear. They had a pinkish film over them.

"Smile," Davey heard his father say. "Damn it, David, can't you smile?"

Davey forced his lips apart, and he heard the camera click several times. Then he looked down at the tips of his fingers wet with the fish's slime.

Davey went over to Lewis. "He's dead, isn't he, Lewis?" he asked softly. "His eyes are pink. He's dead."

Lewis put his hand on the little boy's shoulder. "Yes, Son," he said. "He's dead. But you know why his eyes are pink? That's 'cause he's gone to a big pink heaven, just for fish."

"He's dead," Davey whispered. "I killed him."

"He doesn't mind," Lewis said. "He's much happier in heaven than he was out in the pass."

"How about another picture?" Mr. Reid invited. "You get in this one, too, Bradon."

Davey was silent during dinner in the hotel dining room. After the meal Mr. Reid wanted his son to sign his name in the Tarpon Club's official register, but Davey tugged away. "No, please," he pleaded. He burst into tears.

"Can't you see he's exhausted?" Florence Reid said.

"Oh, all right," Mr. Reid said. "The hell with it! We'll do it tomorrow. Maybe old Emery will witness the signature."

Davey fled to the sanctuary of his small bedroom. He undressed and slid into bed, but he could not sleep. He lay on his back, gazing at the ceiling, whitely luminous in the darkness.

Later he heard his parents enter their adjoining room. He fought against the tears, feeling them strangle in his throat and his chest. He pretended to close his eyes when his mother tiptoed through the open doorway. The sound of her footsteps receded. He listened for her voice in the next room. "Well, he's asleep," she said.

"I don't understand it"—his father's voice now—"crying there in the dining room. You'd think he'd be the happiest kid on earth."

"He's tired," she said. "I told you——"

"No, it's something about the fish. Imagine a son of mine crying because he caught a fish. I believe he'd have been happier if we'd turned it loose."

Davey opened his eyes. He was trying, desperately trying, to see the tarpon swimming around in the great pink heaven Lewis had described. He could see the pink, the same color as the tarpon's misty eyes. A huge, calm, pink sea. But the tarpon lay alone, belly-up on the surface of the pink sea, and the fish would not move.

It seemed to Davey that he lay there for hours trying to coax life back into the dead fish. He opened his eyes wide. He pressed them closed. He tried opening them only a little way.

And then, all at once, his hands gripped the sides of his mattress. The tarpon had moved. It was turning over. It was moving its tail, and the fins along its white belly. And it was swimming, swimming through the pink sea, a silver, shining fish just beneath the surface of the sea.

Davey smiled deeply and drew in his breath. He had to hold tight to his bed, the tarpon was swimming so fast.

THE END

Hot Rodders *(Continued from page 42)*

some boys even design and build their own interlocking vane superchargers, a job most professional machinists would hesitate to tackle.

The rodders have no place to race their cars except on the public highways and, since this is of course illegal, the kids have to go about it with delicious stealth. The nightly rallying spot is usually at a drive-in. The drive-in is a unique California institution; an ultra-modernistic, open-air soda fountain with ample parking space. After carefully "casing the layout" for the red spotlight or blue taillight that marks the police cars, the kids drive in and park their roadsters. Drive-ins are designed by traffic experts to permit a quick turnover of a large number of cars, and the kids take advantage of this to make a rapid getaway in case of a police raid.

Among the boys, levis and Navy pea jackets are almost a uniform. A few wear crash helmets, but these are generally considered an affectation. The rodders are not a cultured group, but neither are they simply mechanically minded robots. Few of them would know the difference between a Rembrandt and a Van Gogh, but they do have a deep appreciation for the clean beauty of functional design. They have no interest in music or literature, but there is an almost religious ecstasy in their faces when they mention atomic energy. Many of the boys bring their dates, cute little bobby-soxers in levis and tight sweaters, who can talk mechanics with the best of them.

Gradually, imperceptibly, the kids become more excited. "Have you seen that full-house merc in the blue-channeled T-model? Boy, I want to see that job wind up!" "I wonder if that 'thirty-two with the blower will take him? I hear he turned one thirty four at the lakes. I'll bet he can wax any roadster for a mile."

Suddenly there is the harsh crank of a starter. The steady, humming roar of a motor breaks the quiet hum of conversation. Then another, and another. Rapidly the groups break up, everyone hurrying to his own car. The air is filled with the multi-pitched roar of the hopped-up motors.

The roadsters usually head for an undeveloped real estate section. Here the boys switch off their lights and park single file on either side of the long, straight avenue. Scouts are dispatched in all directions to look for police cars and warn "stockers" (ordinary cars) that a drag is on. The course is a couple of miles or more long, depending on the straightness of the highway. Many of the roadsters can't reach their top speed in this short a stretch so the drag will be mainly a test of acceleration. A car is stationed at the end of the course to flash its lights as the competing roadsters rush by it. Otherwise, the drivers might continue until they hit the curve a quarter of a mile further on and turn over. Sometimes the rodders agree that when they hit high gear, the leading car will be considered the winner. Many roadsters won't hit high until they are doing over ninety miles an hour.

Two cars pull out quietly, drive down to the starting point, turn around, and come to a full stop. The rodders have been driving with their lights out to avoid attracting attention, but now these two cars flick on their glaring sealed-beam headlights. Down the long line of parked cars, lit only by the feeble glow of widely spaced street lights, dozens of youngsters stop breathing.

Suddenly the motors of the racing cars roar. Their rear tires spin and scream at the sudden thrust of power. Boys a block away can smell the thrilling stench as the rods "peel rubber" and bound away, leaving black strips smoking on the white cement. As the cars roar by, often at forty or fifty miles an hour in low gear, their drivers execute a masterful "speed shift" called "popping the clutch." With the throttle still mashed against the floor, the drivers synchronize the clutch and gear shift with a swift movement so as to lose a minimum of speed. Tires scream again when the shift is made. The cars flash by, their motors, "winding tight," above the airplane roar of the cars comes the yells of the watching rodders and the shrill squeals of the girls as they bounce up and down in ecstasy on the seats of the parked cars. At eighty or even ninety miles an hour the cars hit high. But the sound can only be faintly heard in the distance. The race is over, and the cars come back on their return run.

Some cars never make the return run. Neither do their drivers. If the rodder misses his timing on the high-speed shift, the gears won't mesh and are often thrown clear out of the transmission. Or the connecting rod and piston may break and go right through the hood, for the metal crystallizes and shatters at high speeds. This is called "throwing a rod." Sometimes an axle cracks or a wheel comes off. The boys are too good mechanics to have these accidents happen often, but when they do some hot rodder generally dies.

Sooner or later, some spoilsport adult who has been stopped by the scouts or awakened by the roar of the open "pipes" calls the police. At first, the police regarded drags tolerantly and simply sent down a motorcycle patrol to break them up. But now an organized "drag raid" looks like a small invasion force. A dozen police cars, twenty or more motorcycles (called "sickles" by the rodders) and several patrol wagons make up an attack. The assault is carefully planned and just as carefully avoided by the kids.

The first warning of a raid comes from the scouts. They come tearing down the line of parked cars yelling "Cops!" Instantly, the roadsters scatter like beads when a string is broken. Some cut across vacant lots. Others bounce over beanfields or speed off along the pavements. The police try to cut off all means of escape, but with a four-mile stretch of highway this is almost impossible. The police cars tried using two-way radios to coordinate the attacking force, but the mechanically minded rodders promptly built their own sets and, by tuning in to police wave length, often knew about a raid before police cars could collect.

The kids know that if they are caught they will go to jail or, worse yet, lose their driving licenses. As a result, nothing short of a timber blockade will stop an escaping rod.

The police tried to break up drags before they started by trailing the roadsters as they left their drive-in rendezvous. The boys soon learned to counter this move by sending off a few cars to act as decoys. As soon as the decoys hit open country, they would speed up and

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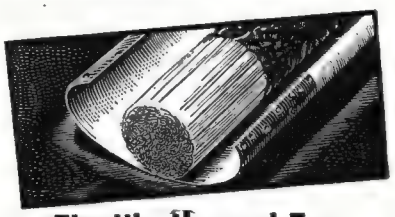

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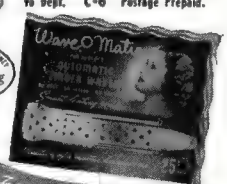

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lose their trackers. Then the police tried trailing lone rods which were usually headed for a drag. When a police car met a roadster, it would continue past, then swing around the block and try to trail the rod by running on the wrong side of the street with its lights out. Some police cars were nearly hit by innocent motorists while trying this stunt to the huge delight of the rodders. Motorcycle police took to riding in pairs so their double lights would look like the headlights of an ordinary car. "But you could always spot 'em, because their lights didn't wiggle in unison when they hit a bump," said one rodder contemptuously.

The city judges then tried what seemed to be a simple solution to anyone not knowing the ingenuity of youth. They interpreted the safe-equipment clause of the vehicle code to make the cut-down roadsters illegal. The rodders' countermove was sheer genius. The hierarchy of the motion-picture industry delight in expensive, custom-built cars. The kids simply wrote to the state legislature and had their rods registered as custom-built cars. Unless the legislature wanted to outlaw all custom-built cars, they could not very well discriminate against the rods.

By now the police were understandingly irritable. They began stopping hot rods on the streets and giving the kids tickets on such general charges as "dirty windshields" or "slow driving in center lane." The kids responded by a sport so dangerous that it makes big-game hunting look like cat's cradle. The rodders call it "cop kidding." This is how one boy described the sport.

"I was driving along one night in the family's stock car (ordinary automobile) when I saw a sickle hiding behind a tree, trying to pick up speeders. I went home and got my roadster. I backed up very quietly right behind the sickle who was too busy to notice me. All of a sudden I peeled rubber and gave him a burst with my pipes wide open. He was so scared he nearly fell off his sickle, and by the time he came to, I was winding up down the road. He took after me, siren howling. I let him come so close that his front wheel was over my rear. Then I made a fast right-hand turn. The sickle tried to follow, but he couldn't turn as sharp as I could with my Z-iron frame. He took a skid, rolled over, and his sickle went through the shrubbery on somebody's front lawn and hit the house. It was a million laughs."

Occasionally the rodders get fooled. Two rodders used to amuse themselves by racing up alongside a prowl car, squirting the occupants with a seltzer bottle and then roaring off. Once they tried this on two young policemen who were mechanics themselves and had hopped up their car much as the boys did theirs. The policemen gave chase and skillfully maneuvered the now-terrified kids onto a rough street when the heavy police car could hold the road better than the light roadster. The young hot-rod driver acted with resourcefulness worthy of a better cause. Ducking down a side street, he turned sharply into a private driveway, ran his roadster into an open garage and slammed the door. The rodders heard the prowl car tear past, but when they tried to open the garage door, they found it had automatically locked. The boys ran through another door into the house, bursting through the dining room where the astonished family sat at dinner, and escaped. The next morning they returned and managed to talk the tolerant family into letting them have the car back.

The boys' parents could stop hot rodding overnight, but they are proud that their sons have the mechanical skill to build such complicated machines. As for the drags, well, boys will be boys. And many adult motorists who have been bawled out by a traffic cop for some minor violation take a secret pleasure in seeing the police humiliated. A respectable businessman told me he spotted a motorcycle policeman hiding behind a billboard "like a wolf, waiting for some poor victim to go by." The man told his son about the trap. The kid went out in his rod, picked the sickle up, and then led him through a pool of water on an isolated side road that nearly caused him an ugly spill. The boy's father was merely amused.

The boys generally regard the law as a set of rules passed by not very intelligent adults. Some of the rules are good and some bad, but none of them are sacred. "When the law says my parents are divorced in Nevada and married in California, law doesn't make much sense," a kid told me. But the boys do have a great respect for cleverness in their own field of mechanics.

Two rodders were chased by a detective in his own hopped-up car. The man managed to touch the boys' rear bumper with his front bumper. Instantly, the detective gunned his car. This made his rear go down and his front go up. He locked bumpers with the kids, then threw his car into low gear and dragged the boys' rod to a stop. Although the boys got a stiff sentence, they said admiringly, "That was a smart cop. He really knew his stuff."

Supported by parental indifference and able to outwit the harassed police, the rodders seemed well on their way to becoming America's number-one juvenile delinquents. Then an organization appeared that was able to reach the rodders through the one chink in their armor of adolescent bravado; the boys' real love of machinery. This group is the Southern California Timing Association, a nonprofit organization composed entirely of young men who, as kids, built hot rods themselves and still have an active interest in racing cars. These men know more about mechanics than the rodders do, and the kids realize it and respect them.

The association's first job was to find a place where the kids could try out their hopped-up rods without being a public menace. They located a dried-up lake named El Mirage, some ninety miles north of Los Angeles. The lake's once muddy bottom had been cooked by the desert sun to a bricklike consistency and made a perfect surface for high-speed runs. The association installed an electric timing device so that the kids could tell to a split second what their rods were able to do. This timer is the property of Commodore J. Otto Crocker of San Diego, and it is generally regarded as the best electronic timer in the country. Commodore Crocker is able to clock 389 cars in five and a half hours, an amazing record. The kids turn up by the hundreds over the week ends to try out their roadsters, so the timer is kept busy from dawn to dark.

The course is a quarter of a mile long and has electric eyes at the start and finish. The kids have a mile-and-a-half run to reach top speed before they hit the first "eye." Each car's record is announced over the loud-speaker, and the winners are awarded trophies. The boys are proud of their trophies, but

their real interest is being able to find out exactly what their cars can do.

I attended one of the timing trials as the guest of Mr. Wally Parks, the secretary of the association. As I approached the lake, I noticed a cloud of dust that overhung the valley like a light fog. Scores of roadsters were spinning across the concrete-hard surface of the lake, and each car sent up a puff of the gray powder. Like most S. C. T. A. officials, Wally was driving his own roadster in the trials. When I arrived, a crowd of kids had surrounded his sleek, torpedo-shaped car and were eagerly asking Wally highly technical questions about its motor and design. Wally answered them in the rodders' patois, half engineering terms and half slang, that is almost another language.

"Working with these kids is really worth while," Wally said to me later. "Boys like these, who knew how to handle machinery, won the last war." Like all S. C. T. A. officials, Wally is a veteran. "This is a highly mechanized country, and I sincerely believe that our future depends on these kids. We're trying to show them that there's more to high-powered motors than racing through a suburban district at ninety miles an hour with a cop on your tail."

Under the guidance of the associations' officials, the boys have been able to make some real contributions to the automobile industry. When the Ford Motor Company first heard of the speeds the boys were making with their hopped-up old motors, the company's engineers refused to believe it. The S. C. T. A. invited them to attend the trials. The engineers came and returned convinced. Now Ford has an expert mechanic attend all the speed runs and is thinking of using in their new models some of the improvements the boys have worked out. The boys have designed special pistons that won't change shape when overheated and stronger spring tension on valves. They have learned to balance all moving parts of the motor and have installed tube-type frames. Although these changes were originally introduced to allow the roadsters to reach higher speeds, they also make the motors function more efficiently at low speeds. The boys are now experimenting with a new fuel, composed of a mixture of methanol and alcohol, that the S. C. T. A officials believe may eventually take the place of gasoline.

The boys are discovering that many adults are willing to encourage their hobby, now that the roadsters are not a public danger. The rodders at Long Beach, who once held the unofficial record for reckless driving, are now organized into a club named the "Dolphins"; many of the younger policemen belong to the club and race their roadsters with the rodders at speed trials.

The boys themselves contemptuously refer to the once-colorful cop kidders as "squirrels." They call their own cars "roadsters," rather than "hot rods." "Sure, I used to go in for drags and trying to outrun the cops," said one old-timer of eighteen with tolerant condecension. "But that's kid stuff. Any roadster can take those prowl cars, so why do it? And suppose you do wax somebody in a drag. You don't know what time you were making, and neither does he. Up here at the lake, a record means something."

The S. C. T. A. is now trying to have a three-mile concrete stretch built near the city for the trial runs. A trip to the lake takes six hours for a round trip, and there are so many cars standing in line that unless the boys start up the night before they don't get a chance to run. The association has been offered the money to build the stretch, but there has been such a boom in real estate around Los Angeles that no land is available. The S. C. T. A. feels confident that once it gets the stretch built, midnight drag racing can be completely eliminated from California's highways. **THE END**

Seven Ways to Find Happiness *(Continued from page 47)*

A fit of anger did kill a restaurant owner in Spokane a few years ago. I have in front of me now a letter from Jerry Swartout, Chief of the Police Department, Spokane, Washington, saying: "A few years ago, William Falkaber, a man of sixty-eight who owned a cafe' here in Spokane, killed himself by flying into a rage because the cook insisted on drinking coffee out of his saucer. The cafe' owner was so indignant that he grabbed a revolver and started to chase the cook and fell dead from heart failure, his hand still gripping the gun. The coroner's report declared that anger had caused the heart failure."

Even if we can't love our enemies, let's at least love ourselves. Let's love ourselves so much that we won't permit our enemies to control our happiness, our health and our looks.

I once asked Bernard Baruch—the man who has been the trusted advisor to six presidents—Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt and Truman—whether he was ever disturbed by the attacks of his enemies. "No man can humiliate me or disturb me," he replied. "I won't let him."

To cultivate a mental attitude that will bring you peace and happiness, remember Rule Two:

Let's never try to get even with our enemies because if we do we will hurt ourselves far more than we hurt them. Let's do as General Eisenhower does—let's never waste a minute thinking about people we don't like.

Recently I met a businessman in Texas who was burned up with indignation. I had been warned that he would tell me about his trouble within fifteen minutes after I met him. He did. The incident he was angry about had occurred eleven months previously, but he was still furious. He couldn't talk of anything else. He had given his thirty-four employees ten thousand dollars in Christmas bonuses — approximately three hundred dollars each—and no one had thanked him. "I am sorry," he complained bitterly, "that I ever gave them a penny!"

"An angry man," said Confucius, "is always full of poison." This man was so full of poison that I honestly pitied him. He was about sixty years old. Now, life insurance companies figure that, on the average, we will live slightly more than two thirds of the difference between our present age and eighty. So this man—if he were lucky—probably had about fourteen or fifteen years to live. Yet he had already wasted almost one of his few remaining years in bitterness and resentment.

Instead of wallowing in resentment and self-pity, he might have asked himself why he didn't get any appreciation. Maybe he had underpaid and overworked his employees. Maybe they con-

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by VALDA SHERMAN

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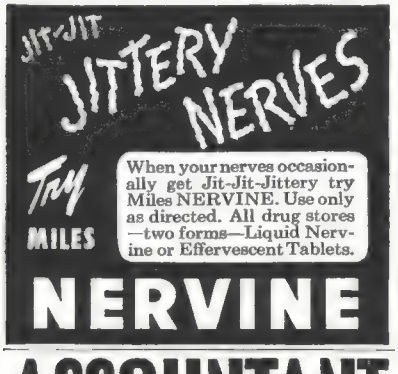
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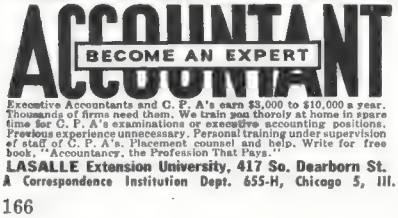
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sidered a Christmas bonus not a gift, but something they had earned. Maybe he was so unapproachable that no one dared or cared to thank him.

Here is the point I am trying to make: This man made the human and distressing mistake of expecting gratitude. He just didn't know human nature.

Christ healed ten lepers in one afternoon, but how many of those lepers even stopped to thank Him? Only one. Look it up in St. Luke. When Christ turned to His Disciples, and asked, "Where are the other nine?"—they had all disappeared without giving thanks!

"Why should you or I or this businessman in Texas expect more thanks for our small favors, than was given Christ?

If you gave one of your relatives a million dollars, would you expect him to be grateful? Andrew Carnegie did just that. But if Carnegie had come back from the grave a little while later, he would have been shocked to find this relative cursing him! Why? Because old Andy had left three hundred and sixty-five million dollars to public charities and had "cut him off with one measly million."

That's how it goes. Human nature has always been human nature, and it probably won't change in your lifetime. So why not accept it? Why not be as realistic about it as old Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest men who ever ruled the Roman Empire. He wrote in his diary one day: "I am going to meet people today who talk too much—people who are selfish, egotistical, ungrateful. But I won't be surprised or disturbed, for I couldn't imagine a world without such people."

That makes sense, doesn't it? If we go around grumbling about ingratitude, who is to blame? Is it human nature, or is it our ignorance of human nature?

It is natural for people to forget to be grateful; so if we go around expecting gratitude, we are headed straight for a lot of heartaches. If we want to find happiness, let's stop thinking about gratitude or ingratitude and give for the inner joy of giving.

To avoid resentment and worry over ingratitude, here is Rule Three:

A. Instead of worrying about ingratitude, let's expect it. Let's remember that Jesus healed ten lepers in one day—and only one thanked Him. Why should we expect more gratitude than Jesus got?

B. Let's remember not to expect gratitude—but to give for the joy of giving.

C. Let's remember that gratitude is a "cultivated" trait; so if we want our children to be grateful, we must train them to be grateful.

I once asked Eddie Rickenbacker what was the biggest lesson he had learned while drifting about with his companions in life rafts for twenty-one days, hopelessly lost in the Pacific.

"The biggest lesson I learned from that experience," he said, "was that if you have all the fresh water you want to drink and all the food you want to eat, you ought never to complain about anything."

A sergeant had been wounded on Guadalcanal. Hit in the throat by a shell fragment, he had been given seven blood transfusions. Writing a note to his doctor, he asked, "Will I live?" The doctor replied, "Yes," The sergeant wrote another note, asking, "Will I be able to talk?" Again the answer was yes. The sergeant wrote again: "Then what the hell am I worrying about?"

Why don't you stop right now and ask yourself: "What am I worrying about?" You will probably find that it is comparatively insignificant.

About ninety percent of the things in our lives are right and about ten percent are wrong. If we want to be happy, all we have to do is to concentrate on the ninety percent that are right and ignore the ten percent that are wrong. If we want to be worried and bitter and have stomach ulcers, all we have to do is to concentrate on the ten percent that are wrong and ignore the ninety percent that are glorious.

If you want to be happy Rule Four is:

Count your blessings—not your troubles!

Sam Wood, one of Hollywood's best-known directors, says the greatest headache he has with aspiring young actors is to make them be themselves. They all want to be second-rate Lana Turners or third-rate Clark Gables. "The public has already had that flavor," Sam Wood keeps telling them. "Now it wants something else."

Before he started directing such pictures as "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls," Sam Wood spent years in the real estate business, developing sales personalities. He declares that the same principles apply in the business world as in the world of moving pictures. "Experience has taught me," says Sam Wood, "that it is safest to drop as quickly as possible people who pretend to be what they aren't."

The daughter of a certain streetcar conductor had to learn that lesson the hard way. She longed to be a singer. But her face was her misfortune. She had a large mouth and buck teeth. When she first sang in public, in a New Jersey night club, she tried to pull down her upper lip to cover her teeth, tried to look "glamorous." The result? She made herself ridiculous.

However, there was a man in this night club who heard the girl sing and thought she had talent. "See here," he said bluntly, "I've been watching your performance, and I know what it is you're trying to hide. You're ashamed of your teeth!" The girl was embarrassed; but the man continued, "What of it? Is there any particular crime in having buck teeth? Don't try to hide them! Open your mouth, and the audience will love you when they see you're not ashamed . . . Besides," he said shrewdly, "those teeth you're trying to hide may make your fortune!"

Cass Daley took his advice. From that time on, she thought only about her audience. She opened her mouth wide and sang with such gusto that she became a star in movies and radio.

You have your own abilities, so don't waste a second worrying because you are not like other people. You are something new in this world. Never before, since the beginning of time, has there ever been anybody exactly like you; and never again, throughout all the ages to come, will there ever be anybody exactly like you again.

I can talk about this subject with conviction because I feel deeply about it. I know from bitter, costly experience. To illustrate: when I first came to New York from the cornfields of Missouri, I enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. I aspired to be an actor. I had what I thought was a short cut to success. I would study how the famous actors of that day—John Drew, Walter Hampden, Otis Skinner—got their effects. Then I would imitate the best points of each and

make myself into a shining, triumphant combination of all of them. How silly! How absurd! I had to waste years of my life imitating other people before it penetrated through my thick Missouri skull that I had to be myself, that I couldn't possibly be anyone else.

That distressing experience should have taught me a lasting lesson. But it didn't. Not me. I was too dumb. I had to learn it all over again. Several years later, I set out to write what I hoped would be the best book on public speaking for businessmen that had ever been written. I had the same foolish idea about writing this book that I had formerly had about acting—I was going to borrow the ideas of a lot of other writers and put them all in one book—a book that would have everything. So I got scores of books on public speaking and spent a year incorporating their ideas in my manuscript. But it finally dawned on me once again that I was playing the fool. This hodgepodge of other men's ideas that I had written was so synthetic, so dull, that no businessman would ever plod through it. So I tossed a year's work into the wastebasket, and started all over again. This time I said to myself, "You've got to be Dale Carnegie, with all his faults and limitations. You can't possible be anybody else." So I quit trying to be a combination of other men and rolled up my sleeves and did what I should have done in the first place. I wrote a textbook on public speaking out of my own experiences, observations and convictions as a speaker and a teacher of speaking.

Charlie Chaplin, Bob Hope, Will Rogers, Gene Autry and millions of others had to learn the lesson I am trying to hammer home to you. They too had to learn the hard way.

When Charlie Chaplin first started making films, the director of the pictures insisted that he imitate a popular German comedian of that day. Chaplin got nowhere until he acted himself. Bob Hope had a similar experience. He spent years in a singing and dancing act—and got nowhere until he began to wisecrack and be himself. Will Rogers twirled a rope in vaudeville for years without saying a word. He got nowhere until he discovered his unique gift for humor and began to talk as he twirled his rope.

When Gene Autry tried to get rid of his Texas accent and dressed like city boys and claimed he was from New York, people merely laughed behind his back. But when he started twanging his banjo and singing cowboy ballads, Gene started on a career that made him the world's most popular cowboy—both in pictures and radio.

You are something new in this world. Be glad of it. Make the most of what Nature gave you. In the last analysis, all art is autobiographical. You can sing only what you are. You can paint only what you are. You must be what your experiences, your environment and your heredity have made you. For better or for worse, you must cultivate your own little garden. For better or for worse, you must play your own little instrument in the orchestra of life.

To cultivate a mental attitude that will bring us peace and freedom from worry, here is Rule Five:

Let's not imitate others. Let's find ourselves and be ourselves.

I dropped in one day at the University of Chicago and asked the Chancellor, Robert Maynard Hutchins, how he kept from worrying. He replied, "I have always tried to follow a bit of advice given to me by the late Julius Rosenwald. He always said, 'When you have a lemon, make a lemonade.'"

That is what a great educator does. But the fool does the exact opposite. If he finds that life has handed him a lemon, he throws the towel in the ring and says, "I'm beaten. It is fate. I haven't got a chance." Then he proceeds to rail against the world and indulge in an orgy of self-pity. But when the wise man is handed a lemon, he says, "What lesson can I learn from this misfortune? How can I turn this lemon into a lemonade?"

During the last thirty-five years, I have been conducting adult-education classes in New York City. I have discovered that one of the major regrets of many adults is that they never went to college. So I often tell these students the story of a man I knew who had never finished even grade school. He was brought up in blighting poverty. When his father died, his father's friends had to chip in and pay for the coffin in which he was buried. After his father's death, his mother worked in an umbrella factory for ten hours a day and then brought piecework home and worked until eleven o'clock at night.

The boy, brought up in these circumstances, went in for amateur dramatics put on by a club in his church. He got such a thrill out of acting that he decided to take up public speaking. This led him into politics. By the time he reached thirty, he was elected to the New York State legislature. But he was woefully unprepared for such a responsibility. In fact, he told me frankly that he didn't know what it was all about. He studied the long, complicated bills he was supposed to vote on, but, so far as he was concerned, those bills might as well have been written in the language of the Choctaw Indians. He was worried and bewildered when he was made a member of the Committee on Forests before he had ever set foot in a forest. He was worried and bewildered when he was made a member of the State Banking Commission before he had ever had a bank account. He told me he was so discouraged that he would have resigned from the legislature if he hadn't been ashamed to admit defeat to his mother. He decided, instead, to study sixteen hours a day and turn his lemon of ignorance into a lemonade of knowledge. By doing that, he transformed himself from a local politician into a national figure and made himself so outstanding that The New York Times called him "the best-loved citizen of New York."

I am talking about Al Smith.

The more I have studied the careers of men of achievement, the more deeply I have been convinced that a surprisingly large number of them succeeded because they started with handicaps which spurred them on to great endeavor and great rewards. As William James said, "Our very infirmities help us unexpectedly."

Yes, it is highly probable that Milton wrote better poetry because he was blind, and that Beethoven composed better music because he was deaf.

If Tschaikovsky had not been frustrated—and driven almost to suicide by his tragic marriage—he probably would never have been able to compose his immortal "Symphony Pathetique."

"If I had not been so great an invalid," wrote the man who changed the scientific concept of life on earth, "I

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should not have done so much work as I have accomplished." That was Charles Darwin's confession that his infirmities had helped him.

So, to cultivate a mental attitude that will bring us peace and happiness, let's do something about Rule Six:

When fate hands us a lemon, let's try to make lemonade.

However humdrum your existence may be, you surely meet some people every day of your life. What do you do about them? Do you merely stare through them, or do you try to find out what it is that makes them tick? How about the postman, for example? He walks hundreds of miles every year delivering mail to your door; but have you ever taken the trouble to find out where he lives or asked to see a snapshot of his wife and his kids?

What about the grocery boy, the newspaper vendor, the chap at the corner who polishes your shoes? These people, like all of us, are bursting with troubles and dreams and private ambitions. They are also bursting for the chance to share them with someone. But have you ever let them? Have you ever shown an eager, honest interest in them or their lives?

You don't have to become a Florence Nightingale or a social reformer to help improve the world—your own private world—you can start tomorrow morning with the people you meet!

What's in it for you? Much greater happiness, greater satisfaction and pride in yourself.

Thinking of others will not only keep you from worrying about yourself, but it will also help you to make a lot of friends and have a lot of fun. How? Well, I once asked Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale how he did it, and here is what he said:

"I never go into a hotel or a barbershop or a store without saying something agreeable to everyone I meet. I try to say something that treats each one as an individual—not merely a cog in a machine. I sometimes compliment the salesgirl who waits on me by telling her how beautiful her eyes are, or her hair. I will ask a barber how he came to take up barbering, how long he has been at it and how many heads of hair he has cut. I'll help him figure it out. I find that taking an interest in people makes them beam with pleasure. I frequently shake hands with a redcap who has carried my grip. It gives him a new lift and freshens him up for the whole day. One extremely hot summer day, I went into a railroad dining car to have lunch. The crowded car was almost like a furnace, and the service was slow. When the steward finally got around to handing me the menu, I said 'The boys back there cooking in that hot kitchen certainly must be suffering today!' The steward began to curse. His tones were bitter. At first, I thought he was angry. 'Good God Almighty,' he exclaimed, 'people come in here and complain about the food. They kick about the slow service and growl about the heat and the prices. I have listened to their criticisms for nineteen years and you are the first person and the only person that has ever expressed any sympathy for the cooks back there in the broiling kitchen . . . I wish we had more passengers like you.'

"The conductor was astounded because I had thought of the cooks as human beings, and not merely as cogs in the organization of a great railway. What people want," continued Professor Phelps, "is a little attention as human beings. When I meet a man on the street with a beautiful dog, I always comment on the dog's beauty. As I walk on and glance back over my shoulder, I frequently see the man petting and admiring the dog. My appreciation has renewed his appreciation.

"One time in England, I met a shepherd and expressed my sincere admiration for his big, intelligent sheep dog. I asked him to tell me how he trained the dog. As I walked away, I glanced back over my shoulder and saw the dog standing with his paws on the shepherd's shoulders, and the shepherd was petting him. By taking a little interest in the shepherd and his dog, I had made the shepherd happy, I had made the dog happy, and I had made myself happy."

Can you imagine a man who goes around shaking hands with porters, and expressing sympathy for the cooks in the hot kitchen, and telling people how much he admires their dogs—can you imagine a man like that being sour and worried and needing the services of a psychiatrist? You can't, can you? No, of course not. A Chinese proverb puts it this way: "A bit of fragrance always clings to the hand that gives you roses."

You didn't have to tell that to Billy Phelps of Yale. He knew it. He lived it.

So if you want to banish worry and cultivate peace and happiness—here is Rule Seven:

Forget yourself by becoming interested in others. Do every day a good deed that will put a smile of joy on someone's face.

Next month Dale Carnegie tells you five ways to prevent fatigue and worry

Here's Howey *(Continued from page 69)*

would have been ruined, but not Howey. He ran a front-page story: how the governor released the safe-cracker; how those hardened criminals wept like babies as they worked feverishly to liberate the child; and when the little girl was not there, how they knelt down and gave thanks. Across the page was Howey's big black headline: HUMANITY IS A WONDERFUL THING! Needless to say, his coup made a sensation."

Walter Crawford Howey was born in 1882 in Fort Dodge, Iowa. While in his teens, as editor of the Fort Dodge Chronicle, he scooped the state on the death of President McKinley in 1901. The President had been shot by an assassin in Buffalo and lingered at death's door for more than a week. Every paper in the country naturally wanted to be first with the news if the President died. Howey wrote the story of McKinley's death in advance, and the life story of his successor, Vice-President Teddy Roosevelt, and had these set in type, with pictures. Meanwhile he phoned the house in Buffalo where McKinley had been taken.

"I got hold of a servant," relates Howey, "and told him I'd give ten dollars to the first person there who would telephone me the minute the President died. That was a lot of money then, and the call came through as I knew it would. In a matter of minutes the pages that we had all cast and ready were on the press, and we were out on the street hours ahead of opposition."

Howey went to Chicago in 1903. "The

Daily News building looked so run-down and moth-eaten I figured a country boy would have a good chance there, so I went in and said to the editor, 'I hear George Ade is sick.' That was the first big writer I could think of. The editor said, 'There's nothing the matter with George Ade, and anyway what's it to you?' 'Never mind,' I said. 'Is anybody else sick? I'm a versatile writer.' 'No,' he said, 'but I could use a reporter who knows the town. Do you?' 'Every alley in it,' I assured him. 'Then you know the corner of Madison and Monroe?' 'Who doesn't know that?' 'Fine!' he said. 'How long will it take you to run over there and back?' 'Ten minutes.' I ran out and asked the first cop, 'Where's the corner of Madison and Monroe?' 'Not in this world,' he answered. 'They both run east and west!'"

Charlie MacArthur says, "I heard that while Howey was looking for Madison and Monroe, a manhole in the street popped open and out came a knight in armor and three fairies with gossamer wings. Even Howey thought this was a bit odd, but after all it was his first day in Chicago. So he asked the knight and the fairies where they came from and they said, 'We are getting away from the theater—it's on fire!' Howey had stumbled on one of the biggest stories in Chicago's history—the Iroquois Theatre fire, in which hundreds of people met death."

Actually this didn't happen on Howey's first day in Chicago, but the manhole story is true. "I've always had the most incredible luck," says Howey modestly. But what he did next was not luck. There were few telephones in the Loop in 1903. Howey dashed for the nearest one, gave the store owner ten dollars for exclusive use of it, and phoned his paper the first flash—a scoop on the disaster—and a call for help.

Hanging on to the phone and using it as a city desk from which he organized the reporters his city editor provided him, Howey phoned in names and addresses of victims, harrowing details and vivid descriptions, stories of survivors in a constant stream as fast as the reporters could bring him facts. For a twenty-one-year-old cub it was a virtuoso exhibition of editorial skill, resourcefulness and generalship, and an impressive preview of the talents that were to make Howey one of the most sensational news editors and circulation builders of American journalism.

Howey's scoop strengthened him in his first important job with Hearst's Evening American, where he stayed for two years; then he moved over to the Inter Ocean. There he again made newspaper history with a spectacular "first"—a full back page of photographs. As a reward for his enterprise and daring, he was promptly fired. Howey says, "That made me so mad I decided I'd find out how to make engravings in a hurry. I was sure the use of photographs in newspapers would increase." Today, Who's Who lists Howey as an editor and inventor. He owns seventeen patents covering inventions which include an electric-eye method of making engravings as fast as a copy editor can write captions.

Howey was doing an outstanding job as city editor of the Chicago Tribune when he was called in one day by Joseph Medill Patterson, who was taking turns with his cousin Bert McCormick editing the paper. Howey had published a small press-agent blurb, and Patterson was furious. "No good city editor would fall for a press-agent stunt," said Patterson, "and tomorrow we'll apologize to our readers for it."

"It was a good story on its own merits," Howey retorted, "and I'm not apologizing." Relating the story today, Howey says, "I told Patterson no apology would appear in the Tribune, but I forgot about the editorial page, which was Patterson's special baby. The next morning Frank Carson, who was day city editor, said, 'Did you see the editorial page this morning? There's a four-line apology on it.' I got Patterson on the phone and spoke my mind freely. McCormick came to see me at home several hours later and said, 'Patterson had that coming to him. Here's a bonus—three months' salary—and I've got a job for you on the Minneapolis Tribune.' I said 'That's fine, but Hearst has just hired me as editor-in-chief for the Chicago Herald Examiner at three times what I've been getting.'"

Howey's first move in his new job was to declare war on the Tribune—which he began calling the "World's Greatest Snoozepaper." His first overt act was to shanghai the late Frank Carson, then the Trib's day city editor and Howey's collaborator in numerous scoops. Howey's procedure was typically direct. He invited Carson out to dinner, got him drunk and then guided Carson's hand while he signed two papers—his resignation from the Tribune and a contract with Hearst.

"Then I took him home with me," says Howey, "put him to bed on the top floor of the house I lived in, took all his clothes away from him, and locked him in. I wrote on his resignation, which I sent to the managing editor of the Tribune: 'Dear Teddy, I got Carson as I told you I would. I intend to announce it day after tomorrow, but I think it only fair to give you a chance to announce it first.'

"Now one of the secrets of Frank Carson's success was that no matter how plastered he got off duty he would arrive for work the next day cold sober and immaculate. The next morning Carson crawled out through the transom, went into my room, put on my best suit, hired a milk wagon to get him to the Tribune on time, and reported for work there. When he saw his resignation on the bulletin board it was the first he knew of what had happened."

Howey followed this up with wholesale raids on the Tribune's staff and eventually lured most of their stars away, including Charles MacArthur, whose favorite story is how Walter Howey paid off Patterson and the Tribune with an ingenious hoax.

"Just before closing time one day," says MacArthur, who was on the Trib at the time, "an Indian potentate, gorgeously turbanned and bejeweled, came into the City Hall with a paper to be witnessed and recorded. It seems there was an Indian heiress who must be married to an American by midnight in order to inherit a fortune in Bombay. The story—only a few lines—came through to all the papers in a routine way from the City Press, a co-operative news-gathering organization in Chicago. Howey's Herald Examiner ran a very small story on it. But to us on the Tribune it looked like a clue to a romantic story of the mysterious East, so our city editor sent us to track down the fortunate American.

"Acting on a clue obligingly furninshed us by Howey in his own nefarious way, we tracked the potentate to the Blackstone Hotel, where he was registered incognito. A generous tip to a house detective (another stooge of

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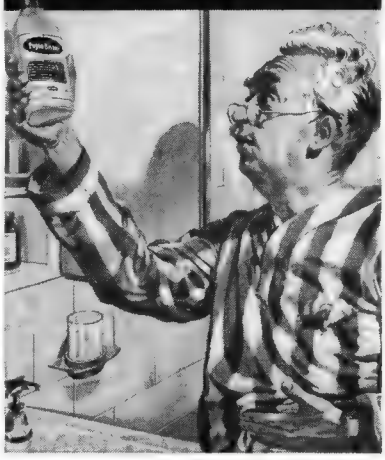

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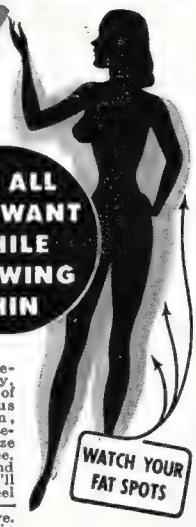

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Howey's) enabled us to get into his palatial suite. There we saw a mountain of luxurious bags and trunks trimmed with silver and bearing a mysterious royal crest. We couldn't open them with the house dick watching, but that didn't stop us from describing the contents.

"The following day the Tribune was hot on the scent, and we reporters were ransacking the town for the 'fortunate American.' Again, thanks to a clue planted by Howey, we found him. He was a bum in a flophouse, but he was a happy bum. Yes, he admitted, some lawyers had come with a beautiful dark girl, and he had married her. He showed us the five thousand dollars in cash that had been given him for marrying the girl and signing a paper promising he would never see her again or make any claims on her. The Trib went to town on the story, little realizing that the five thousand was Herald Examiner money and the bum the disguised son of Bill Curley, a Hearst executive.

"Now Howey was ready to spring the trap. In his years on the Tribune he had learned every mousehole and back stairway of the Trib's old building, so that it was no trick at all for his spies to get in and steal proofs and rush them to him so he could see what was in the Tribune and make sure his rival had taken hook, line and sinker. Yes, the Trib was coming out with its 'exclusive' story of the mysterious heiress from Bombay, photographs, and a headline proclaiming that here was a true story that outdid Balzac.

"But to the consternation of all of us at the Trib, that same morning there appeared on the front page of the Herald Examiner a box announcing an exciting new fiction serial by Arthur Somers Roche, to start the following Sunday in the Herald Examiner. The blurb thanked the Tribune for falling for this press-agent stunt and giving such wonderful advance publicity to the Herald Examiner serial—even to the extent of graciously supplying its readers with a preview of the plot and its characters—the Bombay heiress, and the rest. But that wasn't all. Later the Herald Examiner told complete details of the hoax: how it was plotted, how the clues were planted, fake characters rehearsed in their parts and how the 'World's Greatest Snoozepaper' was deluded, seduced and otherwise made out a complete sap."

I asked Howey about it. "It was a great success," he said. "The Tribune shot the works on the story. I told my own city editor it was only six hundred words, and I knew he was saying to himself, 'So Hearst thinks you're an editor!' The Trib was taken in completely, as I had planned. Unfortunately, so was the Associated Press, which sent the story all over the country. Hearst's New York American printed it on the front page where Morrill Goddard, editor of The American Weekly, spotted it. The news story told the plot of the serial, and Goddard was furious. He phoned Hearst and said, 'I consider this hoax the most dangerous thing that has appeared in years. Please fire this man.' Hearst wired an Okay, but when he learned that the Sunday paper containing the first installment of the serial put on seventy thousand additional circulation, he sent a second wire: "Typographical error. I said raise Howey not fire him." The Herald Examiner continued to put on circulation, and Howey's feud with the Tribune had the whole town on its ear.

Howey knew that the best way to find news was to plant it himself. The case of Harvey Church was an example. Church was a little mouse of a man who came to Chicago from a small town in Wisconsin, and who wanted to convince the home folks, when he went back, that he had made good in the big city. What could be more convincing proof of success than a big new car? One day a routine report came through to all the newspapers that two auto salesmen and a limousine were missing. The salesmen were last seen when they took the car out to demonstrate it to a prospective buyer named Harvey Church. Now Church was missing too.

Howey smelled a story. While the police started looking for the salesmen, Howey started looking for Church. In typically direct fashion Howey found the name of the man's home town, phoned the postmaster and asked him if he had seen Church lately. "Yes," replied the postmaster, "Harvey came back home a few days ago, driving a big new car. We're all mighty proud that he's done so well in the big city."

Convinced that Church had done away with the salesmen, Howey moved fast. The next move was to get hold of him and keep the story exclusive for the Herald Examiner. In those days Howey had a "private" police force of his own—a lieutenant and two sergeants who were assigned to the Herald Examiner City Room as a special token of appreciation from Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson because the Herald Examiner had had the luck to guess right and support him when he ran for mayor.

Howey dispatched two cars after Church—one full of reporters and the other with his private police. Howey's policemen arrested Harvey. A little detail like crossing state lines was laughed off in those days as mere red tape, and with Church in custody they headed back for Chicago, working at him en route to get a confession.

Meanwhile the Tribune got wind of all this and dispatched its photographer and reporters to intercept Howey's expedition and snatch Church if possible; if he was too well guarded they were to get a photograph of him and speed it back so they could print it first. Howey learned the Tribune's plans and warned his men. The Trib caught up with the Herald Examiner entourage in a small town. The cars were parked in front of a restaurant. Peering through the window, the Tribune photographer could see a man sitting handcuffed between two policemen, his hat over his eyes, his collar turned up. Obviously it wouldn't be possible to snatch Church from the police, but he took a picture of him, jumped on his motorcycle and roared away, pursued by Howey's men.

Great was the rejoicing at the Tribune when their dust-covered courier arrived with the precious photo. The presses were held up while a print was rushed to the managing editor's desk. Suddenly there was a cry of rage. The so-called murderer was identified as a Herald Examiner reporter! Howey had instructed his men to switch Church into another car and plant a reporter between the cops to bamboozle the Trib.

Incredible as it may seem now, Howey in those days used to hide his prisoners in a secret suite in a Loop hotel, where the rooms were wired with concealed microphones, and suspects could be persuaded to make confessions—which promptly appeared exclusively in his paper.

In this case Howey successfully smuggled Church into the hotel and ex-

tracted the little man's confession that he had murdered the two auto salesmen and disposed of their bodies. But Howey was not satisfied. He proposed to get a picture of Church with one of his victims in the morgue. It was easy to break into the morgue and take Church there, but the Trib heard about the plan and notified the police, demanding that the scene be open to all the press. And all were there, except the Trib man. Howey had detailed an extra squad to keep him from arriving. They did it by the simple expedient of stealing the Tribune reporter's shoes and hiding them. The Trib man felt shy about going around town without his shoes; besides, it was Sunday and he had all day, he thought. But Howey published a special edition, and the Trib was scooped again.

"It is the simplest thing on earth to create circulation, but it took me years to discover it," Howey says. "People are more interested in the repentance of a wayward soul than they are in themselves. At heart everyone wants to be kind to unfortunates." When asked by Hearst to build up the circulation of a drooping paper, Howey looks first for a wayward soul, preferably a feminine one. If she is pretty so much the better, but she must be repentant. If it hasn't occurred to her to repent, Howey arranges that.

One day Hearst phoned Howey from California and told him to go to Boston and put fifty thousand more circulation on one of his newspapers there. He said Howey could take six months to do it and gave him a generous budget. In Boston, Howey looked around for a wayward soul and found one who had held up several filling stations with a partner, killed a few policemen and was in jail sentenced to be executed. Howey convinced her that she should repent her sins—exclusively for his paper—in return for which he would see that her daughter received a handsome sum of money. The woman agreed, and the story of her life of crime and her repentence unfolded day by day in Howey's paper as she awaited death. The formula worked as well in dignified Boston as it had in wild and woolly Chicago, and circulation went up fifty-four thousand—not in six months, but in little more than six days.

It would be a mistake to think of Howey merely as the top trickster in a tricky trade. The qualities that have made him a spectacular newspaper editor would have made him a success in any field that called for outstanding resourcefulness, a crystal-ball ability to anticipate events, a glacial calm in emergencies, a gift for sensing talent in subordinates and a maniacal energy that keeps them in a constant lather of frenzied effort and fanatical loyalty.

Few men know their own business as thoroughly as Howey knows the newspaper business—the composing room, in which he can set type; the engraving room, where his inventions are now in use; the city room, where he can cover a story more quickly and more thoroughly than most of his reporters and then write it better; the promotion and circulation departments, where he is an acknowledged master.

Unlike the managing editor of "The Front Page" and the movies, Howey speaks softly, works quietly, and leads rather than drives the men who work for him. They admit he is ruthless, but more ruthless with himself than with others. Gene Fowler calls him "the greatest city editor of our time and the most courageous man I ever knew."

Today, at sixty-six, gray-haired and spectacled, Walter Howey is still editing and inventing. He is Supervising Editor of The American Weekly, the Chicago Herald-American, and the Hearst newspapers in Boston. He rides circuit by air on these three jobs, spending a few days every week in each city.

Last summer Hearst decided that his Chicago paper needed a new shot of the old Howey. "Go out there and boost the circulation," he said. Arriving on his familiar battlefield, Howey looked around for a Repentant Soul. The supply seemed to be low. But you will recall that Howey has another formula called, "Humanity Is a Wonderful Thing."

One of the major problems in Chicago, as in every other large city, was housing. A little girl wrote a letter to the editor of the Herald-American which said in effect, "Please help me find a home. I have never slept in a bed." Howey's critics claim that when she wrote the letter Howey was beside her.

In any case, Howey published the letter and a photo of the little girl looking wistfully into a store window in which he had arranged a furniture display that featured a child's bed. In no time he had Chicagoans worried about the little girl. And, of course, they had to buy the Hearst paper every day to find out how she was getting along. Among those who were reading these heartbreaking stories was Hearst himself. He was so touched that he wired Howey ten thousand dollars and said, "Please buy the little girl a home. You're breaking my heart."

Howey has always had a soft spot in his heart for cops, as well as a talent for dramatizing news to his advantage. He merged both when he took up the defense of two Chicago police captains, who were being "persecuted" for daring to arrest "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, boss of the old Capone syndicate in connection with the murder of a racing-news agent. Declaring they had been fired unjustifiably, he gave them jobs as reporters—arguing that if they didn't know how to find a crime story, who would?

Now, in the old days, Howey used to have a white telephone in his city room with a cowbell attached. This phone was connected directly with Police Headquarters. When it rang, only Howey or someone delegated by him was allowed to answer, for the cowbell meant that one of Howey's police informers (who was on his private payroll) was calling to give Howey's reporters a ten-minute start to get to the spot before the story would be broken officially—and by this device beat the other papers.

Streamlining his technique, Howey instructed his editors to provide each of his cop reporters with a white radio car, equipped with telephones, fire-department headlight, a siren and police communication systems. The slogan of the paper was, "If these policemen are martyred, no Chicago home is safe."

Result: "In the old days of the white telephone," says Howey, "I had only a few members of the police force helping me. Today the whole force is in there slugging to help my two policemen make good. To say nothing of the readers who call up and give us tips 'to help those two wonderful martyred cops.' And to say nothing of the fifty thousand circulation this put on."

Indeed, humanity is a wonderful thing, but it takes a Howey to put it to work building circulation. **THE END**

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 (Continued from page 11)

spoiled brat. With no effort at all, I earned the engaging title of "Stuck-up." I was King of the Mountain, but I had no one to play with. Nobody liked me. Children know instinctively that the Glamour Myth is false.

And they didn't like me later in school or in college, either, but for somewhat different reasons. True, I had the lead in the school play; I was elected the prettiest and the most-likely-to . . . I set the fashion and knew that, if I bobbed my hair, at the next school dance most of the girls on campus would show up with freshly snipped locks. But I was always an outsider, someone who didn't belong to the group.

The problem of being a pretty girl accumulated at compound interest as I grew up.

In 1940, I applied for a job in a defense plant. I had no special talents, but they advertised that they would train willing hands. The employment officer looked me over and turned thumbs down. "A war plant is not exactly the kind of place to amuse yourself," he said, looking at my hand. "It's pretty dirty work. And, anyway, you are not exactly the type. You would prove a disrupting influence, and we just don't have the time . . ."

I pleaded with him, and he reluctantly agreed to put me on trial for a week. I made the grade all right but not without much good-natured ribaldry from the men and open hostility from the women.

Some evening I'd like to go to a gathering of friends and, though I know it's too much to ask, talk about something interesting. Like the old square-riggers, or primitive painters, or how to roll cigars.

I'd like to talk with intelligent people three or four hours and then go home. I'd like it if, just once, a half-dozen males, individually or in groups, didn't try to wangle me into a corner and talk only with the idea of testing their masculinity.

I have an inquiring mind. Really I have. I'm interested in egg-laying mammals, and who will run for President and even Vice-President, and why pigs don't have wings. It's normal curiosity. But apparently I'm not entitled to it. Men have conversations with me, but not with emphasis on the subject matter. The wolf whistle, uttered or unuttered, is the underlying theme. Their talk reveals something entirely different from the topic they're making sentences about. They are addressing the glossy creature I represent, but not me. They have no desire to communicate with another human being—they just want to pick up a pin-up.

And the very saddest fact is that the men I most want to meet and know better are the ones who shy away from me. They're frightened by my appearance. The way I look to them means flashy night clubs and giggly small talk.

But I like checkered tablecloths and big talk. Cross my heart, I do. Do I have to let my nose go shiny and shave my head and fake a small mustache to get the kind of attention I really want? Would it help to don a gunny sack and herring boxes without topses? Nothing else seems to do any good.

Then there are the females. They are sure that I am a demon who happens to be dallying on earth just to lure their men away. The qualities they ascribe to me I wouldn't hang on a hyena. They talk vacantly to me, wholly preoccupied with estimating the progress I'm making at the moment in husband-snatching. Time plus an honest desire on my part for friendship will generally straighten things out with this sort of woman. But it always remains a tentative truce at best.

And while I'm on the subject of women, I'd like to toss a brickbat at the professional hostess. You know her. She's the kind who plots a party according to a rigid formula, Line Four of which states that she must detail an extra comely, unattached young lady to add charm and spice to the evening. I go because I like to meet people. And I find that, as usual, I am expected to be what my hostess wants me to be and not what I am. I must spend the evening being a pretty girl, and nothing else, thank you. My hostess gets actually annoyed if my not-at-all-unusual intelligence happens to peep timidly from behind the facade. Any intellectual challenge in my conversation destroys the illusion which was the only thing I was invited for in the first place. I can't win.

If the pretty girl is pretty enough, she usually goes to Hollywood. There's no more salable commodity than beauty, is there? There's no greater market for it than Hollywood is there? Well, then.

I know, because I went there. There was a cosmic inevitability about it. I'd been type-cast for it from the age of three. The Glamour Myth took care of the rest. It was really quite simple.

Once there, I was type-cast again. I happen to have a low, husky voice considerably to the south of the average pitch. This irrevocably typed me as The Other Woman, forever doomed to the role of the temptress, to no other posture than the slink, to no other costume but the clinging satin dress. I must smoke an interminable cigarette, which must dangle precariously from my lower lip. I must suffer permanently impaired vision with my hair carefully arranged over one eye, with the other never fully opened (in self-defense).

It wasn't easy. If I neglected to droop the revealed eye, the result was ten feet of ruined film. Every night the chiropractor had to take the slinks out of my spine, though next morning it was my duty to have them back again. Sitting erect at lunch in the commissary, no one recognized me.

The mold into which I was cast determined my private life, too. A young actor, whose intentions don't belong in this discussion, noticed my practiced slithering on the lot. He looked boldly into my eye, gulped, and asked for a date. On the appointed evening, when I appeared at my door, he greeted me politely.

"Is your sister ready?" he asked, obviously fooled by the presence of my other eye, my brushed-back hair and my dirndl skirt.

I was clearly not precisely what he had in mind, but he braved the substitution, and we shared a good evening. Still, I knew he considered me something of a traitress. I was not on the job; I was neglecting my chores—and he was right.

I was supposed to sustain the Glamour Myth. It was my chosen business, and I wasn't doing it. I was appearing with a naked face!

I've often thought about that incident. The Glamour Myth I betrayed on that occasion is constantly being reinforced via radio, press, billboards on the roads and movies on every city block. Its gods and goddesses are shown flapping happily in this crystal goldfish bowl where hero worship has placed them.

I've been a little guppy among them, swimming nervously this way and that, sometimes struggling to get out, sometimes accepting it as my duty just to keep my head below water. I hope it doesn't sound stuffy of me to say so, but I think that not only people like myself but everyone suffers from this suffocating overemphasis on youth and beauty.

It can spiral someone quickly to a dizzy pinnacle because a camera is friendly to her face or because she is a perfect size twelve, and then plummet her into disaster because she has committed the unforgivable sin of growing ten years older.

But this sounds a little as though I were getting on a soapbox, and I didn't mean to. I started out by saying that sometimes I hate being pretty. I guess I mean that I hate what being pretty means today. As I said, I do all right. But the rewards I reap I don't earn. There's nothing absolute about my "beauty," as there is to sunsets and waterfalls. Venus de Milo wouldn't have a dog's chance with a model agency.

Today she would be told to stop eating sweets and cut her hair. Similarly in her day, my figure would have been considered too thin and angular. I owe the popularity of my looks to something I don't understand, a sort of hysteria arising out of a human need for something to get excited about.

So here I am. Beauty is my business, and I'm stuck with it. But sometimes I certainly feel like joining a sewing circle. And when I do, I just know there won't be a chance of my getting in. They'll say I belong in Hollywood.

THE END

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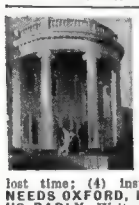

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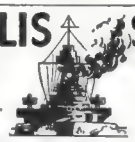

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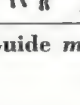

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Some Plain Talk for Brides and Grooms *(Continued from page 28)*

and flies out of the window. Love—the all-important "attitude"—was in their case temporal and temporary.

Why is it, we must therefore ask, that so many brides and grooms in America have so temporal an attitude? The answer to that question, I think, turns up the fault in people. And the answer is that the basic American orientation is not toward attitudes—toward feelings and thoughts, toward love—but t o w a r d objects: t h i n g s, goods, "progress" and materialism. This nearly universal orientation causes us to regard all we do in the light of outward things first. Attitudes, when considered at all, are incidental or secondary.

Look into the mind of the bride. Of marriage, she expects a companion, certainly. Her unconscious reservation, however, is: Did I do the best I possibly could? She would not carry any such question to the altar if her orientation toward her groom were inward. She would be sure about that—to the deepest extent that she knew herself. But in wondering how well she is doing, the bride identifies herself as a thing, her life in terms of objects. What objects?

To every bride in all countries and at all times, marriage has meant a home of her own. But, to the average American bride, that meaning is followed by a longer or shorter list of further "necessities." Let's glance at them: A car. After a home, she feels a car is most essential. A radio—even before a car, for some brides. Electricity and interior plumbing. A mechanical refrigerator, a vacuum cleaner, a washing machine. A near-by movie theater and a bus line, if she has no car. A handy department store. Cosmetics.

There is nothing the matter with anything on this list, however long it may be. But there is a very peculiar fact about that bride's list. Except for item number one, a home, the bride's great-grandmother—and all the women in the world before her who ever stood up with a man to be wed—did without every single, solitary thing on the list, barring none! For a few items, they had equivalents; for most, they had exactly nothing! Nevertheless, they fell in love, were married, bore children, raised them—and turned out a record for matrimonial effectiveness several hundred percent better than that of the brides with the long lists!

A bride so identified with things hasn't much psychological energy left over to employ on the inner aspects of life—on sympathy and companionship and fun and compassion: the virtues and rewards of being. Her being is devoted to owning, acquiring, using, consuming. When she wonders if she got the best possible man, she wonders in terms of his ability to "provide." Not to provide "necessities" in the sense of things upon which life itself depends—but those things upon which the changing esteem of current society depends. The new list—not Grandma's.

The unconscious thought of the groom which complements the bride's hidden self-questioning is: How badly have I been hooked? At the moment of the ceremony, he may feel anything but "hooked." That word, nevertheless, expresses his hidden anxiety. For the bride's list is his list also, and he has some additions: sports equipment, poker money, club memberships, game tickets. Like the bride, he sees the future in terms of "getting ahead" so that he may order progressively the items on the endless list.

The list takes form in his mind as rising steps in the objective world of making and selling, which has nothing to do with inner being. He sees himself battling from the position of assistant head of a shipping department to head, then to assistant in the sales department, its head, and thence to a vice-presidency, a general managership, a directorate. Again, there is nothing wrong with the groom's ambitions.

But, again, the program leaves no room or energy for simply being a man, a husband, a father. And, like the bride's list, it is a design comparatively new in the world. His great-grandfather, the happily wed father of twelve, was content to remain a farmer, a blacksmith, a wheelwright, a storekeeper. His great-grandfather was very much interested in being and did not so much devote himself to life as a thing among things. Self-promotion and expenditure are the young man's idea of success; the old man's was thrift.

The trouble with our marriages, in sum, lies in this new orientation—these new attitudes and aims of brides and grooms—which rose in them before marriage, not as a result of it. By attaching the mind primarily to objects, every individual cripples his subjective capacities. Marriage is, first and last, a subjective relationship—the association of two people as human beings, not as getters and go-getters. Hence, the widespread ruination of marriage is one of the costs of concentrating too much energy on material progress.

Life has always been primarily an experience in people. We have tried to make it an adventure in things. And, as any deep student of human nature would expect, we have thereby crossed life's purposes, crossed our roles, and hence crossed up ourselves. We still say the conquering male wins the willing damsel; but our grooms feel "hooked," and our brides ask themselves if they have done the best they could. The reversal of life's purposes has thus reversed even our sexual roles to a large degree. And a conquering bride is a tyrant in the home—just as a conquered groom is a rebel. American marriage has become a struggle to restore natural balances; and any such struggle—deep, deadly, unavoidable—must produce casualties in swarms.

If it be asked immediately what can be done to solve the dilemma of our brides and grooms, the answer can be deduced from what I have written. But it will not be palatable to people who believe that material possessions in sufficient quantity will solve all human problems.

For the answer is that, until men and women take up their inner life with the same enthusiasm and the same energy and, especially, with the same honesty that they have applied to the world of things, they will continue to fail. No frenzies of production can satisfy a species that regards its inner being superstitiously, or treats it with dishonesty, or denies it, or seeks to escape from it. The collapse of American marriage is but one item on the cost accounting of a nation that too often deals with objects like angels—and with its soul—as with swine.

The only brides and grooms destined for happiness are those who would be just about as happy with what Grandma and Grandpa had as with all the new things they can amass on this earth.

THE END

Where to buy
Male-Tested Fashions

Shown on pages 22, 23 and 24

A

Combed cotton dress with tucked bib-yoke, flared skirt, and multi-colored grosgrain belt. Buttons to waist in back. Pink, grey, yellow, blue or lavender. Sizes 10 to 18. About $15.00. By Henry Rosenfeld.

B

One-piece dress with peplum simulated by contrasting stripes. White pique Peter Pan collar and cuffs. Stripes of navy, green, grey, or wine on white in Dan River fine, yarn-dyed, corded chambray. Sizes 10 to 16. About $23.00. By Morgan Fauth for David Crystal.

DID YOU GUESS?

The model on page 22 is wearing a custom-made braid of hair. The girl on the right side of page 24 has custom-made curls tucked under the hair on the right side of her forehead.

C

Two-piece chambray dress with scalloped collar and peplum. In Egyptian cotton, yarn-dyed, chambray by Raycrest Mills. Grey, brown, navy, wine or green. Sizes 10 to 18. About $18.00. A Surrey Classic.

D

Sunback dress with flared skirt, ruffle-cuffed bodice, and matching bolero, in Dan River yarn-dyed corded chambray. Blue, pink, green or brown stripes on white. Sizes 10 to 18. About $15.00. By Isabelle Dobson for Cabana Beachwear.

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Chicago, Ill.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.	A, B, C, D
Cincinnati, Ohio	The H. & S. Pogue Co.	A, D
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Company	A, B, C, D
Dayton, Ohio	The Elder & Johnston Co.	A, B, C
Des Moines, Iowa	Younkers	B, C, D
Jacksonville, Fla.	Furchgott's	A, C
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's	A, B, C
Louisville, Ky.	Byck's	A, C
Meridian, Miss.	Liberty Shops	A, B, C, D
Milwaukee, Wis.	Boston Store	A, B, C, D
Newark, N. J.	L. Bamberger Co.	A, B, C, D
New York City, N. Y.	Bloomingdale's	A, C, D
Norfolk, Va.	Rice's	A, B, C, D
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Kerr's	A, D
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons	B
Philadelphia, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier	A, C
Phoenix, Ariz.	Porter's	A, B, C, D
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbel Brothers	A, B, C, D
Portland, Ore.	Olds & King	A, B, C, D
Salt Lake City, Utah	The Paris Co.	A, C
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Springfield, Ill.	Roland's	A, B, C, D
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Co.	A, C
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Sketches by John Hapgood

By ALEC RACKOWE

Remember, my Love?

Do you know why there is no such thing

as marriage for three in our civilization?

Read this story and you'll know why

Lisbeth, this is our anniversary, and it seems fitting that I should be here at Midwest. They offered to put me up at Alpha, but the savor's gone out of that, and anyway I'm more used to hotel rooms than to chapter cubicles.

I'm at the College Inn. In front; in one of the dormer rooms that look out at the elms. They're wet now with September rain, and I can hear the steady drip from the eaves. It's too warm for the heat to be turned on, and there's a dampness in the air that's playing hob with my trick knee and evoking an odd scent from the wallpaper with its bounding dogs of no breed, its coaches and fours and peruked gentlemen peering amiably from within.

It's a scent that's part of the maple furniture; the mattresses under the bedclothes and candlewick spread. A scent of face powder and perfume and lipstick and cologne. A footprint in the sands of Midwest time left by a hundred girls and more, come up for Soph Masques and Autumn Balls.

I don't like it, Lisbeth. Once they were all young to me—the girls who ran up Alpha steps, laughing and clutching scarves and hoods close about their vivid faces to keep the November wind from spoiling their hair-dos. They were all young, but now they are all old to me, even the girl who will come in a few weeks to occupy this room for another Autumn Ball. That's the trouble.

Look, ten years are as nothing or all life when you're twenty. You're twenty-one, and it's the same as when you were twenty. You're twenty-two, and there's no change. But when I got here yesterday morning it was early, and the kids were coming across campus to nine-o'clock classes. It wasn't raining then. The cabbie who took me up from the station had another fare in the rattrap—a woman in a hurry bound for Major Hill. He let me out at Founders'. He said, "You c'n walk 'cross campus to the inn, Mister. That's it—the white place with black shutters."

He said that to me, Lisbeth. I didn't say anything. I gave him the fifty cents he asked for and carried my bag up Freshman's Walk. There were three girls in skirts and sweaters coming towards me, books in their arms. They were just kids. I thought: Now what the deuce are these grammar-school soxers doing on Midwest Campus at this time of day?

They came abreast of me. They were so incredibly young, but all of them were wearing pledge pins. Kappa pins. Your sorority.

It shook me. Sure, I thought, they're taking them in awful young these days. Right out of the nursery. It wasn't until I'd registered and come up here to this room that it came straight to me. Ten years are as nothing when you're twenty, and you take them a year at a time. But they loom large when you're almost thirty-three, as I am, and there are gray hairs at your temples. And that's a part of all this.

I can't tell you much about Duffy. He was in an oxygen tent when I saw him, and he didn't know me. Art Goldberg says it looks worse than it is. "Don't let the canvas rig scare you, Rick. It just makes it easier for Duffy. Pneumonia's a piece of cake these days if it's not a rare type, and Duffy's isn't. He'll come around all right."

They're not at all worried about it. The hospital's got a fund drive on and Duffy's being there has made all the papers. Got them some good publicity. As Art said, "If he had to keel over it was nice of him to choose us." They've had reporters hanging around day and night, and Art has been issuing bulletins. First time he ever had the chance. He says it makes him feel like a general at GHQ. I had an awful job to keep him from sicking the scribes on me. "Noted author hastens to side of famed correspondent," Art figured it.

I told him it was redundant, and he grinned at me. You remember that lopsided grin.

Art's on the staff at Midwest Hospital, but he's not resident. He came back to Fall City and hung out his shingle after he took his MD at McGill in Canada.

"I always liked it here," he told me. "Not too big. Just like me. I'm not like you and Duffy. I know my limitations. I don't ask for the gold at the end of the rainbow. We've a nice community, more professional than business. More just-get-bys than richer-than-hells. There's a synagogue that's served three generations of my people, and the country club that would be shocked if you didn't believe in God but never thinks about how you worship Him. I like it fine, Rick."

Art's got a wife and four kids. His wife wasn't a Midwest girl. He met her in Toronto. He wanted me to come to dinner tonight, but I told him I had some work to do. I said I'd come over later and meet his wife and kids.

I'm going out there when I finish this —when I know you've come.

I'm sure you will come, Lisbeth. I figured it all out when I sent the wire yesterday. I know how you hate flying in this sort of weather, and it seems to be general. There's only one way you can come by train from Reno. I figure you should catch the Fall City train that will get you in at eight thirty.

That gives me time to write this. I've booked you a room here. When you come they'll show you to your room and then phone me from downstairs; I'll go down and leave this for you at the desk, take my bag and catch the midnight from Carlisle.

You won't see me, Lisbeth. No matter what happens you won't. I want it that way, and I'll tell you why. I'm grown-up. We're all grown-up, and it's time we realized it. Time we acted our ages.

Do you remember, Lisbeth? I was the one who found you. Eleven years ago. Nineteen hundred thirty-six. Another age—another world.

Duffy and I were juniors then. I was the campus big shot. All-America Richard Anders. Wherever I went the men said, "Hi Rick," and the girls said nothing. They just looked. I was a king, secure in my kingdom. I had only to lift my finger to get what I wanted. "Big Rick" Anders, triple-threat wingback. A guy who on the side, wrote stories that Duffy published in the weekly under a pseudonym because somehow that sort of thing didn't belong to Rick Anders.

Duffy was the only one who knew. We shared a room at Alpha. A sanctum sanctorum that even the brothers wouldn't dare walk into. When I beat at the typewriter they figured it was Duffy. They wouldn't have believed it was anyone but Duffy. That redheaded, scrawny, freckle-faced bundle of energy.

It was old Professor Symonds who said to him in class, "You remind me very much of Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Raven. At your age he was much like you in appearance. They called him 'Red.' That is not, I believe, your nickname."

"No sir," Duffy said with that overelaborate deference he always assumed with bores. "It's too obvious. We're somewhat more subtle these days. They call me 'Duffy.'"

"'Duffy.' Ah—and may I ask why, Mr. Raven?"

"That's the subtlety, I believe, sir," said Duffy in his gravest tones.

It left old Symie blinking. All he could say was, "I could hope, Mr. Raven, that you will follow Mr. Lewis in more than appearance. You are a capable writer, I understand."

"Thank you," Duffy said, "but I don't write fiction. That is the relaxation of warriors."

He gave me the flick of a glance, and I laid a big fist on the flat arm of my chair. But old Symie didn't get it any more than the others. He just said happily, "I think, Mr. Raven, you will find it was women that Napoleon quoted as being the relaxation of warriors."

That was us, then, Lisbeth. Eleven years ago. When I found you.

It was a Friday in September, and we'd been having football practice at Broker Field. Shaping up nicely and the Carlisle game two weeks ahead.

A warm, golden day. I dropped over

to the Co-op to get a bite before going up to the Ivory Tower, because Friday night was when the weekly went to bed, and I always helped Duffy dummy up so that everything but his editorial would be pasted into the book in cut-up galley. We'd taxi it down to Malmson's and hand it over to Inky Gordon the composing-room chief. We'd shove off then for Pogle's and have beer and a feed. We'd hold court and sit and chew the fat. Duffy would get on to some subject, usually Schicklgruber or Muss, and everyone would listen.

It was nice. We'd listen to Duffy. There'd be girls. There always were, though they came because of me, rather than Duffy. It would break up around one or two. Duffy and I would have a last beer, or I'd have milk if I were training. We'd walk down through the deserted streets to Malmson's. There'd be the smell of ink and the rumble of presses. We'd go into Inky's cubicle of an office, take off our coats and ties, roll up our sleeves. Duffy would light that foul pipe of his.

Inky would hurry in with a stack of page proofs, and we'd go through them. Me first, then Duffy for a final check. Then he'd okay them. I'd slap the dupes into a fresh dummy. An ink-stained towny with a smudged puss and apron would bring in coffee, and then it would be over. Inky would shuffle in, grab the dummy. Say, "Got any gripes, Mr. Editor?"

Duffy would just grin. Inky would hurry away with the okayed dummy, and there'd be a new rumble added to the quakes. I'd sit there dreaming, and Duffy would lay his head on his arms and be still.

It seemed only moments later that the monkey would come in with a wet, heavenly smelling copy of the weekly. Duffy would shove the copy in his pocket, get up and stretch.

We'd go outside into Market Street, and it would be broad daylight in spring, or gray dawn in winter. That was a purely sensuous joy that never failed to give me a lift.

We'd grab a cab and close our eyes. We'd hardly open them as we stumbled up the steps of Alpha. We'd tumble into bed and go right to sleep. There'd be a pledge or a fledgling brother at the bottom of the stairs and one in the hall outside our door to enjoin silence for the slumber of the mighty.

When we woke we'd have breakfast while the rest were having lunch. And there'd be copies of the weekly in every hand and copies on the newsstands.

That's the way it was before I found you, Lisbeth, that Friday in September.

You were sitting in a booth with Mildred Taylor. She was the cock of Kappa then. "Dater" Taylor we called her because when we wanted girls for visiting firemen we'd call Mildred at Kappa and she'd make the dates.

I didn't know you. I hadn't seen you before, but I knew when I saw you with Mildred that you were a frosh, and that Kappa wanted you. They always went after the prettiest girls of each new crop. And you were pretty all right, Lisbeth.

You had on a white dress and spectators, and your legs were brown and slim and bare. That shiny blue-black hair was curled about your shoulders, and your eyes were the darkest blue I'd ever seen when you turned your head and looked at me; your red lips were open a little. I was used to that. I was used to girls like Dater pointing out the great Rick Anders to freshmen. But you were different from any other girl I'd ever had look at me.

I said to myself, "That's for you, Rick." I walked over to the booth, and I saw the look Dater gave you. A look that said, "See? When you're a Kappa, you rate."

Dater said, "Hi, Rick. This is Lisbeth Ames."

That was the first time I heard that little indrawn breath of yours, that tiny gasp that's so devastating. I sat down. I told Buzz to bring me tea with milk and two combos. I looked at you. I looked into your blue eyes, Lisbeth, and I said to Dater, "Kappa want this child?" I was all of twenty-one, and you were eighteen.

Dater said, "We figure she'll fit, Rick."

I said, "Okay, she's Kappa. You got other business, Dater?"

She got up and went away. I said to you—remember?—"You're tapped for Kappa, and you're tapped for me. Got it?"

Those were the days when it was the line. When you treated girls like dirt, and they were supposed to like it and grovel for more. And they did.

You said humbly, "Yes, Mr. Anders."

That husky voice made my stomach quiver. I said roughly, " 'Rick.' Eat that mess you've got in front of you. I've got to hustle out of here, and you're coming with me."

That's how you met Duffy. I took you with me over to Founders' where the Ivory Tower was that square room in the belfry, right under the bells. When thy rang the whole shebang shuddered.

It was pretty close to deadline. The scribes and reporters were thronging in with their stuff. Duffy was in the slot, his hair on end, blue pencil poised. When I shoved through the neophytes and said to Duffy, "Look what I've got, Duff," he lifted that pointed chin of his and looked at you. He didn't even blink. All he said was, "Can she type?"

You said, "Oh, yes, I can."

Duffy chucked you a sheaf of blue-penciled longhand. "Take that typewriter over in the corner and tap this out. Even Inky won't be able to set it up as it is."

You stayed with us when the others were gone. You sat around while we dummied up. I'd look over at you from under the dangling light, and it was good to see you there. I was in love with you even then.

You sat beside me at Pogle's that night. You didn't make a sound. Your eyes were as big as saucers, and your hair was soft against my shoulder. Duffy was holding forth in his best vein. The men were silent, listening to him, and the girls looked daggers at you. I was never so happy as I was then, Lisbeth. I thought: We'll go on like this not only this year and next, but afterwards, when Midwest is over for Duffy and me. In the world outside... That world that seemed so far away, so easy to handle.

COSMOPOLITAN COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

We didn't take you back to Malmson's with us. You were asleep against my shoulder when the beer fest broke up. Duffy said, "Take the kid home, Rick. Don't go necking, either. It's late, and I want to get the rag bedded down."

I drove you to Carter. I kissed you and your lips were warm and soft, like a baby's. You opened your eyes and sighed. Then you closed them again, and I said very softly, "Lisbeth, I love you."

You didn't hear me. I lifted you and carried you up the steps just as the bells in Founders' were striking two. The door was locked, of course. I put my finger on the button, and Mrs. Hafey, the matron, came hurrying down the hall. She had her hair done up in metal curlers, and she looked fiercer than usual, which was something.

She opened the door. She looked at you, fast asleep in my arms. She said, "Well . . ." There was the Dean and expulsion in that tone.

But I was Rick Anders. I said, "Come off it, Hafey. Miss Ames is working for the weekly. You'll have to get used to letting her in late on press night. When you report Lisbeth tomorrow you might tell the Dean I'll be in to explain as soon as I catch up on my sleep. Now take over. I've got to get back to the printer's."

Duffy was cursing over the page proofs when I got to Inky's sanctum. He shoved a pile at me. I was waiting for him to say something about you. It wasn't enough for me to think all the wonderful things I was thinking. I wanted to hear someone else speak of you. To hear your name at least. I said, "How'd you like Lisbeth, Duff?"

"Pretty." He gestured. "Get on with it, Rick. We'll never get done."

That's how it began. The three of us. Remember, Lisbeth?

I took you wherever I went, and I always went where Duffy went, so we three became inseparable. You never said much, but you were there, and that was all I wanted.

You went into Kappa, but you didn't go on the dating list. I'd appropriated you, and no one would have thought of cutting in on Rick Anders's girl. I was pretty busy with football that autumn, with basketball later, and you came to all the games. You sat with Duffy, and it made me swell with pride to know that everyone would say, "See that girl sitting with the redheaded fellow? That's Rick Anders's girl."

My girl . . . I hated our not being together that next summer. You were going out to Hawaii to be with your family, and I knew I'd miss you like the devil. I was just as pleased that Duff was going to that upstate New York town to find out what made a newspaper tick. I'd have been pretty poor company for him without you. I took that job on the freighter because it would be good for my muscles and

please Coach, but mostly because I figured the more background I could get the better I'd write, and most writers I admired seemed at some time or another to have done a hitch at sea. O'Neill, London, Conrad . . .

So we broke up. I had a lump in my throat when Duffy and I saw you off. Duffy wanted me to come on to New York with him and hit the town some before he pushed into the sticks. I told him I couldn't. It wasn't so. I wanted to go into a corner and gloom because you were gone and wish summer would go fast and September come so that I could be with you again.

That summer did go pretty fast. I made two trips, one to Hamburg and one to Gdynia. I found quite a few things to write to Duffy about. He wrote to me, as well. He was fitting in nicely. It was a town about as big as Claremont. Smaller than Fall City. They liked him. They wanted him to come back when he took his degree and take a permanent job.

I didn't hear from you. I had hardly expected that I would. I knew what an Army post was like, particularly a permanent one in peace time. You were not only a Colonel's daughter but certainly the prettiest Colonel's daughter a West Point shavetail ever swooned at. I knew you'd be having a whirl, but it didn't bother me. Wasn't I Rick Anders? Wasn't I king?

I got back to Midwest first. There wasn't anyone around yet. Alpha wasn't even open. There were a few of the varsity on hand to start practice, and we lived in the gym and ate in the gym kitchen. I had a room all to myself, and I knocked out my first attempt at a real short story. A story with an eye to the big guys—the slicks.

Duffy blew in the day before Registration. I had my things moved over to Alpha to our old room. We went up to College Inn—here—and we had a big feed. Steak and mushrooms and ale. Dutch ale. I passed the story over to Duffy.

As he read, I wasn't thinking of the story or whether he'd like it or not. I was aching to see you. I knew as soon as you came the word would come right to me.

When Duffy had finished reading I just said, "Give with the worst."

"It won't sell," Duffy said. "It's too rough. But it's got guts, and it moves. Send it out anyhow and get started on another."

I hadn't expected even that much of a pat on the back. I folded the manuscript and put it in my pocket. Duffy finished his ale. He said, "Drink up. We'd better be moving over to Station if we're going to meet Lisbeth's train."

I just stared at him. I didn't think of anything but the fact that you were coming. "The four thirty?"

"Didn't you know?" Duffy asked me.

"No. I haven't heard from her."

Duffy nodded. "I guess she didn't know where to send you a letter."

"You've heard?" I asked, and Duffy said, "She wrote me a couple of times. I had a letter just before she sailed. She said she'd be here today on the four thirty."

It seemed only natural; it seemed only right and proper. I was conscious only of the fact that I was going to see you again, Lisbeth. I almost choked on my ale, and then we were hurrying across campus to grab a lift.

I'll never forget the way you looked when you got off the local. There weren't many Midwesters on the four thirty. They'd start thronging in on the morning trains, but it seemed that all there were came in your court. Armbruster jumped down and elbowed the conductor aside. Illis followed him, and Regis. Then you came from the vestibule. I saw your slim legs first, twinkling in sheerest silk. The flutter of the skirt of your dove gray suit, the cluster of orchids at the shoulder, and then your face, framed in that shining hair.

My heart stood still. I walked across the planks of Station, and they melted as I moved. You said, "Hi, Rick," and kissed me as you stood on the steps. It made you just my height. Then you jumped down and said, "Hi, Duffy," and you kissed Duff.

It made me so happy. So damned happy. I stood there, grinning like a big blond ape. I said, "Here we are. Well—here we are," and turned and beamed on them all.

I grabbed your bags from Illis and threw them into Mehaffy's cab. He was the big guy of the station hacks, and it was his right to ferry me—and my girl. I said, "I won't be able to go over to Kappa with you. I've got a skull meet at five with Coach. We'll eat at Pogle's. Cakes and ale on me."

You said, "All right, Rick. I'll get out of these glamour rags." You lifted your arms, as the local started to creak out, and said, "Golly, it's good to get back."

Duffy said, "I'll walk over with you, Rick," but I shook my head. I said, "You take Lisbeth . . . Don't tell each other everything, will you? I want to hear too. We'll swap the patter at dinner, oke?"

We were just like we were before. Duff and I were seniors, fast becoming traditions at Midwest even in our own time, and that is something. We had one of the best teams Midwest ever put out, and the Conference title was conceded to us. We were more than sectional. We were national.

And Duff was bigger than the campus. Bigger than the weekly. Maybe he'd seen things during that vacation job; at any rate he started to turn Fall City upside down as soon as the semester started. It didn't please the faculty very much. Professional men, particularly educators in a college town, are likely to lean backwards in keeping their fingers out of politics.

That didn't bother Duffy. He nosed around the Claypool section with me grumbling in tow. He poked into poolrooms and railroadside gin mills. After he started blasting away in the weekly about slum conditions in Fall City and juvenile delinquency incubators, the Times-Record contracted with him to do a daily by-line. I didn't mind going with Duffy. He needed me, though I don't think he ever thought about that. Duffy is little, but fear of physical hurt was never with him. I grumbled because it was out of the question for you to come on such trips, and I hated not having you around. That was the only reason.

Duffy got the politicians going. They started to justify themselves, saying conditions in Fall City were better than in comparable places. They quoted statistics. It was meat to Duffy. He went to town. He stirred them up, but by the time they got needled enough and scared enough to start the cleaning up he was 'way beyond them. They'd made him conscious that it wasn't a local matter. It was a national problem.

It was the night before the State game that he said it at Pogle's. I should have been in bed, but I was Rick Anders and I made my own rules. I wasn't drinking anything, but I was up instead of sleeping. And you were there, between us. The game meant nothing to me in comparison to that.

Duffy said to all of us—the table was crowded and people were standing as well—"What's the use of cleaning up one town among thousands? Take the pressure off and things will drift right back to where they were. We've got to start at the other end. In Washington."

Oh, sure, someone had to quote: "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay." What else could you expect of a group of college people? But Duffy was well away then. You must have known, even then, Lisbeth.

I knew things, too, didn't I, the night of the Autumn Ball?

It was a dinger, wasn't it? We'd taken the Conference title. We'd snowed State under. It was 48-0 when they ganged me, and one knee took it all. I blacked out. I was in the Infirmary with Doc Clarkson going "Tsk-tsk" and talking about torn cartilage when Nurse Turner came in to tell me the final score was 60-0.

You and Duffy were swell to me, Lisbeth. Everyone was. And the Autumn Ball was a tribute that no other king ever received. My knee was in a cast, but I sat in a big chair and held court.

Later at Alpha it wasn't so swell, and I had thought it would be. It was warm and cosy and exclusive after the Ball. The fires were burning in the fireplaces and the waiters were bringing around bacon and eggs and coffee. I hobbled into the library with you, and the couples in there got up and left without a murmur.

I don't know why I told you then, seriously, that I loved you, because I was sure you had known it all along. I guess it was because with Autumn Ball over the rest of senior year didn't count, and the world was before me. I wanted you at my side. I wanted to marry you.

I said, "Look, Beautiful, I've a few things to say. One of them is important."

You stood beside the fire, looking down at me. I said, "I'm pleased with you and myself. I picked you for your looks, but you've turned out better than just good-looking. You're a credit to me and my perspicacity."

You said, "Thank you, Sire," and dropped me a curtsy, but you didn't smile. I heard that little gasp and I

thought it was because you knew what I was going to say—because you were waiting for me to say it.

I know why you didn't stop me, but I've often wished you had. I said, "I love you, Lisbeth. I want to marry you."

You didn't say anything. You put your hands together, and I started to get up. I said, "Oh, damn this knee!"

And you said, "Rick, darling, I can't."

I said stupidly, " You what?"

"I can't marry you." You lifted your hands and ran your slender fingers through your shining hair. "It's been driving me crazy. I knew you were going to ask me, Rick." You came and sat beside me. You said, "Oh, darling, I do love you—but not that way . . ."

Funny how a shock like that affects a man. There's a lot in that Samson and Delilah story. A man can lose his strength in the twinkling of an eye. I felt weak all over. My mouth was dry, and a mortar mixer was going around in my stomach.

I found my voice. It sounded strange to me. It annoyed me. "You mean there—there's someone else?"

You nodded your head, and I thought, with a bitter tingle at the end of my tongue, that it was some Army goon you'd met in the Islands, but then I knew it couldn't be. We'd have known it before if it had been. I croaked, "Who?"

You got up and went over to the fire again. You said, "Duffy."

I was numb all through, hit. You turned to me, and your mouth quivered. "I don't get it either, Rick. I knew you loved me. It made me so proud. At the Post last summer they knew I was your girl. Even the family had got it from the newspaper stories. I didn't mind. I felt happy about it. Yet—somehow—all the while I knew it was Duffy."

You came and knelt in front of me and put your arms around me. You said, "Make it clear for me, Rick. There's no comparison between you for looks. You're sweet—and Duffy, he's moody and always looking for trouble. Why should it be Duffy?"

"But it is, isn't it?" I said.

I heard that little gasp again, and it was all the answer I needed. I started to get up, to shove your arms away and try to push myself upright. I wanted to get away from you. To get up to my room and lock the door. I wanted to cry, and I hadn't felt like that since the night my father died.

I know now it would have been best, but you stopped me. You put your arms about my neck and clung to me, crying. You said, "Oh, Rick, don't be angry."

"I'm not angry," I said against the dampness of your cheek, and the sadness in me welled and sank, something strong and bitter-sweet.

You held to me even more tightly. You whispered, "I don't want to lose you, Rick. I can't imagine Duffy and me without you." You lifted your head and looked at me. "I wish—I wish women could have two husbands. One to love as I love you, and one——" You didn't finish. You said again, "I don't want to lose you. I can't."

I said, "You won't. I'll always be around. I'd be lost, too."

And then Duffy came in. He stopped in the middle of the room and stood there, waiting. I didn't look at him. I couldn't just then. I said, "Call the guard, will you? I want to go up."

I was sitting in the armchair, my coat off, my leg on the hassock when Duffy came in. He closed the door softly and came across the room. He said, "You want to hit me?"

I looked at him then. I was still feeling sick and numb, but I could see that Duffy was suffering, too. It surprised me. I couldn't speak. I shook my head.

Duffy went over to the table and changed his pipe. He didn't fill the fresh one. He bit at it, staring down at the litter of papers and magazines. "She's nuts," he said savagely.

I could agree with that, but it opened too wide, too torture-filled a vista. It was only simple things, facts, that I could grasp. I said, "You love her?"

He snarled at me, his teeth showing. "What the hell do you think, you big fool? You know her as well as I do—better even."

How else could that appear to me but logical, certain as Fate? I shook my head. Duffy said, banging the bowl of the pipe against his palm, "I tried not to. I told myself it was lousy to even think about Lisbeth like that. And then I told myself, 'What the hell, I don't rate.' As long as Lisbeth didn't know, it was no one's funeral but my own. And then—then she did know, and we were both miserable, but it was too late."

"Yeah," I said. "Yeah." In all my misery I could sympathize; I could understand. That should have been the tip-off, shouldn't it?

Duffy said, "I'd rather lose my right arm, Rick, than——"

I said, "Shut up."

He closed that thin mouth of his. After a moment he said uncertainly, "She's just a kid. Maybe . . ."

It was what I'd been thinking, but I said, "Lisbeth knows her own mind. She's in love with you. If that's what she wants it's okay with me."

Duffy stared at me. "Rick, it's not going to make any difference, is it? Between us, I mean."

"How can it?" I growled. "There's no other guy I could respect and admire the way I do you, Duffy. And Lisbeth is still tops with me. She always will be."

I didn't look at him. I heard him say, "This damn pipe is all fouled up. Backfires like hell. Whatta taste!"

I said, "Use a cleaner now and then. Give me a hand with this boiled shirt, will you? I want some shut-eye." That Spartan boy wasn't in it with me.

And it wasn't too bad. Because outwardly nothing had changed. We were still the inseparables, the admired and looked-up-to on Midwest campus. Anything Duffy or I did was rationalized, put into a becoming light. When you started wearing your engagement ring you still wore an Alpha pin. It was Duffy's now, not mine, but no one knew the difference. When they did learn finally that it was Duffy you were engaged to and not me, they just grinned and chuckled. The subjects always do that about the foibles of their king.

COSMOPOLITAN COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

We still got out the weekly and fed at Pogle's. Only we kept what we talked about among the three of us. Even if my knee hadn't finished my football career I wouldn't have gone on with it. I had a little income, and I was going to write.

Duffy wasn't going to stay in Fall City and go into local and state politics. Duffy's red hair would fairly crinkle as he laid out your plans—his and yours. "There's danger ahead. National danger. I'll be yelling about it, and I'll want to know what I'm batting about. I've got to know our country. It's big. It's different, section from section. I can't know what it's like if I haven't seen it, can I? Of course not. So that's what we're going to do. Lisbeth and me. We're going to get us a flivver if we can afford it. If not we'll hike, or go by bus. But we'll cover the whole country. We'll take notes and gab with people in every corner of every state. It'll take time—take almost all the time I think there'll be available to us, but when I get to screaming I'll know what I'm screaming about."

We were so certain, and it was all so plain and simple. We hadn't come up against the world and things like failure and lack of money and life itself.

I suppose we thought about it, but only lightly. Much more important, much more impending was June and Commencement and the wedding.

Your family was coming on from Hawaii for the wedding. Your mother and the colonel and your kid brother Jerry.

As spring came on I hugged sadness closer to me. Everything was going to be different; it couldn't help but be. But we swore it wouldn't; and I hadn't given up. I still loved you.

That was when Raesmith appeared like a gift from heaven. A shining, Bond-Street-clad deus ex machina, with hands full of money and a job for Duffy that would let him get experience and only delay your study of the states a year at the most.

Dean Hadley brought Raesmith up to our room at Alpha. A slim, immaculate man with jet eyes and a charm you couldn't believe wasn't real—which surely must be something he could put on and take off like his hat. And it is, Lisbeth. I know.

He held Duff's hand in one of his and put the free one on Duff's shoulder. "So you're the firebrand? We want you on Earth, Mr. Raven. I've come all the way from New York to sign you. I wouldn't trust it to any of my editors . . ."

He didn't add that he'd been to Cambridge and New Haven and Ann Harbor snapping up the promising lads, giving each the same song and dance. Oh, I don't blame him. You can't keep a weekly like Earth healthy without young new blood, but it wasn't honest.

Even Duffy didn't see through it, and Duffy could always spot a stuffed shirt a mile away. Maybe because he didn't

want to see. Raesmith listened to Duffy's plans—and deeply approved them. "Working with us will be invaluable experience for you, my boy. It will crystalize your style—give you reporting experience—a chance to meet and talk to men who figure largely in world news."

He clinched Duffy when he turned to me. "We don't use fiction, Mr. Anders, but I'm sure we could use you, and any writing will help you to your goal."

I guess someone in the magazine world had connected Richard Dana Anders whose stories were being sent back to him regularly with Rick Anders of the same address on the return envelopes. It's a small world, the magazine world, and things get around. But that was what clinched it.

Duffy said, "We'll want to talk it over, Mr. Raesmith."

And Raesmith said, "By all means. Will you have dinner with me tonight at the inn? I'd be very happy if you would. Your fiancee, too."

Raesmith had us.

A week later your folks came for Commencement, and you and Duffy were married in Chapel, and I was best man. People looked at me almost as much as they did at you. You were the loveliest bride ever, but I was Rick Anders, who would always be a great man among the great men of Midwest.

I got stinko that night. I had to. I didn't want to think of you and Duffy going East on the Limited. I went down to Claypool and made the rounds of every bar and gin mill and pool hall Duffy and I had invaded. I was spoiling for a fight. I wanted to feel fists negating that other hurt in me; I wanted to take out my grief and frustration in beating faces into a pulp. But I couldn't raise a fight. Wherever I went they grinned at me and came clustering around to talk football with an eagerness and a fierce pride in Midwest and me that was disarming. They wouldn't let me pay for a drink. It was always on the house.

When I passed out in a gin mill off Cotton's Alley the owner put me to bed in his own rooms behind the bar. He shoved my wad in his safe, and when I woke up in the morning with a head the size of the stadium he fixed me a pickup, got in a barber to make me presentable. There never was a whisper of it on campus, and yet everyone down in Claypool knew the great Rick Anders had gone on a tear and passed out in a gin mill. Some guys in Fall City would have liked to know about that, too. They could have used it to slap back at Duffy, but they never heard.

I couldn't stand campus. It was deserted save for a few summer students and graduate scholars. All of a sudden Midwest was poison. I couldn't look at Founders' or Chapel without seeing you and that bitter-sweet welled up in me. I hugged it to me. I could feel your lips against mine as you'd kissed me just before you and Duffy left for the train.

Remember, Lisbeth? You said, "Oh, Rick, darling, don't let this change you towards us—towards me."

"It won't," I said. "It can't ever, Lisbeth."

Duffy hadn't butted in. He was waiting in the taxi out back. He gripped my hand when I pushed you in at him and then Mike spun the hack away, and I stumbled off to Claypool in morning coat and striped trousers. If I'd thought of it I'd have worn my top hat. I'd have figured it would get me a fight sooner.

There were lots of places I could have gone that summer. Lots of jobs I could have had, and invitations I could have accepted to laze away the months with pretty girls to divert me. But I didn't want that. I wanted to be alone with the wistfulness that was in me. I beat my way to Oregon. I discovered to my surprise that it wasn't the right season for logging. I got a job in a fish cannery. I met good tough Americans. I found a few fights too, but I didn't wear the chip long. I couldn't take any pleasure in beating up guys.

I started to write a new line of stories. They came out of the sorrow I was wallowing in. They came up strong and tart as Seville oranges. There was always a guy in them hungering for a girl. A girl who was always like you. And he got her in the end. Whether it was a rugged mate on a tramp ship or a hard-jawed Yank making a cannery click by sheer will power.

I did three of them that summer, and it was through them that you found me. I put Duffy's name, in care of Earth, on the return envelopes, but the envelopes I mailed the manuscripts in were postmarked, and through them Duffy traced me.

It was duck soup for the boys on Earth. It was October and I was in Seattle when they caught up with me. I was eating a chowder down by the wharves when a guy sat down opposite me. He said, "You're wanted on the phone ,Anders."

I blinked at him. I was wearing a beard, and I was dressed in an old gray shirt and pants. He just gestured at the booth, and I got up and went to the phone.

You said, "Rick. What the hell are you trying to do us?"

I said, dumbfounded, "How'd you know where I was?"

He cut across that. "You promised to meet us here in September. Lisbeth's sick about it. If it's your dumb way of punishing——"

I said hotly, "Listen, rat, I never thought of anything like that."

"Well, you're doing it anyway. There's no reason you can't come, is there?" he asked.

"No," I said, and Duffy said, "Grab the next plane out then, will you, Rick? Mason will take care of it for you."

"Mason?"

"The guy with you. He got me on the phone when he found you. He'll arrange it . . . Will you, Rick?"

"Okay," I said. "Okay."

I wanted to go. I wanted to see you, Lisbeth, and feel that longing, that sorrow well up in me.

Duffy said, "Swell. I'll call Lisbeth as soon as you hang up. We'll have one hell of a reunion tomorrow. There's such a lot to tell. And Rick . . ."

"Yeah?"

"How come you sent each of those stories to a different magazine?"

"Why, I just did. I thought—"

"Well, whatever you thought you've had three separate sales, and they've all been after me trying to tie you up for exclusive first look at whatever you do. You'd better get you an agent. I told them I didn't even know about the stories. They'll be after you as soon as you get here. It looks like you're in, boy."

I got Mason plastered before my plane left. I was terribly keyed up about the stories. It fitted in so swell. It was so in tune with the sadness marinating in me. I couldn't have you, and nothing else really mattered, but to be a successful writer would add sweet to the bitter. A lot of sweet.

You were at LaGuardia with Duffy when my plane came in. It was cold that day—unusually cold for October. You wore your gray cloth coat with the fur collar. Your cheeks were flushed, and your lips were warm and loving when you kissed me.

I paid for the fatted calf. Duffy had those three checks, and I cashed one of them at the Earth offices, and we went on the town. We did every damn place we could think of. It was eight in the morning when you two left me at the Algonquin. Sure I put up there. I was a writer, wasn't I? A successful one, right on the bat.

I rolled into bed, and I didn't think about poor Duffy having to be at the office by ten at the latest, or that you'd have to see that he got off. I was thinking of you all right but not in that way. I was thinking how lovely you were and how I loved you—more than ever, Lisbeth.

That winter of 'thirty-eight was a pretty full one, wasn't it? I didn't take the job Earth offered me. I didn't need it. Willis took me on and got my rate lifted a hundred almost every time he sold another story, and I was turning them out—still in the same vein. They were selling before they cooled from my typewriter.

It was just like Midwest for the three of us again, only it was sort of reversed. Duffy was working on the copy desk at Earth with pretty regular hours, and I was the one with the free time. I'd work mornings and meet the two of you for lunch. Then Duffy would go back to the office, and you and I would go shopping. Or I'd take you with me when I dropped in to see editors, and they'd beam at you.

We'd meet Duffy for cocktails and go to dinner at Gabe's or anywhere we decided. And I paid because Duffy's salary wouldn't take it. Remember how he beefed and how I told him succinctly that he had to shove away that even amount against the time when he'd chuck Earth and tour the country?

He wanted to quit Earth and go anyhow, but it was common sense that we beat into him. You had to have money if you were to do it without having to lay over too often to get cash for the next leg. And Earth was swell training for him. He met people and got new ideas and new experiences. But that

wasn't why he shut up. I know that now.

Duffy got quieter and quieter. He didn't talk so much about the crying need to get out and study the country, to formulate plans for raising the general average of health and education, to re-create that "bold peasantry" that had made America what she was.

When I thought of it, which wasn't often, I figured it was only natural. I'd changed a lot of my ideas since we'd left Midwest. I thought Duffy had as well. He was a sub-editor on Earth now. He had a crisp, pithy way of putting things that stood out in print, and Raesmith was interested in him. It never occurred to me that Raesmith was interested in you, Lisbeth. If it had I'd have clipped him.

Then it was New Year's with Fifth Avenue gray with ice. We skipped out of Raesmith's party in that futuristic penthouse before midnight and taxied to Sixteenth Street. Duffy and I each carried a magnum of Raesmith's champagne, and we giggled happily over the successful peculation.

We drank to each other—to the three of us—with the window open and the icy damp air billowing and soiling the curtains, and the bells and horns and screams making a solid background of noise. You kissed Duffy and you kissed me, your eyes wet. We held hands and sang, not "Auld Lang Syne" but "Midwest High Above the Plains." Remember, Lisbeth?

We were a happy family, weren't we, all that winter and spring and summer? Or were we?

It was after that swell summer of beaches and picnics, of Raesmith's shack at Southampton and all the girls everyone seemed to throw at me—and there were some swell girls among them if I'd only been able to see straight—that the inevitable came about. Hollywood, I mean.

It was autumn again, and the rumble was loud across Europe, but I was in a world that embraced the three of us and no others. Imperial came through with a fine offer after they bought that short story through a Hollywood agent. Five hundred a week for the first thirteen weeks. Then options for the next seven years, ending in fancy figures.

Willis, my agent, wasn't enthusiastic. "You'll be forgotten here. You're making that much now."

I put it up for talk when I came to Sixteenth Street that night for dinner. You'd broiled chops, and you had a red and white checked gingham apron over your pale blue dress. You were so lovely, Lisbeth, and your eyes were wide when I sprang my news.

You said, "When do they want you to go, Rick?"

And I told you, "Right away. That's Hollywood. Everything's got to be done chop-chop."

You said, "Oh, Rick, you'll be so far away."

That was when Duffy spoke. He'd been biting on his pipe, and he said, "Could be farther. Raesmith wants me to go to London. Constant is coming back. Bad ulcers. He wants me to take over until Constant is better."

Your mouth opened. You said, "London!" You gave that little gasp. "Would—would I go, too, Duffy?"

"Sure," Duffy said, spearing the last French fried on his plate. "I hadn't mentioned it because I wasn't certain . . ." He got the potato. "It probably won't be for long. We'll be back by the time Rick's thirteen weeks is up, and they don't take up his option . . ."

"London," you said again, and I grinned, though I didn't feel like grinning. "Here we go again," I said. "Higher and higher on the road to pelf."

You sat there, like a kid, not sure whether you should laugh or cry. You said, "Oh, Rick, I wish you were coming with us. We'll miss you so. You'll write every week, won't you?"

"Write? From Hollywood, the land of nothing-impossible? I'll phone you. Every Sunday. Let's see—there's eight hours' difference, isn't there? So if I call when I'm having breakfast at the Derby, say around ten, you'll be having dinner." I shook my head. "No, I'll call you when I've finished lunch. From Malibu or someone's let's-not-call-it-an-estate. That'll be two in California and ten in London. They wrap up the subways and cabs there pretty early, so you'll be settling down for the night. I'll call you at two—every Sunday."

And I did, didn't I? Even distance couldn't come between us.

You were having a nice time in London, you and Duffy. Your letters told about how gray and soft the city was and how you came upon little courtyards and mews that seemed to have fallen from some Dickens book. About the cloisters at Westminster and the damp chill of the mornings before the sun was through the haze.

We'd talk about the weather and marvel that it could be dark and cold where you were and warm and sunny where I was. I told you all the news. A week wasn't a long time. I never let go of you, did I, Lisbeth?

And Duffy, when he was there, would say, "How's with you, Rick? We miss you, boy."

You didn't come back in thirteen weeks, and Imperial took up my option. Oh, not because I was hot stuff and turned out a script that had them all gasping. I didn't work on an entire script the whole of that first thirteen weeks. The producer who had brought me out on the strength of that story they bought—which, incidentally hasn't yet been made into a picture—forgot all about me. The others hadn't even heard of Richard Dana Anders. But they knew about Rick Anders.

Odd lot, those guys. You wouldn't think there were such things as writers of stories and novels and plays. Only writers of picture plots and script hacks. But they know all about a name athlete. They fall all over themselves to be with him. I was a Hollywood lion.

Imperial took up my options because a half dozen producers at other studios would have snapped me up for the same reason Imperial wanted me around—I was Rick Anders.

COSMOPOLITAN COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

There's a lot to be said in favor of eating the lotus . . . If it hadn't been for what happened to you, I'd probably have been there still, playing golf at Westwood, sitting in boxes at Santa Anita.

War had started in Europe. The pinkos who colored the color in Beverly Hills were giving out with the "What business is it of ours to worry about decadent England? The days of Empire are past . . ."

Sure. First it had been Czechoslovakia. Then Danzig. Then there wasn't any doubt. It was war, and England was in it.

If it hadn't been for you and Duffy over there I guess I'd have regarded the war the way most other people did. They were more interested in how the Dodgers were doing than in what was happening to everything decent.

I almost went mad. I sat in my apartment in the Marsden and listened to the radio. France had come in as well. The war was really on, and radio commentators from abroad were suddenly still. There were communique's that said nothing.

It was Raesmith who finally let me know you were all right. His call came while I was in conference at the studio. I was listening to Jack Dudley tell why he divorced his first wife and married his second. I took the call in his sandalwood air-conditioned office. A secretary was holding the line for Raesmith, and I waited, fuming. Then he came on. He said, "Hello, Rick. How are things in the movie world?"

I cut that short. I was cursing myself for not having thought of him. I said, "The hell with that. How is Duffy? How is Lisbeth? You've heard?"

"They're all right," Raesmith said easily. "In fact, that's why I'm calling. Duffy asked me to at the end of today's dispatch. Lisbeth is coming back here."

"When?" I interrupted.

"I don't know. By boat, I imagine, but naturally they wouldn't allow any mention of what ship or when."

"And Duffy?"

"He's staying on, of course. That's why he asked that I let you know. So that you can meet Lisbeth. Of course, I know you're busy out there, so I'd just as soon meet her for you . . ."

"No dice," I said. "Thanks."

I hung up and I turned to Dud and the others who were listening quite openly. I said, "I've got to go East."

"By all means," Dud said with a wave of the hand and a man-to-man grin that said, "A woman, sure." "When will you be back, Rick?"

"I don't know," I said. "Take me off the payroll."

"We wouldn't think of it," Dud said. "You look over the shows and see if there's anything you think we could use. I'll be along in a couple of weeks. You might take a suite . . ."

I hardly heard. I went to the Marsden, packed my bags and got a plane.

I hung around New York two weeks

before you came. I had to turn to Raesmith to find out when your ship was coming in. They wouldn't even confirm at the British Consulate that you were coming. Raesmith found out for me. I was among the privileged few on hand to greet your ship when she came sliding in, huge and somber in her war gray.

I saw you as you came down the gangplank with hundreds of other thankful, gibbering Americans, struggling to get to American soil first—even if it was only the concrete of the pier.

I hadn't thought of it, Lisbeth. It hadn't ever occurred to me. I don't know why. It just hadn't. But it was unmistakable. You were pregnant.

It didn't make me feel tender. It made me bitter. It made me ache, and I didn't fight that ache. You came running to me. You never even looked at Raesmith, all dolled up in a suit I bet he hadn't worn more than twice. You put your arms about my neck, and you began to cry. I held you close. I said, to myself, "Oh, damn, damn, damn," and I could have cried, too. Not for you or Duffy or the world, but for myself. Because this seemed to make it final.

We got rid of Raesmith after lunch. You told me about London and how quiet it was. You said, "I didn't want to come. As soon as the baby is born I'm going back. Duffy says I can, as soon as the baby's old enough to travel."

I found you that little apartment. I found a doctor for you and made reservations at the hospital . . . In four months, you and the doctor figured.

You didn't see anyone but me. You didn't want people looking at you, and I didn't bawl you out and tell you your swelling body should make you proud. I was glad you depended on me so. Your family was in China, and you didn't get in touch with any of the people we'd known before. Even Raesmith let us alone.

We'd listen to the radio and talk about Duffy. The office would phone the scraps of messages he'd tack onto his cables, and I'd drop in there on Fridays and pick up your money.

I wasn't doing any work. I was too nervous and upset. Willis didn't push me.

Imperial wired me to return immediately. I never even answered. I got a registered letter saying they'd canceled my contract because of failure to observe, etc. I ignored that, too. I was drinking a lot and feeling angry with Duffy because of what you were going through. You must have felt that, even if you weren't fully conscious of it. You must have been influenced by it.

We were at Guido's that night in January when your time came.

I was staring at my whisky sour when you said, "Rick, I feel . . ." You turned white, and your eyes were big as saucers. You said, "He should be here . . . he should be here . . ." and you started to cry.

I got you into a cab and rushed you to the hospital. Then I went back to the apartment and got your bag. When I got to the hospital again they had you in bed, but the doctor hadn't arrived yet.

I sat around and fumed. I was furious with jealousy and frustration. I kept saying to myself, "What the hell is it to you? It's not your kid—it's Duffy's. Let him worry." But it got me. I started to cry. I guess it was all the drink and the nervous tension.

I didn't see Doc until the next morning. I sat in the waiting room all night. Once a nurse came in and said, "There's nothing to report, Mr. Raven. Don't you think you'd better go home and get some rest?"

Mr. Raven. I told her to go to hell. She turned around as if I'd shot her and went out.

I'd been cursing the doctor, but when I saw him around eight the next morning I could see he hadn't slept either. He looked pretty grave. He said, "Normal labor isn't taking place."

I stared at him. He tried to explain. Something about the baby's position, but I wasn't in any condition to grasp it. All I knew was that you were in danger. I caught his shoulder in my big mitt and pulled his face up to mine. "What are you trying to tell me? That Lisbeth's going to die?"

He didn't struggle. He just looked at me, and I let him go. He said, "I'm not God, Mr. Anders. I don't know what is going to happen. All I know is that we're not going to have a normal delivery. We can't wait too long. We may have to do a Caesarean. Even so it may not be entirely successful."

There was no Caesarean, but it was a stillbirth. I guess they never told you the details. But they'd told you before I saw you that there wouldn't be any baby for you to hold. They'd told me, too. A girl it would have been, if it had lived.

I've often wondered since whether it would have looked like you or like Duffy. Whether it would have had blue-black hair or red. But at that moment I only thought that this thing had happened to you, and I was possessed with the belief that it was my fault. That I had asked that it happen—that the baby would never be.

You were lying very still when they let me in. Your eyes were so big and so darkly blue when you turned your head, jerkily.

I felt like a murderer. I stumbled to the bed. I said, "Lisbeth, it—it . . ." I couldn't say it was my fault. I wanted to. I went all to pieces, kneeling there with my forehead against the cool, taut cover sheet.

I heard you say, "Rick, don't."

You were crying, too. I heard you. I lifted my head and took your hand in both mine. I said, "Oh, Lisbeth, what can I do?"

Your fingers curled in my hand. I felt them trying to bring me to you, and I laid my face against your cheek on the pillow. You said, "I've got you. Thank God for you, Rick." Your voice broke, and you cried so that I got scared. Then the nurse came in and chased me.

I took you up to Placid in February. The doctor had suggested that getting away would be best—maybe a warm climate. But we didn't want to go south. Too many people.

You didn't show me Duffy's letters, but I knew how you felt. It was in your eyes and in the way you spoke. You were changing, Lisbeth. I knew you felt bitter towards Duffy. I didn't tell you that it's only human nature to find someplace to focus grief—to put the blame—and who else would be the recipient but Duffy?

He was getting around, so calm and untouched—apparently. In those articles in Earth. In those guest spots on the broadcasts from London. That's when he first began to use that opening phrase: "Here in London . . ." We never spoke about him, did we?

We went back to town in March, and you didn't want to sit around doing nothing, so you took the job Raesmith offered you with Earth.

We still saw each other every day, most nights, but I said nothing. I said to myself, "When Duffy gets back we've got to have a showdown." I told myself I wouldn't be playing the game if I said anything while he wasn't around. But that wasn't the reason, Lisbeth. I know that now.

I hadn't done a story in months. I hadn't done a stroke of writing of any sort. Willis would phone me now and then and ask me what I was doing.

It was spring, and bombs were still falling over London.

Duffy's voice was something everyone listened for then. That quiet, underemphatic voice that said the things the English would never say themselves—that spoke the calm determination of a great city.

Churchill was at the helm then. The Blitz went on. Duffy still said quietly, "Here in London . . ." Not what he said—the way he said it. The reflection of the promise, the assurance we all wanted. Because those of us who weren't twisted by hatred or ignorance were getting scared. It was later than we had thought.

Duffy came back in August, and he was a celebrity.

What a mob there was that afternoon the Clipper came in! Reporters, cameramen. We didn't realize it was Duffy they'd come to greet. I didn't ask you how you felt. I didn't ask you what you were thinking. I was too occupied with my own thoughts. With wondering how I'd act towards him.

I don't know how it would have been had we met in private, but it was anything but that. The flashes didn't begin to go off until after Duffy and the others had come down the ramp. There was a British general on board and a noted Senator. There was an actress who'd been caught in Paris and had escaped through Unoccupied France.

It was Duffy the newspapermen and cameramen thronged about. It was Duffy they shoved the mike at. He broke through and came to us, and they followed, clamoring.

He couldn't say anything, could he? He didn't kiss you, and I was glad of

that. He just said, "Hello, Lisbeth," and you said, "Hello, Duffy."

I had one arm about you, and I used the other to keep us clear of the mob. Duffy looked at me. It was as if he was waiting, but I didn't say anything. He put out his hand, and I took it. The barrage got to him again and then eddied away from us, all that turmoil.

You said with that little catch in your voice, "He—he looks awful, Rick."

"Yeah," I said. "He looks like three kinds of hell. It must have been rough."

When we finally got away and went to Guido's, we didn't have much to say. Duffy ate his dinner as if he'd lost his taste for food. He said, "It's marvelous to have a meal like this." But he pushed his plate away. "I guess I'm not used to it."

He drew out a battered pipe. He forgot to light it. He didn't touch you. He didn't hold your hand. I know. I was waiting, my stomach tight, for him to do just that. But he didn't.

I said, "You're back for good, Duff?"

He looked at me with those green eyes greener than ever in his thin face. His smile wasn't pleasant. "No. I've got a book to write, and I couldn't do it there. It's too close—you can't get perspective when history is making around you. I've got to tell them here what it's all about. Then I'll be back."

I said, "When?"

"That's up to Raesmith, but it will be soon. I've got to go back, Rick." He brushed his hand across that unruly bright hair. "It gets you, that—that heroism, if you can cheapen it by calling it that. You're scared sick, but you never dream of running out."

That was when you said in that quiet, husky voice, "I'm going back with you."

I frowned down at the table. Duffy said, "Sure."

I left the two of you at Guido's. I went out into the killing heat of the night. I said to myself, "This isn't the time for a showdown. Lisbeth has to go with him. She couldn't do anything else."

I went to Dave's and found some of the fellows I knew there. We sat out in back under that scrawny ailanthus and drank beer that turned warm two minutes after Gus set it before us. I had a headache when I got to the hotel, but I was tight enough to blur out the thought of you and Duffy, alone.

Duffy went off to speak in Chicago. Just the one engagement. You went with him. The public ate it up, and the clamor came from all through the West and Middle West. They wanted Duffy to tell them, too. He did his book in snatches.

I was in New York in all the heat of that September and early October, eating my heart out and putting it on paper. It was selling. It always sold.

Then you and Duffy came back with the book all finished and both of you pretty well finished too. But you didn't go to London with Duffy after all.

You thought he had known all the time about the British regulation that wouldn't let accredited correspondents take their wives. You didn't say so, but I knew it was in your mind. You were furious with Duffy, but it was a still, white fury. "I tried," Duffy said that night before he left. "I pulled every wire I could, but they just said, 'We're sending women and children out of England. We want them safe. We feel the same way about your wife!' "

You said, "If I can't, I can't," but you thought he had known.

We didn't even see him off. It was all hush-hush and top drawer. We only knew he was gone when Raesmith phoned and said, "Duffy's on his way to London. I don't know when he left. They don't tell you more than that they've taken off."

You were very quiet that night. We went to Guido's, and you held my hand. We had some of Guido's last real Chianti. That was the time when I should have spoken, wasn't it, Lisbeth? I wonder if you were expecting me to. I wonder what would have happened if I had. But I didn't.

You went on with your job. And Duffy was still getting around, coming quietly over the air each weekday night with his: "Here in London . . ."

Your people came back from China. They were putting your kid brother in prep school on the Coast, and your mother and dad were going to Manila when the Colonel's leave was up.

I saw you off for California. I hated to see you go. After your train pulled out, I could still see your dark eyes and your lovely face . . . I went out with some people that night. I had a swell time—and I hated myself for it. I thought it was disloyal to you.

You didn't write all those three months you were in California. You had said you wouldn't, and I'd said maybe that was best. But I missed you. You'd taken up so big a part of my life for so long.

Duffy wasn't in London that winter. He was all around. Africa. Greece.

You came back in March of 'forty-two. Things were moving here. My number hadn't come up, but I was going in anyway. I'd made up my mind.

I told you the evening you arrived. I told you I'd decided to volunteer for the Marines. We were having a drink at Eugene's.

You put your hand on mine. You said, "Rick, I can't imagine you away."

I didn't look at you. I told myself I couldn't. I said, "I think I should go."

"But what about your knee?"

"They don't know about that. I won't tell them. I can get by."

I signed up the next day. Took my physical. Passed. I was sworn in and sent down to Quantico.

I met you at the Raesmith's cocktail party. Correspondents and actresses, writing men and some of the Washington politicos who were coming to New York to blow off forbidden steam.

I told you I was in, and you just looked at me, your eyes dark. Millie Raesmith came over and languished at me. That woman was always on the make. So was her husband. I always thought they had a hunting arrangement.

I went to get you a fresh drink. When I came back that slender dark female was telling that story.

I tried to make you move, but you put my hand aside. I think she was that Dorothy Zayne who worked for Press Service. She had a nice voice, but it was a little too high-pitched. She was saying, "Scared? Oh, what a word! There were dark wings all about me. Every time a bomb started whistling, I said, 'This is it. Tomorrow you'll be on the air, Dotty—as an obit.' "

COSMOPOLITAN COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

"What did you do?" one of the women asked and that Zayne said, "What do you think? I was sure I was going to die. But not in that room. Not alone. I went down the corridor and pushed open the door.. I said. 'Move over, Duffy.' "

I didn't realize I was pulling at your arm. You said, "All right, Rick. I'm ready."

I know what I should have done. I should have said to you, "Look, Lisbeth . . . it doesn't mean a thing." But I didn't, not because I thought it did, but because somehow I didn't believe it. Oh, I suppose that woman did get into bed with Duffy. But subconsciously I was sure there was nothing more.

I didn't say so, did I? I knew what you were thinking. It was in your set, white face. I didn't say, "Look, do you think Raesmith and all the rest would believe you and I haven't been intimate? But we haven't, have we?" I didn't say that either.

I left the next day. You came down to the hotel and had breakfast with me. You helped me pack. You took my face between your hands and stood on tiptoe and kissed me. You cried, and I said nothing. My heart was breaking. with that old bitter-sweet sadness.

They sent me to Parris Island. They decided I was officer stuff. You wrote to me. You sent me packages of candy and cake. All the time I was slogging to get my commission.

Duffy came back in November. That letter you wrote followed me all over the Pacific. They brought it out to the ship from shore when we anchored somewhere off Australia.

You told me you'd asked Duffy about that Zayne woman. He hadn't denied it. You said, "I'm not going to do anything about it now, Rick. Not until the war is over. Duffy's going back in a couple of weeks. But when it's over I'm going to Reno."

You didn't say more. I knew what was between the lines. I knew you were saying, "If you want me then, Rick . . ."

I didn't feel any lift. It bothered me.

I saw a lot of action. I saw men die, and I saw men laugh and curse. I got used to war which in most of its moments is life without women. The fellowship of men. A stimulating thing.

We forgot about home. It was so far away. Something we yearned for but could not quite make seem real. The next two years were not a measure of time. They were fighting and sweating. They were days at sea with the grapevine always wrong about our destination. Then we fought some more. We listened to the damned short wave and got football games and the Dodgers. We got coarser in our speech

and more decent towards one another than we'd ever been in our lives.

Then we heard it was over in Europe, but we were only interested in our own show. We didn't hear the bombs drop at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but when it was over we didn't believe it. We'd got so used to war.

I was a captain. They sent us on to China. I read some of Duffy's books out there. From newspapers I learned he was still in Europe—still getting around, his voice still raised in warning.

I suppose I'd still be in China if it weren't for my knee. It went back on me at last. I went up for a medical; they recommended that I be let out.

I'd been hearing from you pretty regularly. You gave me all the news which wasn't much. I cabled you when I knew I was coming Stateside. I never got your letter that said you were going out to Honolulu to be with your dad and mother—that you might see me there. I guess you were en route when we touched at the Islands.

I got to New York, and Raesmith told me you'd gone. Told me Duffy was back and on a lecture tour. Only this time it was bigger than national. It was the world Duffy was crying about—giving out with his warnings that we had to make it go this time because there wouldn't be any second chance.

I got my old room back. They were decent about it. I hadn't realized how tough things were—how hard it was to get located. I saw Willis. He said it was time I got back into harness, and I agreed. I cabled you and you wrote back that you couldn't leave your family. Those war years had aged your father so.

I put your letter away. I sat down at my typewriter and started to work. I had lots of ideas. I'd taken copious notes. I put my hands on the keys and prepared to start a story. To run one off as I had scores of times before. To make something again out of that bitter-sweet emotion in me. But the formula wouldn't work.

I had lunch with Willis. I told him. He said, "All right. It was tripe . . ."

I gasped. But I knew he was right.

He said, "You can write. There never was any doubt of that. Go away. Take a real rest. It will come to you—and when it does it should be something I can enthuse about."

I didn't go away just then. I had a lot of invitations. I was always running into people and getting involved in parties. I met more girls, and some of them were pretty nice, Lisbeth. But I was all twisted inside. I couldn't recapture the Rick Anders I had been, and I felt lost.

That was the time I dotted Raesmith. Duffy wasn't with Earth any longer, but I didn't think anything of that. I guessed Duff had just outgrown Raesmith's organization. Maybe it was so. I don't know.

All I know is that Raesmith invited me to Southampton. It was a pretty wild party, and I knew for certain then that he and his wife had an arrangement. It was none of my business. But he got somewhat woofled one night, and he sprang it on me.

We were outside on that too, too terrace. He said, "Look, Rick, there's a job on Earth any time you want it. I know you haven't been clicking with your stories."

That guy knew everything. But I thought it was decent, and I thanked him. Then he said, "That's a permanent split between Duffy and Lisbeth, isn't it?"

I said stiffly, "I don't know from nothing."

He grinned at me. He must have been very tight, or he'd have been a little more oblique. "You have been away, haven't you?" He laughed openly. "But she's a lovely, Rick. And lovelier than ever. I'm mad about that girl. When she gets back I'm going after her. Stay away, will you, Rick? Give someone else a chance."

I hit him with my left and knocked him into the prettiest bed of tulips. He was still sitting there, glaring at me when I went in to get my bag.

I went down to Palm Beach. That was in April. I was empty in mind, and I didn't know what was wrong with me. I couldn't even think clearly about you.

One day I was sitting on the beach in front of one of the closed-up hotels. A tanker was wallowing close off shore. It came to me then—what I wanted to write. I went back to my hotel, dragged out my typewriter and started. That was "This Glory."

I finished it at the end of June. A hundred thousand words in a little more than two months. I was like a sucked orange when I sent it off to Willis. I didn't want to see people. I wanted to be alone. I went in to Mexico. I met a guy with an archeological party, and I went along with them.

That's why you didn't hear from me. Why I didn't get your letter saying your father had died and you were coming back. Willis didn't know where to send letters. I didn't even know that "This Glory" had been accepted.

When I got to Mexico City early this month I found out the book was out. That it was a best seller. Willis told me Hollywood had snapped up the film rights. He told me he had letters for me.

He sent them air mail. A whole packet. Yours were in it. The one in which you said you were leaving for Reno. That you hadn't seen Duffy but that he'd told your lawyers it was all right with him.

I got back to New York earlier this week. I knew I should grab a train for Reno. But something held me back. I didn't know what was wrong.

I don't think I would have figured it even now if it hadn't been for Duffy's keeling over. I read a small item in the Times that he'd collapsed at the finish of his talk here in Fall City. I called long distance and got the hospital. When they couldn't give me any news or wouldn't—I flew up.

Art took me up to Duffy yesterday as soon as I arrived. I said he was in an oxygen tent, didn't I? He didn't know me, Lisbeth But I spoke to him.

Association is a queer thing. The sound of my voice must have got through to him, but somehow it suggested you. He said in his delirium, "It's all right, Lisbeth. It should have been Rick. I've always known that."

Art told me to beat it then. I went out and walked the campus. There were lots of kids about. They looked at me as if wondering who the big rubberneck was. I didn't see them. I was hearing Duffy and understanding all of a sudden what it was all about. And I didn't like it, either, Lisbeth.

A man never thinks of himself as a villain, does he? He's always the hero of the piece. But I'm not of ours. I never gave you and Duffy a chance. I knew that now. It might have been understandable — forgivable if I had loved you terribly. As much as I thought. But even that wasn't so.

I suffered. Yes. I felt that sadness so strongly, but it wasn't my love for you. It was hurt vanity. It was self-pity. It was a dramatization in which I was the wistful hero. It was that stirring emotion I craved. Like some stimulant. An emotion that brought ideas and feelings rising in me. An emotion I put down on paper. In stories that sold. I kept prodding that feeling, and the only way I could keep it alive was through you and Duffy and the uncertainty of our relations.

You didn't know. You thought I loved you. So did Duffy. He figured he'd had his chance—that he'd taken you away from me—and that if you'd been mistaken, if it was really me you wanted, he had to let you find out.

What chance had you and Duffy? You never were alone to fight things out. There was always Rick. For you to turn to; for Duffy to consider.

I know that now. I know I should have let you alone, to work out your marriage. And you would have because I do know you, Lisbeth, as Duffy once said, better than he. That night at Alpha you said, "Why should it be, Duffy?" And I said, "But it is, isn't it?"

That's the answer. It is Duffy. You're that sort of woman. If it hadn't been for me you'd have been certain of that long ago. It's Duffy, and it will never be anyone else, because you can't change, and Duffy won't change. Duffy loves you. That's why I sent you the wire. That's why you'll not see me. Not for years. You two are going to have the chance I've denied you so long.

I do love you, Lisbeth. Never doubt that. But as you said so long ago, ". . . not that way." If I had, I know now, we couldn't have remained as we were. We'd have become lovers. It would have been inevitable. But we didn't, because I didn't want to change things. Because I might have lost the sweet misery that meant most to me. I never thought of you. I thought only of myself. I know that now, Lisbeth.

The phone is ringing at last . . .

It was the clerk downstairs. He told you I'd gone out, didn't he? I hadn't, but I'll be gone in five minutes. He'll send this up to you as soon as I've left.

Let Duffy read it too, when he's able. And give him my love. I mean that. I love you both. More than any two people, or any one person, or any number in all the world. That's why I'm leaving you alone.

I'll miss you. Both. **THE END**

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